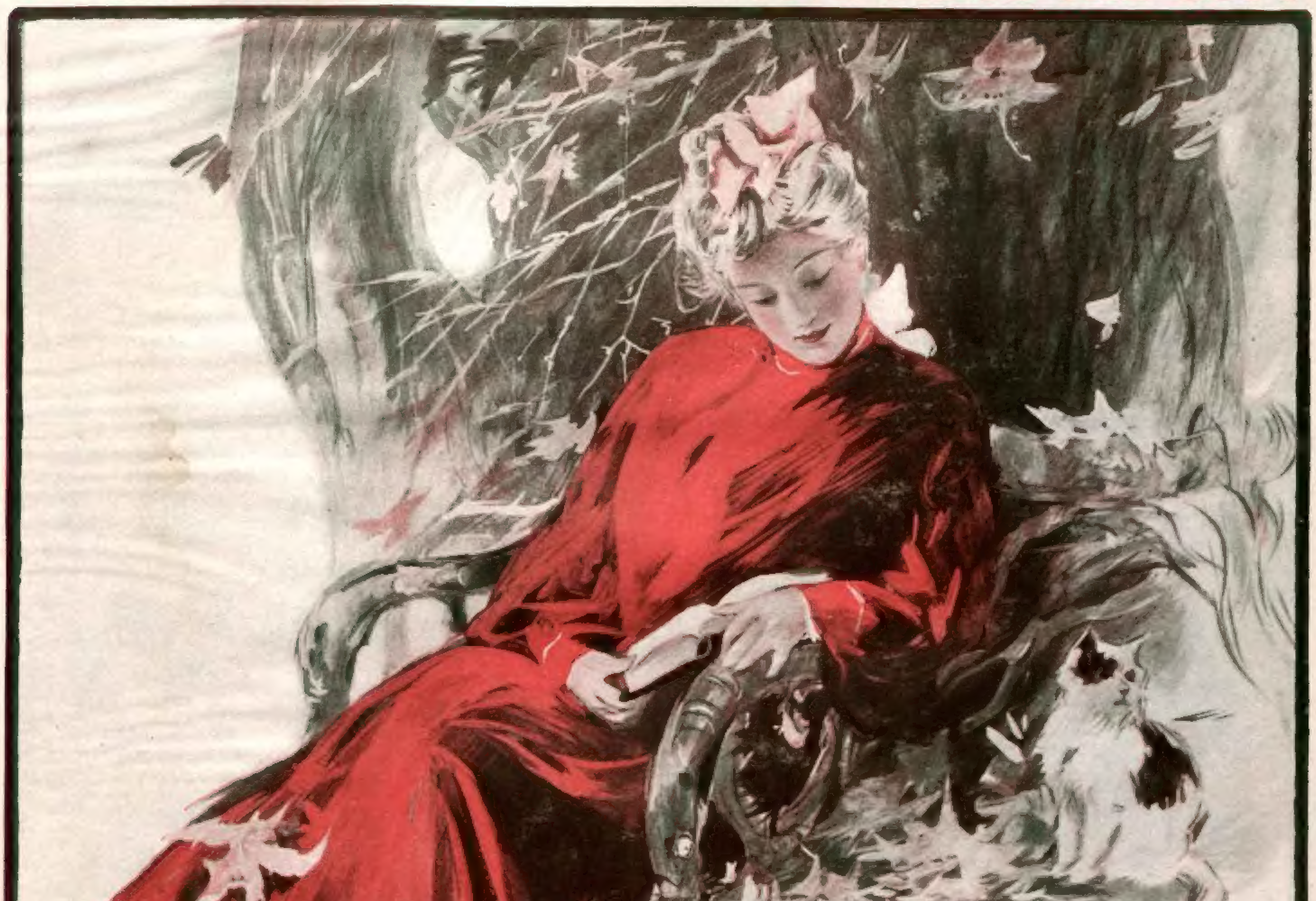
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D°. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 17, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

"THAT FEELS GOOD!"

Williams' Shaving Soap not only "feels good," but does good, every time you use it. "It is just like cream," softening, cooling, refreshing. It is used by the leading barbers throughout the world, and there is no higher recommendation for a barber or a better guarantee of comfort and sanitary conditions, than the mere fact that he uses Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters,
Talcum Powder, etc., sold everywhere.

Write for Free Booklet, "How to Shave."

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

Linen is a more elegant material than cotton for summer dress. Linen will look like cotton if washed with any but Ivory Soap.

Quarter Sizes in Shoes!

Regals are now made in quarter sizes, just doubling the number of fittings in every style. 36 quarter sizes, 8 widths, making ***288 different chances for a perfect fit in each shape.*** The new Regal quarter-size system marks the end of high-priced custom shoe-making; for no custom bootmaker in the world can make a last which will conform more closely to the size of your foot than a quarter-size Regal. Already conceded to be exact duplicates of the finest custom-made shoes in style, finish and material, Regals have now acquired the ***last*** requisite—***perfect fit.*** No other shoe manufacturer can offer you quarter sizes, which means that no other dealer, in your local stores or by mail, can so accurately fit you—so thoroughly satisfy you.

"MODEL 8"

No button walking shoe design for this season's wear equals the striking, correct style of this model. Extreme, but well within the limits of good taste.

Style A-963.—As illustrated; Button High Shoe, made of selected Waxed Calf; Heavy Soles, Military Heel.

Style B-963.—Same as illustrated, except made of Imported Enamel Leather.

Let Us Send Our Style Book—It's Free

75 HANDSOME NEW STYLES

in Men's and Women's Fall Regals are now awaiting your inspection. See them in any one of the 78 Regal-stores or send to the Mail-Order Department in Boston for the new Fall Style Book, the very next thing to seeing the shoes themselves. Large photographic reproductions with complete descriptions and instructions for ordering by mail.

Regal Shoes are delivered, carriage prepaid, anywhere in the United States or Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands, also Germany and all points covered by the Parcels Post System, on receipt of $3.75 per pair. (The extra 25c. is for delivery.)

REGAL SHOE CO., Inc.

Mail Order Dept., 129 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
SUB-STATION A—Cor. Geary and Stockton Sts., San Francisco. SUB-STATION B—103 Dearborn St., Chicago. SUB-STATION C—618 Olive St., St. Louis. SUB-STATION D—611 Canal St., New Orleans. SUB-STATION E—6 Whitehall St., Viaduct, Atlanta.
London Post Dept., 97 Cheapside, London, England
Regals delivered through London Post Dept. to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 15/6.

78 REGAL STORES IN 35 CITIES

REGAL
THE SHOE THAT PROVES

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

THE STUDENT'S TOOL AT

School & College

In taking notes and writing "exams" it works quickly, reliably, constantly. Easily kept in order. It has always led its class and always will.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

"From the Diaries of Dipnomores" is a smartly written, smartly printed booklet. Free for the asking.

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 177 PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904 Number 12

Copyright, 1904, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

GOOD CITIZENS

An Experiment in Scientific Matrimony

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

"BY THE way," said his youthful married sister, pausing in the hall to draw on her riding gloves, "those people that Henry and I met in Paris—you remember I fell in love with the daughter."

"Well?" asked her brother, politely impatient.

"They've come to New York to live. There's no reason why they should not know anybody and go anywhere. I've seen them several times. They've taken the Grandcourt house."

"Well?" inquired her brother, polite but restless.

"It's simply this—*won't* you meet her?"

"If you have no particular object in my meeting her I will do so with pleasure and relief. But if you have an object ——"

His sister bit her lip and tugged at her gloves, glancing sideways at the hall servants. But each separate flunky stood unconscious as a caryatid in the first position of dancing.

"Of *course* there is an object," said his sister under her breath. "The girl is beautiful—faultless I was going to say, but she has her small, silly head crammed full of the independent equality notions that are making you ridiculous. Oh, why in the world *won't* you let me manage for you, dear?"

"You say she has notions that resemble mine?" asked her brother, mildly interested.

"Yes; she goes everywhere alone; and first she knows some horrid person will speak to her or she'll be robbed. But she wanted to know all about your association, and I told her about that man, Bowen, and she says she's going to see him and investigate. But let her; she'll find it tiresome and disgusting. She is everything desirable, dear; she has inherited so much of her father's estate that it is almost troublesome to think about it. They're old New York people, and her great-grandmother knew ours in seventeen ——"

"Oh, don't," muttered her brother.

"No, I won't, then. Only she'll be so run after when she puts off mourning. Seriously, dear, there's scarcely anybody else in New York who fulfills your requirements and hasn't a head and shoulders like that horrid gargoyle on Notre Dame—the one all ribs that seems to be leaning out and yelping."

"I don't want any requirements fulfilled," he said, laughing; "I've a meeting at six-thirty; come."

"Won't you let me arrange?"

"No, dear," he said cheerfully; "come on and I'll put you up. Where's that infernal kid of yours? Jack! Jack! If you don't come I'll ride your pony to Twenty-third Street."

A curly-headed, blue-eyed boy of five sauntered into the hall, crop in one hand, cap in the other. Unobserved, he administered a cut at the tempting calves of an animated telamon, poked another in the short ribs, following his mother to the porte-cochère, where the horses stood.

Having put his sister up, the young man turned to his nephew.

"I'll get up by mythelf," said the child, climbing into his saddle. His youthful mother settled her small foot in the stirrup, looking down reproachfully at her brother.

"*Won't* you let me ——?" she began sweetly.

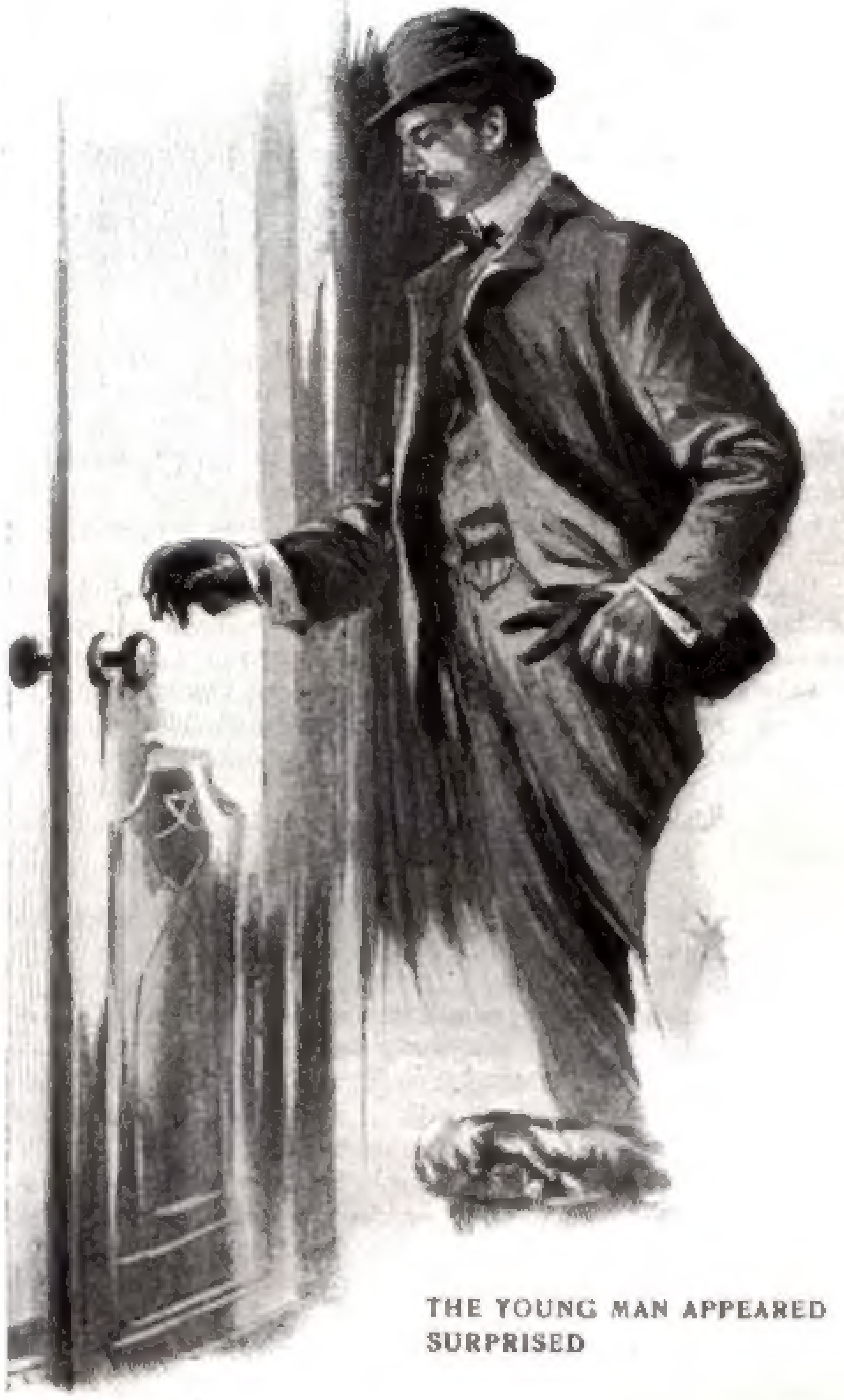
"I'm sorry, dear," he said, smiling that beloved and bland family smile she knew so well. "If I ever marry—and, as a good citizen, I consider it my duty to marry and become the father of a reasonable number of children—I shall follow out my theories with courage and conviction, and marry a good citizen—a woman who shall be my mental, moral, spiritual and physical choice, unhampered by conventions of any description."

"Oh, please, don't continue ——"

"Whether," he continued inflexibly, "my choice fall upon an intellectual seamstress, the mentally efficient daughter of a prosperous retail merchant, a school-teacher, an actress—such superficial considerations as wealth and position shall have absolutely nothing to do with the matter; and I should ask her to marry me even if I did not know her name."

His sister drew bridle sharply; her horse wheeled and swung into the park, followed by the pony of her son at a gallop. A belted groom cantered decorously in the rear.

The young man replaced his hat, drew out his watch and examined it deliberately, then, crossing the street, entered the park at an easy, swinging pace, taking a southward course along undulating asphalt paths where the blue shadows of trees scarcely moved in the June sunshine.



THE YOUNG MAN APPEARED SURPRISED

II

PURSUING his way and his theories at the same time, with all the obstinate optimism that characterized his family, he turned again into Fifth Avenue, which was now but a hazy, golden vista all a-sparkle with the spangled trappings of carriages, flashing in the lingering sunshine of an early summer evening.

A dozen acquaintances greeted him on his way downtown; several attempted to join him, but he passed on with friendly negative nods, slackening his pace for nobody.

At Twenty-sixth Street the policeman at the crossing touched his helmet to him and escorted him across the avenue; at Twenty-fifth Street two pretty women bowed to him from a passing victoria; at Madison Square a laborer, plodding homeward, bade him good-evening; his salutes were, to all alike, unvaryingly punctilious and colorlessly impartial.

At Twenty-fifth Street he cut diagonally across Madison Square. The trees with their new leaves were all aglow in the evening sunshine; June geraniums had replaced the faded May hyacinths, a breezy, dewy breath from the fountain sweetened the air as he passed. The freshness of lawn and foliage invited him; but he pursued his way and his theories—one of the latter being the necessity of punctuality—and, glancing confidently at his watch, he found that he had a fraction of a minute to spare as he emerged amid the noise and dust of Twenty-third Street.

That fraction of Time Eternal being his, he employed it by critically examining a small billboard which stood outside the entrance to an unimpressive office building.

On this billboard was painted in businesslike black letters this businesslike announcement:

PLAIN TALKS
to
PLAIN CITIZENS
by
A PLAIN CITIZEN
Every Saturday Evening at
6:30 during the summer.
ROOM NO. 3
ALL ARE WELCOME

The billboard seemed to be all right; the young man, turning to enter the building, caught a glimpse of himself reflected in the neighboring show window—a glimpse of a well-built, well-groomed young fellow, clean cut, clear eyed; hatted, gloved as a good New Yorker should be. That seemed to be all right, too, so he went in, unbuttoning his gloves as he ascended the steps.

There were doors right and left, all closed. On the doorknob of Room No. 3 hung a bit of cardboard bearing this inscription:

FRESH PAINT!

The young man appeared surprised; he hesitated, then laid his hand on the knob of Room No. 3 and gingerly turned it. The door gave, and he walked in.

And now surprise became deep perplexity as he surveyed the room, which was absolutely empty save for a single figure in black, seated on one of the benches facing the rostrum—a young woman in mourning, who calmly turned her pretty head when he entered, and examined him out of two dark and very perfect eyes.

Hurt astonishment and resentment gave place to a pleasant but determined smile as he bowed to the single occupant of the room and, threading the aisle between the rows of empty benches, mounted the rostrum.

"An audience of one is quite as important as an audience of a hundred," he said cordially. "Still, I admit that I am—at a loss; at least a hundred people informed me that they expected to be present this evening."

He seated himself at the desk on the platform, laid his watch, open, at his elbow, and looked carefully at the girl.

"You and I appear to be the only plain citizens able to withstand the temptations of a summer holiday," he said.

"I was very glad to be able to come for inquiry and instruction," she returned.

"Mutual instruction," he protested quickly; "I have quite as much to learn from you as you have from me. That is the principle we believe in."

"But," she remonstrated, surprised, "I know absolutely nothing — I desire information — I am an utter stranger."

"So I noticed at once," he said politely. "You see, I know our people individually — I make a point to. And so shall you."

"Oh, yes, I expect to, of course, if I decide to enter into this work."

"Naturally," he assented, thinking that she was of far finer fibre than anybody who had ever listened to his plain talks to plain citizens.

He buried his forehead in his well-kept hands for a moment, closing his eyes as though to concentrate his ideas; then looking up impulsively:

"You and I as plain citizens require plain words. The subject of my talk to-night hinges upon a villainous editorial in a villainous newspaper which attempts to incite the so-called masses against the so-called classes. Now you and I deny that there are classes as distinguished from masses. But, madam, let us waste no words in — disingenuous dodging; let us be absolutely frank; according to this editorial, *you* are classed with the masses, *I* with the classes."

The young woman looked up at him, bewildered, her black-gloved hands clasped on her knees.

"And why," he continued, fixing his gray eyes upon her, "is this brutal and arbitrary classification flung like the poisoned fruit of discord among our citizens?" Rather impressed with his own metaphor, he stared solemnly at his audience.

"I — I don't know," she faltered. "I think you are mistaken — I ——"

"Ah, no, madam, I am not mistaken. The corrupted apple of discord has been tossed among us. Madam, *why* are *you* classed with the masses, *I* with the classes?"

"But ——" she stammered, half rising, "I fear you do not quite understand ——"

"Ah, madam, I do understand," he said gently. "I am what this senseless, this vicious and dangerous newspaper calls a millionaire — a plutocrat! Because for a century my people have been harmless, narrow-minded New Yorkers of means and leisure and fashion — because I happened to have been born to inherit a fortune, and what is called 'position,' am I to be denounced, avoided, labeled, stared at, set apart — forced apart from my fellow-citizens who did not happen to be born to these utterly unimportant things?"

The young girl in her faultless gown of summer mourning appeared to be transfixed by his eloquence. At any rate, she was speechless.

"I am," he said earnestly, "an exceedingly plain young man whose single desire is to try to be a good citizen. I believe a good citizen should be a plain citizen, ignoring any attempt at a division of our fellow-people into classes. For that reason I have recently become a private in the State National Guard, believing enlistment to be the duty of all plain men; for that reason I am violently non-partisan in politics; for that reason I declare my residence to be in this city, and I cheerfully pay what taxes are levied. For that reason, too, I scrupulously divide my time of leisure exactly in half; part of it is spent among the friends of my youth, part among the plain citizens; and all of my time is always engaged in attempting to draw together these two arbitrary divisions — divided, driven from all mutual understanding by just such editorials as have inspired me to this plain talk this evening."

The girl in black appeared to be fascinated; at moments a delicate quiver of emotion of some sort or other touched her red lips; once she flushed, no doubt with sympathy and acquiescence.

"Why," asked the young man warmly, "why should a venomous editorial separate two such citizens as you and I — for example?"

She dropped her elbow on the arm of the bench and rested her forehead against one black-gloved hand, assuming an attitude of angelic meditation. No doubt she was deeply interested and touched, for the bright color came and went in her face, and her lips quivered almost imperceptibly as though repressing deeply exquisite emotions.

"What do I care," asked the young man eloquently, "whether you know the 'people' I know, whether you are wealthy, fashionable, live east or west, work for a living or live on an income? If you are a good citizen you and I should be friends; if our tastes, desires, intellectual pursuits, draw us together, why on earth should we not meet and enjoy one another?"

He had talked his allotted half-hour, but for the first time in his life overstepped the limit unconsciously.

"Why," he continued passionately, "why should we not, together, unselfishly devote a portion of our leisure to just such plain talk as this ——?"

He paused; the heavy trample of scores of feet passing through the hallway outside drowned his voice. He waited until the noise was over.

The girl said nothing; her dark eyes were fixed on the young man. It may have been for this reason, it may have been that the beauty of his silent audience inspired him and made the theory of universal brotherhood unusually attractive; at any rate, he was tremendously in earnest, and appeared to be amazed when, in the failing sunset glow, shadows fell in the room and the electric lights broke out.

"This has been a glorious meeting," he said enthusiastically, picking up his hat but not rising from his chair on the platform. "You have inspired me, convinced me, moved me, as a great audience inspires an orator. I don't usually speak very well — not half so well as I have this evening," he added honestly; and he rose and came down the steps of the rostrum, hat in hand. She stood up to meet him; her face was expressionless.

"I am the more surprised that a large audience did not assemble," he explained with a boyish laugh, "because we — the Plain Citizens' Club — had expected to arrange for a little relaxation for to-morrow — somewhere in the country. I had thought," he added, "of Foam Cliff on the Hudson. There is a good inn there."

She smiled uncertainly; he thought for a moment, then, springing back to the platform, opened his desk, seized a sheet of paper, and wrote rapidly in pencil. Carrying the bit of paper he descended to the floor again, displaying it confidently.

"This will fix it," he said. "Have you a pin?"

"Only a hatpin. Will that do?"

She offered a black one; he thanked her, and, stepping to the door, affixed the writing to the inside:

NOTICE!
Plain Citizens will meet for a little outing at Foam
Cliff, Sunday, 10 A. M. Bring the children.

"The children, bless their hearts," he said, turning to her; "citizens in the making, you know, and there'll be plenty of them — Mrs. Chancy has nine; Bard, the picture dealer, seven; Broderick, the undertaker — a very cultivated man — has eight; Rosett, twelve; Schwartzkin, a dozen or so — oh, there'll be plenty of embryo citizens."

"Would it not be well to pin that notice to the outside of the door?" she asked demurely.

"Oh, no; that would bring the rabble. We only want our own people. They'll come straggling in here to-night — they always use our rooms at night — and word will go round fast enough."

He opened the door for her; she passed before him with a pretty inclination of her small head. He thought to himself, "She's seen better days"; but had he known anything about imported millinery he'd have understood that she was seeing fairly decent days at present. But he didn't; he only thought "She's delightfully inspiring to talk to," and followed her out into the hallway, warning her of the fresh paint.

"You should know," he said as he joined her, indicating with a gesture a door opposite, "that Room No. 2 belongs to us also. That is where people — wealthy people like myself who become interested in our attempt — are received by Mr. Bowen and instructed before they are permitted to join us."

She stood stock still, staring at the closed door. He halted, too, waiting for her.

"Oh," she said faintly, "that is where Mr. Bowen is to be found?"

"Yes."

"Not ——" She turned and glanced at the door of the room they had just left — "*Not* in *that* room?"

"Oh, no."

She raised her dark eyes to him; again that almost imperceptible tremor touched her pretty mouth.

"*You* are not Mr. Bowen?"

He laughingly named himself.

The heavy-lidded, beautiful eyes dropped; she moved toward the doorway, he following. She was wondering what that cattle-like trample of feet had meant; and, putting together two and two and several other things, she began to suspect his audience, warned off by "Fresh Paint," had waited for him in Mr. Bowen's quarters until they despaired of his coming. But she moved on pensively, keeping her own counsel.

Outside in the dusk, amid the clang of electric cars and the shocking rattle of heavy wagons, they paused, facing one another.

"May we not shake hands," he asked, "like two good citizens?"

Her fair face was expressionless as she laid a slender gloved hand in his.

"I hope you will come to Foam Cliff to-morrow," he added with surprising warmth.

"Is — is it — expected of me?"

"Why, yes," he said. "The Plain Citizens' Association expects all members to do their duty. You, of course, are to become a member."

"Then, if it is — advisable — for my instruction ——"

"Please come," he pleaded.

There was a silence.

"May I bring my little — boy?"

"Yes, yes, indeed!" stammered the young fellow, though why he should stammer and why a sense of sudden sympathy, almost pity, should overpower him, he neither explained to himself then nor afterward: perhaps because he had no time for self-examination before. But we are going too fast now.

"Yes, indeed," he repeated warmly, still retaining the little gloved hand in his own. "You will find us all plain people; you will find some among us congenial, like Broderick, the undertaker — a very cultivated man; like Walsh, the well-known shoe dealer; like Rosenstein — no, I don't think you will find Rosenstein precisely sympathetic; but Walsh, and Bond, the picture dealer, and Weed, the florist, and — I hope — myself ——"

"Thank you," she said in a low voice, slipping her fingers from his with a gesture so suave and graceful that he scarcely noticed that his extended hand held nothing except a handful of New York atmosphere.

There was a silence then.

"If I might offer my escort ——"

"Thank you," she said so sweetly that he understood she had declined.

So he made her a very perfect bow, and hers was a trifle better than perfect; and he swung off across the park; and, when he was out of sight, she glanced up at the coachman of a handsome victoria drawn against the curb, and the coachman made a respectful sign of comprehension.

"Home," she said in an unsteady voice.

But, whirling away uptown through the dusk, her laughing eyes grew sober and the flush on her cheeks cooled. And when she was half-way home her brilliant eyes had grown thoughtful, almost, at moments, tenderly reminiscent.

III

AT AN early hour, and before the household had emerged from plethoric slumber, he had stolen his sister's only child and fled to Foam Cliff.

"Make a man of him yet," he muttered as the infant Jack, enchanted with the unexpected excursion, descended from the local train and followed his avuncular kidnaper out to the inn for an early breakfast.

The child, naturally, wanted everything not permitted by two trained nurses and the governess at home; and he got it in as liberal doses as he desired.

"Make a man of him yet," mused the young fellow, rising and gazing thoughtfully at his stuffed nephew. "Come on, Jack; I'm going to let you play with any young ragamuffin you fancy."

The gorged and gratified Jack followed; they took a leafy path along the heights above the river; every migratory bird in North America seemed to be singing around them in the fresh young woodland.

"Jack," said he, improving the occasion, "do you know what a citizen is?"

"No," said Jack, looking cautiously around; "is it a kind of annermal?"

"Nice education my sister is giving her progeny," he mused; and, as they walked, he explained in outline the genus and species of a citizen. The child listened for a while, then, observing a small brook, made for it with a yelp of pleasure.

Nobody was there to call him back, to rush after him, making hateful observations, to seize his plump wrist and stalk tiresomely along the watercourse, jerking him back from the pleasant chances of meeting a desirable slide down a muddy bank. No; he fell in immediately, looked anxiously at his youthful uncle, and, perceiving no particular emotion on his face, fell in again from pure astonishment.

"Don't get lost," observed his uncle, seating himself under a fine beech tree.

"No," said Jack, busy with an elusive tadpole.

The young man under the tree lighted a cigar, looked at his watch, and frowned. He was punctual; he demanded punctuality from all, but seldom got it. And in this particular case, after two full hours of waiting, he understood that the outing of the Plain Citizens' Association would be limited to the kidnaped one and himself.

Vexed, perplexed — for never before had they gone back on him in a body as they had last evening, and as they were doing now — he cast about for some possible explanation. Could he have offended them in a body? Impossible; the last time he had mingled with them, cordiality, liberty, equality and fraternity had reigned. Had they not seen his placard pinned to the door with a black hatpin ——

His thoughts halted and slipped off into a new trend; thinking of the hatpin recalled to his mind the lovely owner of the implement of peace. As a matter of fact, she had never been very far from his thoughts; he had not slept very well, and he had plenty of leisure to think. First he thought about her willingly; then, attempting to think of a matter of business importance, found that he could not dismiss her *sans façon* from his mind. It being a matter of principle with him to be master of his own thoughts, he resolutely turned his intellectual process into another channel, but, to his surprise, she, in a gondola, glided serenely into the same channel; and, before he knew what he was about, he had climbed into the gondola with her and they were both singing something with all their might. That's how the waking portion of his night had been spent, until the combat between thoughts of business and thoughts of her tired him into a treacherous slumber filled with visions of dark, sweet eyes.

And now! was it going to begin again? He closed his eyes obstinately; that was no use, because he could see her more plainly that way. He opened them, slowly and with dignity; and he beheld something that slightly resembled his nephew.

"*What* have you been doing?" he demanded.

"Fightin'," replied the mirror of infantile veracity.

"Come here."

The child obeyed; the young fellow wiped away the more obtrusive signs of combat, examined the rents in his nephew's apparel, and wondered where he could find a paper of pins.

"Whom did you fight?"

"'Nother boy."

"How old?"

"Don't know."

"Was he as big as you?"

"Yeth, thir."

"Bigger?"

"No, thir."

"Why did you fight?"

"He wanted my pollywogth."

"Did—ahem!—did he get your pollywogs?"

"No, thir."

The young man mused, eying the remains of his nephew. "He ought to be a pretty decent sort to do you up so charmingly. Where is this infant Pollux, my friend?"

"Hith name ith Billy."

"Oh, well, where is he?"

"Up there wif hith mother. I hope she won't punith him."

"Did you strike the first blow?"

"Yeth, thir."

"Then come along and tell his mother," said the impartial youth. "Lead on, young Castor."

Ten minutes' walk along the stream is not a great distance when a short and chubby boy pilots one. But it was a long distance for that justly embarrassed uncle; Nemesis was waiting at the end of the journey—a kind of Nemesis few encounter; and the young man, finding his journey ended, suddenly realized that it had not yet begun.

For—and it is pleasantly apparent that the gifted reader has already reached the end of the journey and has already found who is there—for no sooner did this young and culpable uncle perceive a youthful figure in black attempting to wipe the mud from the face of a small and sturdy boy than he sprang forward, hat in hand, his rather handsome features all aglow.

"*You!*" he cried. That characteristic but superfluous exclamation sent a faint wave of color into the attractive face of the girl in black.

"I have no idea where all the people are; have you?" she asked curiously.

"They haven't arrived," he said. "As a matter of fact, it seems that, once more, you and I are the only plain citizens sufficiently interested in our mission to come here. I'm—I'm awfully glad *you* came."

She considered the small boy who stood beside her.

"I—I thought it might be well to bring him; but, oh! look at him now!"

"He's all right—aren't you, Billy? Jack—my nephew—struck him first."

"Are you sure?"

"Jack's word for it. Let them make it up. Jack, you young pig, if a boy asks you politely for *anything*—even a pollywog—give it to him. Do you understand?"

The children approached each other cautiously.

"You may have that pollywog," announced Jack, covertly doubling up his fists.

"I don't want him, but I'll help you catch him again. Come on," said Billy.

The young man smiled, watching them on their way to the brook; then his gray eyes reverted to the girl before him. He thought, "Widowed; and so young! She has seen very, very much better days somewhere or other."

"I am so sorry not to have had the opportunity to encounter the people," she said, resuming her seat under the tree with perfect self-possession.

Curiously enough, he could feel little regret for their absence. As he looked at her the visions which haunted his closed eyes during the sleepless night returned—she in a decorative gondola, he singing madly beside her.

"Why," she asked—and there was a sparkle in her dark eyes that might have suggested malice in a less serious young neophyte—"why do you not improve this opportunity by giving another little causerie—a plain talk, you know?"

"As a matter of fact," he said honestly, "I don't know what to say to you. You are—unlike—others."

"But you were very successful last evening," she ventured.

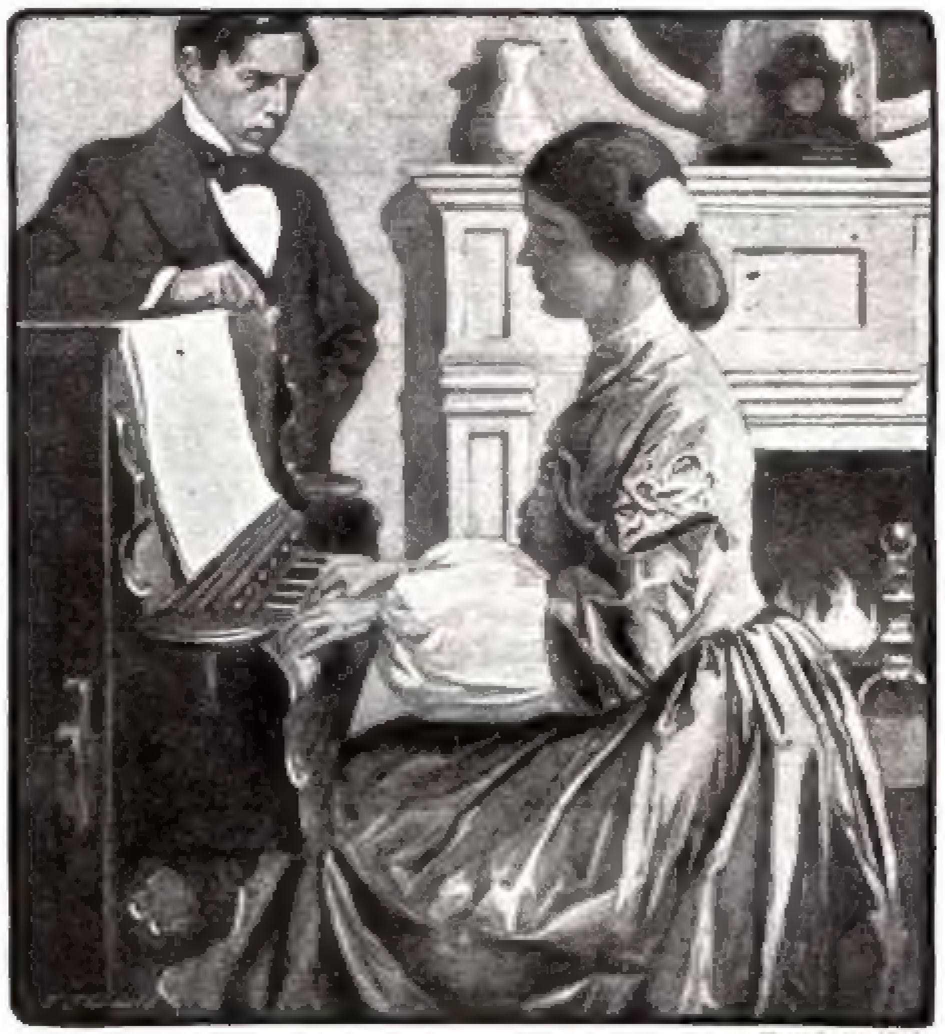
He looked at her; he looked away. Something preoccupied him to the exclusion of such matters as plain citizenship: something that absorbed every mental process within him and imperiously demanded his fullest attention. It was this: "*Why* did this girl's mere presence transform a rather melancholy and wayward world into the glittering gardens of Paradise?

"For," he thought methodically, "the time has been too short for the development of any particular sentiment."

Unconsciously, and with a gaucherie that first amazed and then amused her, he consulted his watch, mentally reckoning the full amount of time he had ever spent in her presence. Closing his watch, thoughtfully, utterly absorbed and unaware of any offense, he presently looked straight into her eyes, and, finding them fixed on him, lost all power of speech.

"I have thought," she said in a pleasant and steady voice, "that there is much nonsense talked about equality."

"There is," he managed to say.



The Parlor Organ

It's a-settin' in the parlor, waitin' till the movers come,
And its lid is closed and dusty and its squeaky voice is dumb,
And the sunbeams from the window, slidin' 'cross it as they do,
Touch the worn and rubbed old corners with the white wood showin' through,
And the carpet-covered pedals with the flowers faded white,
And the finish scratched and tarnished where it used to be so bright—
Till it looks like some old pauper, in his shabby Sunday clothes,
Settin' mopin' and forsaken in a hopeless sort of doze.

Yet it wasn't always shabby: I remember jest as well
When 'twas in another parlor, lookin' new and grand and swell;
With its rack heaped up with music of the kind I liked the best,
In the Blue Alsatian Mountains, Nellie Gray, and all the rest.
And the girl who used to play it! How the lamplight on her hair
Danced, and gleamed, and shone, and twinkled, like 'twas gold-dust sprinkled there.
Now the gold has turned to silver, but the tunes her daughter plays
Ain't so sweet as those that charmed me in the dear old courtin' days.

Then our own new house was builded, close to where the old one stood,
And the little parlor organ came, like her, to stay for good;
Every evening, 'most, 'twas makin' happy music for us all,
Father, mother, aunts and cousins, and the friends that used to call.
Baby came, and it was silent for a little while, and then,
With a brand-new star performer, took its concerts up again;
And the audience that heard 'em—'twasn't very hard to please—
Laughed to hear the dimpled fingers thumpin' discords from the keys.

And I s'pose it is old-fashioned, and I s'pose it's had its day,
And, of course, the new pianner makes it only in the way,
And the young chap comin' courtin', every twice a week or so,
Thinks, I guess, that it's a relic, out of date, and jest a show;
And I reckon that the attic is the place to put it now;
But there's two that's goin' to miss it from the parlor, anyhow;
And they'll think about it, rustin' 'mongst the cobwebs up above,
For its voice, to me and Mother, is the song of Youth and Love.

"And," she mused, linking her white fingers over her knee, "I am certain of it, since—last evening."

"I am happy to have convinced you," he said, bowing.

"You did; you certainly did convince me——" Again that exquisite tremor curved her mouth, like the delicate spasm on lips edged with laughter.

Then, as he only smiled blissfully, innocently, she considered him with dark and daring eyes. Nature had dealt frankly with him; he was good to look at, good to be friends with, a clean-cut young man who had only to conform to the creed of his kind to be almost lovable.

Again the faintest of tints crept into her cheeks.

"There is no such thing as social equality," she said softly. "Why waste your time?"

He straightened up, electrified.

"No," she shook her head, looking at him from lowered lids, "no possible chance."

"But you—but I thought you were convinced," he exclaimed, amazed.

"I am convinced—that there is no such thing. I did once think so; I determined to find out. One evening was sufficient. You yourself proved it."

"I?"

"Yes. How could such a man as you, situated as you are, with all the traditions of caste, of cultivation—how could you——"

"What?" he demanded.

"Marry beneath you, for example?" She was frightened when she said it; an impulse of pure daring had urged her—the purest recklessness; for she already had divined that a vague trend of impulse was imperceptibly drawing them toward one another.

"To marry beneath me," he said, "would mean that I deliberately marry somebody mentally and spiritually deficient. I'm not likely to do that."

"I know it," she said softly; "I did not mean that. Besides—I am not sure I know what I mean—now. All in a moment you seem to have convinced me of the possibility of social equality—even against my prejudices, my better sense. For—I take it—you mean that only spiritual and mental degradation should bar one from equality in social intercourse."

"I do mean that; only you say it more simply than I could."

"And," she raised her pretty eyes, "and you would have the courage to affront convention—marry one who, on this plane, was your equal, but one whom nobody knew—who had no position among those with whom you have always foregathered?"

"Yes."

"A poor girl—one of the people—one of a family whose social life might be anything but agreeable to your tastes? Or even one whom you knew nothing about?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it," she said defiantly with a little tremor at the end. What on earth had possessed her—driven her on to ask it? For there lives no maid in the world who can for very long mistake the dazed enchantment in a young man's eyes. And it was in his; she had caught a glimmer of it the evening before under the electric lamps of Twenty-third Street; she had been aware of it when he sprang forward an hour since to greet her; she had been conscious of it ever since, and, amazing as it seemed, it neither surprised nor disturbed her except when she felt the color in her face.

A little time of silence intervened. She was thinking that she did not know herself any longer; that something long expected was rushing toward her like Fate; that it was useless to avoid it, to attempt to turn—even had the unsolved fascination of her approaching doom been less.

He, slower mentally, not so fine in instinct and perception as she, lumbered along on his mental path with laborious honesty. Arriving at one conclusion, he blundered vaguely on, already instinctively aware of what lay beyond, and feeling as she did the occult rush and hurry of something that he could find no name for. The name of that something was Fate. When he came at last to speak he did not break the delicate silence: he shattered it.

"I'd marry anybody I loved—if I could," he said at last, this being the conclusion of his laborious mental process.

She had nothing, absolutely nothing, to say to this.

"There *is*," he answered cheerfully, "such a thing as love."

She made no comment upon his original discovery.

"Because," he added, "I'm in it."

She wondered where her brother might be.

"Your brother!"

"Did you think he was my son!" she asked, astonished. "I am in black for my father," she added in a low voice.

"And you—you *never* have been married!" he exclaimed, delighted.

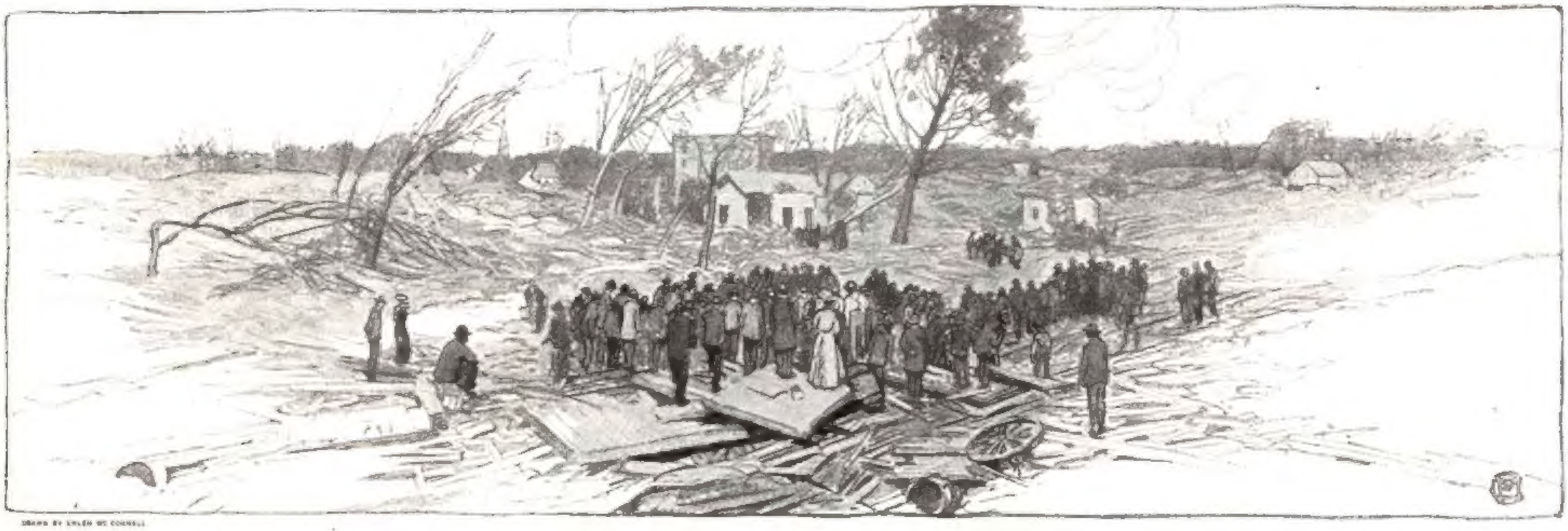
"Why, no——"

"Then—would you—consider—*me?*"

She rose; the occult rush was upon her. He stood up, scared, rather white, gray eyes fixed on her dark ones. Consider him? The words dinned in her ears; her loud heart repeated them. Consider him? She knew that she had considered him from the first moment they had met—knew it through the clamor of her pulses and under the scarlet mantle that clothed her face and neck. Yes—she could consider him.

(Concluded on Page 25)

THE DECISION



DRAWN BY EMLEN MC CONNELL

The Story of a Cub Reporter's First Assignment

BY W. A. M. GOODE

"THORN!" shouted the night city editor. The new reporter jumped up from his desk and hurried to the side of his chief. For one whole week Cyrus Thorn had been employed by the Gazette, and, so far, all his work had been waiting for something to do — sad and weary contrast to the breathless excitement of the newspaper life he had pictured.

"Read that," said the night city. "It's from the Western Courier — a reliable paper."

This is what Thorn read: "It is rumored that Jason Orchard, the famous New York millionaire, will give $500,000 to those who suffered in the recent terrific cyclone at Fairflower, Kansas. Mr. Orchard was born at Fairflower."

"You must go at once," said the night city, "and see Jason Orchard. I suppose I'd better tell you that he is the meanest man in New York. He's worth millions, yet, rather than spend a penny for a newspaper, he'll wait for the papers other people leave in the morning trains. I can't imagine that this paragraph is true, for Jason has never been accused of helping a living soul except himself. It's past all comprehension that old Jason — he's over seventy — should give five dollars, let alone five hundred thousand, to Fairflower, or any other place. It would take a mighty sight bigger cyclone than struck Fairflower to get money out of Jason." The night city chuckled softly at his own sardonic humor. "Still," he resumed, "the Western Courier ought to know what it's talking about; and we want a good, strong denial from the old man himself. You'll find him at his house in Fifth Avenue. He'll be as mad as a hatter when he sees this clipping about Fairflower, and you'd best excuse yourself for suggesting that he might be generous. If he talks, so much the better; but get at him some way, and hurry back."

As Thorn was departing, the night city, mollified by the succinctness of his own summary of Jason Orchard, shouted to the cub reporter:

"Say, if the old man hits you don't hit him back. Telephone me, and we'll have him up for assault. That," murmured the night city, "would be a better story than *you* are likely to get."

The brusqueness of the orders and the unpleasantness of the errand in no way detracted from the enthusiasm with which Thorn bounded down the steps and ran, rather than walked, upon his initial assignment. For the first time in his life he was going to "do an interview," and with a man whose name was known throughout America. Apart from his extraordinary wealth and public meanness, Jason Orchard was known all over America and Europe as the man who once averted, by means of his hoarded millions of ready cash, a widespread financial panic. In place of national gratitude Mr. Orchard had received, and continued to receive, national interest, which he preferred.

It was thoroughly consistent with the bearish attitude which the great millionaire preserved toward the market and mundane affairs that he treated Thorn's card with scant attention. "Go and see what this reporter wants," he said, somewhat testily, to his son. And as the young man, already worth a small fortune in his own right, was departing to fulfill the errand, Mr. Orchard added:

"Tell him that I utterly refuse to be disturbed at this hour of the night by fool newspapers."

Thorn, still standing on the steps, listened patiently while the millionaire's son conveyed an exaggerated version of the foregoing. Thorn entreated Orchard junior to take the clipping, reporting the gift to Fairflower of $500,000, to his father. Curt refusal was the only response.

In despair of fulfilling his instructions "to see the old man himself," Thorn asked: "Well, can *you* tell me if it's true?"

"True?" Orchard junior's voice rose almost to a shriek. "True? *My* father giving $500,000 to some one-horse place in Kansas? Do you think my father's gone crazy?"

Young Orchard laughed loud and bitterly. His earlier days had taught him stern lessons of paternal penuriousness. "Why," and he looked half pityingly at Thorn — "why, I don't believe my father was even born at Fairflower. And ——"

"What's that about Fairflower?"

Jason Orchard appeared in the doorway. In the same quiet way in which he was accustomed every other minute of the busy day to tear tape from the stock-ticker, he took the clipping from his son's hand and read it.

"Come in here," he said to the cub reporter. The impassiveness of the tone sent a chill through Thorn that instantly banished the first thrill of delight at the unexpected intervention. He followed Jason Orchard into the study.

The old man's son stared in amazement at the retreating figures. He knew that his father was eccentric, but his eccentricity had never before reached the point of courtesy to reporters.

"Well, I'll be ——"

He turned and saw his mother, who had been attracted by the voices in the hall. "I do hope Jason will be kind to him," said Mrs. Orchard rather fearfully. "He has such a nice face — for a reporter." Then Mrs. Orchard went to bed.

In the study Thorn stood dry-lipped, leaden-throated, his eyes riveted on this strange, hard face that now was bent over the clipping from the Western Courier. For all the gifts the world had to offer Thorn could not break the silence.

Then he heard a dry, rasping voice saying:

"So you want to know if this is true?" The words seemed to come from miles away. "Does it occur to you, young man," the voice went on, "that if I *did* give $500,000 to Fairflower it would be no concern of the newspapers? Have I not a right to meditate giving to charity without being cross-examined by reporters?"

The implied sarcasm, the open challenge, and the realization that an interview had actually commenced, restored all Thorn's energy. At twenty-two years of age one is not permanently overawed.

"I know it's none of my business," Thorn began, "or anybody else's." It sounded rather lame, but he plunged boldly on, looking straight into the old man's half-shut eyes while he talked. "You see, sir, other people — that is, the Western Courier — circulated the report, and the Gazette — that's *my* paper, you know — has no other alternative except to ask you personally. It's only in the interests of truth; and, of course, we didn't think it was really true. That is," added Thorn hastily, "we thought — I mean — we scarcely thought ——" Thorn stopped.

"Quite right. You imagined I wouldn't be giving such a sum to charity." Jason Orchard smiled grimly at the boy's embarrassment. "The meanest man in America isn't likely to play the fool like that, is he — Mr." — he took up the card — "Mr. Thorn?"

"Well, I didn't say — at least, I didn't mean to intimate that." Thorn's face was crimson. With palpable effort to turn the conversation, he added: "Then you must remember, sir, what a sensation such a report would cause at Fairflower. I know the town. They'd go crazy in that little place. It would scarcely be fair to them, would it, sir, to let such a canard — such a report go without contra — I mean — er — without — well — something a bit more definite?"

Jason Orchard laughed aloud — a queer, discordant laugh — at Thorn's embarrassment. Mentally he calculated that a young man of such pleasing address could with training become a conscientious salesman of gilt-edged bonds.

"You say you've been to Fairflower?" Jason Orchard looked sharply at his interviewer. By a stroke of luck Thorn had been on a train that was "stalled" at Fairflower *en route* to New York only about ten days before, and just after the cyclone had wrecked the little Western town. In the one day that Thorn was obliged to wait there he had learned a good deal.

"Oh, you should see it!" he said, warming up to his subject and forgetting the formidable personality of his solitary auditor. "Everything's wiped out at Fairflower. The schoolhouse is down, the Methodist and Episcopal churches are unroofed, the station is wrecked, and, except the courthouse, there's scarcely a place standing. The streets and avenues are all blown into each other and tangled up together, until the people who got out safe couldn't identify what was left of their houses, let alone their belongings. When I was there they'd got out most of the dead — but some they wouldn't be able to get out for days. The worst thing was the children, and the mothers looking for them. One woman went stark mad looking for her child in the avenue they lived on, and afterward the child was found quite well, blown nearly half a mile away, not even bruised.

"Then there was the cemetery all turned up. The rainstorm that followed the cyclone wrecked the cemetery, and almost all the old graves were washed away. Fearful sight, sir. Not a tombstone standing. You read about the typhoid epidemic that broke out after the cyclone?" Jason Orchard shook his head in dissent. "That was almost entirely due to the exposed corpses from the cemetery. Oh! it was a ghastly mess —— What's the matter, sir?"

Cyrus Thorn jumped forward; and, as he did so, Jason Orchard deliberately picked up a toothpick from the floor. Thorn could have sworn he saw the old man sway and fall; yet there was the toothpick, and there was the millionaire erect and impassive.

The uncanniness of the proceeding and the uncomfortable feeling of having made some stupid mistake recalled Thorn to the object of his visit.

"Well, sir, I mustn't take up any more of your time. I suppose I can deny the report — as you weren't even born at Fairflower?"

"Who said I wasn't born at Fairflower?" Jason Orchard's tones were particularly acid.

"Your son," said Thorn.

"He doesn't amount to a row of beans," and at that moment Jason Orchard meant it. "I *was* born at Fairflower; and, what's more——"

The old man stopped and took another look at Thorn's face. It was the open countenance of a youngster who knew no guile. Then there was a long silence, peculiarly trying to Thorn. It was broken by Jason Orchard. In reminiscent tones he observed:

"You see, young man, my mother's buried in that cemetery—that same cemetery at Fairflower—that's wrecked." In sharp accents he added: "You're sure it was wrecked? You're telling me the truth? The graves were open?"

Thorn blurted out a dry, uncomfortable "Yes." He was not in the least appreciating this penalty for prying into the secrets of other people's lives.

Jason Orchard lay back in his chair and forgot Thorn, forgot that he sat in his own great house in Fifth Avenue, forgot that beside his hand were millions in bonds only waiting his signature to become priceless, forgot everything, except one bleak February morning some sixty years before. Half a blizzard was raging over a little Kansas township that belied its name of Fairflower. A small, poorly-clad boy was standing, sole mourner, beside an open grave. The tears that fell on the coffin were the flowers of his own bitter grief for the mother that was dead.

With a sharp effort Jason Orchard pulled himself together and started from his chair. For years he had scarcely thought of that tragedy of his youth. He realized that somebody was stealing quietly out of the study.

"Hold on, there!" The voice had regained its note of harsh command. Thorn stopped at the door like a thief caught in the act. Then, for once in his life, Jason Orchard was guilty of subterfuge, for he rubbed vigorously at his eyes as if it were sleep that blurred them.

"I'm an old fool!" He said this more to himself than to Thorn. Speaking directly to Thorn, he added: "I dozed off. You've kept me here a long time with your twaddle. You've no right!"

"I'm mighty sorry, sir. Good-night." There was a note of sincere apology in Thorn's voice. Once again Jason Orchard stopped him.

"Look here! What are you going to say in the paper about that report?"

"I don't quite know," said Thorn. "Deny it, I suppose."

"Don't be a young fool!" Jason Orchard made the retort almost viciously.

"You mean, sir—you mean—you mean that you're——" All Thorn's budding newspaper instinct rose to the surface. "You mean you *are* going to do it? Going to give $500,000 to Fairflower?" The almost breathless surprise and anticipation recalled Jason Orchard to his workaday world.

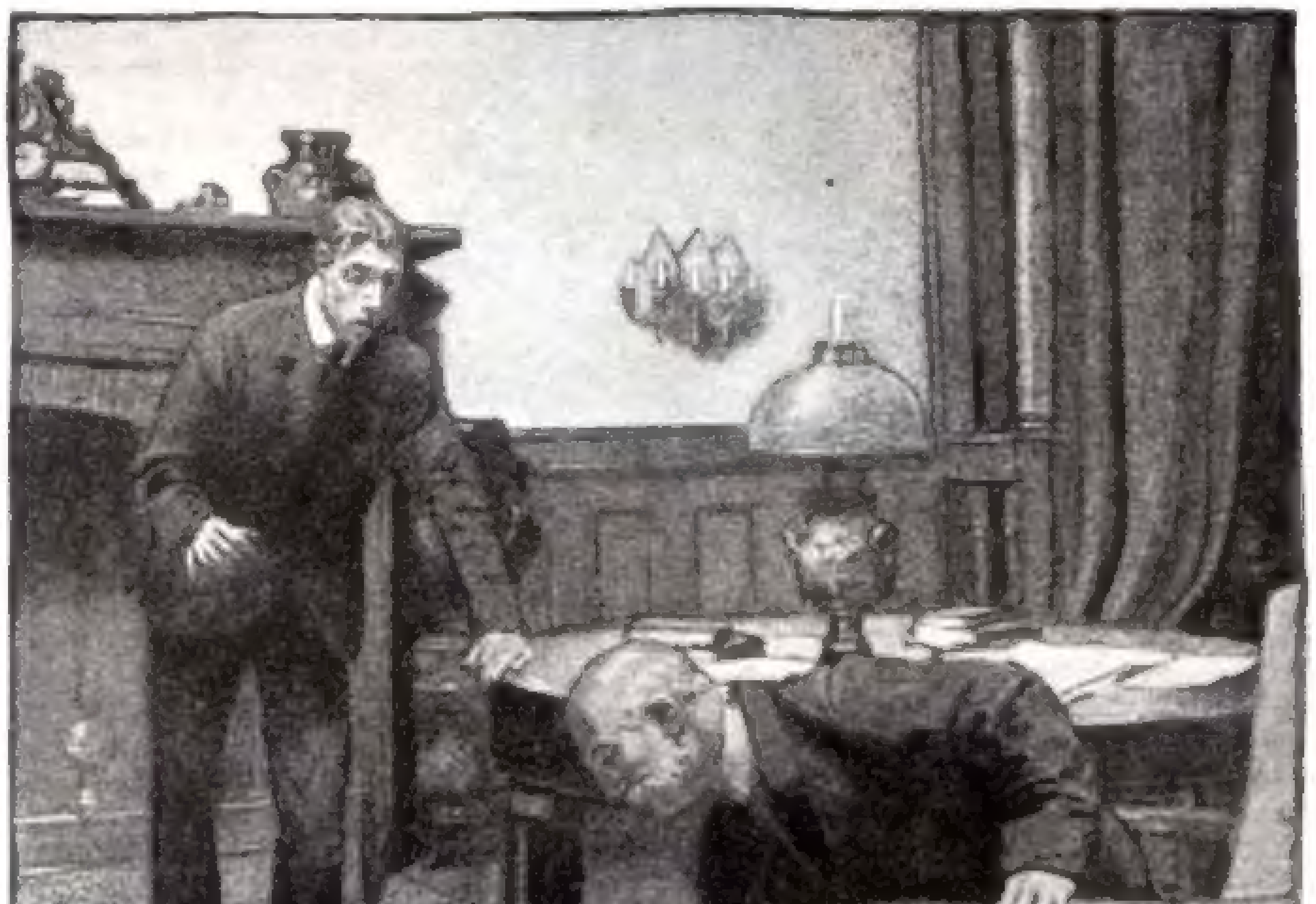
"Well, I'm only thinking of doing so. Indeed, I'm thinking of giving Fairflower something nice to help it out—to help fix up the cemetery and things in general—understand? Yes, the cemetery."

Jason Orchard lingered on the word as if it fascinated him.

"But it's more likely to be—yes—well, you see, I've been fairly successful of late. You can say—oh, say it's more likely to be two millions. Good-night, young man. Come and see me again."

Like a drunken man, Thorn went out of the house. Just before the door closed he heard the same voice that had told him to "Come in" now calling after him:

"Of course, young man, nothing's *really* settled yet."



THORN COULD HAVE SWORN HE SAW THE OLD MAN SWAY AND FALL

Exactly what Thorn told the night city when he got back to the Daily Gazette office he can never quite remember. What followed, however, is a matter of record. The night city called the night editor and the managing editor into hurried consultation. In consequence, they called up the proprietor on the telephone, and as a result Thorn was told to sit down and write an interview with Jason Orchard, in which the meanest man in America announced his intention to give $2,000,000 to the relief of devastated Fairflower. The managing editor came out personally to Thorn and said that he had always been sure that there was a brilliant career ahead of him. He confessed to being rather puzzled over the contradictory statements which Thorn had verbally attributed to Mr. Orchard, but advised Thorn to disregard these. Provisos, such as "nothing yet really settled," were evidently due to Mr. Orchard's modesty in his new part. The night city shook Thorn's hand so hard that he could scarcely write, and assured him that all through the week he had been saving up this story for his especial benefit. Then the managing editor retired to his room. Through tubes, telephones and other queer devices he ordered the entire first page to be set apart for the announcement of Jason Orchard's gift to Fairflower. He discoursed, always through tubes, upon type with large and wonderful "face," and abused, with marvelous facility of language, the foreman because he had no "war-head" type fit for use. The chief leader-writer was informed of the facts.

"Write," said the managing editor, "a eulogistic article explaining that old Orchard has at last shown himself in his true colors; how mistaken and vicious other papers have been in abusing him; what an object-lesson he is to other millionaires for having avoided the pitfalls of indiscriminate charity, and how fit a thing it is that the Gazette should be singled out to announce such unprecedented philanthropy."

Meanwhile, Thorn struggled with his story. There was really very little he could write—wild horses would not have torn from him mention of Jason Orchard's mother or of the cemetery; yet, somehow, he managed to work out a column or two, which mostly dealt with Jason Orchard's house, his deep interest in his birthplace, and the casual, modest way in which be admitted his extraordinary philanthropy.

Before midnight all the men in the Daily Gazette office were scanning the proofs of what was declared to be the best beat of the year; and Cyrus Thorn went home, a very tired but happy and congratulated youngster, with a largely increased salary.

When Jason Orchard, always an early riser, came down at half-past six the following morning he surprised his household by ordering a Daily Gazette. Stretching all across the first page he read:

JASON ORCHARD GIVES AWAY TWO MILLIONS.

In descending pyramids of black type it was set forth:

"The Greatest of all American Financiers Becomes the Greatest of Philanthropists"—"Princely Gift to Devastated Kansas Town that Gave Him Birth"—"Plutocrat Appears in New Light"—and so on.

With a grim smile, Jason Orchard departed for the city, and on his way he read in the Gazette how greatly the world had misunderstood him during all these seventy years.

He was reading the analysis of his own philanthropy for the third time, when it suddenly occurred to him that in all the eulogy, in all the biographical sketches, and the accounts of the distress at Fairflower, there was no mention of the cemetery or of his dead mother. "Curious," thought Jason Orchard, "that young fellow didn't say something. Nice, though. Glad he didn't. Think I'll take a run over to Fairflower. Never been there since I was a boy. Get a pass from Wilkins—then the trip won't cost much."

The train stopped, and Jason Orchard walked to his office. His son came in.

"Father," said Orchard junior, "there are about twenty newspaper men waiting for your denial of that fool story in the Gazette. I've told them you've not gone crazy, and that it's a lie from top to bottom, but they insist on having a denial from you. Shall I write you one?"

"H'm." The old man cogitated. "No," he said finally. "I'll talk to them myself. Send them in here in about five minutes. I'll just read my letters first."

Orchard junior went out. Then the great bear leader of the market broke the habit of many years, for, instead of opening his business letters before attending to any other thing, he fumbled around at a little secret drawer in his desk. Only a few papers were there. They were dust-covered, and even the owner had almost forgotten their existence. They were all respectable-looking documents, all except one. This was a dirty sheet of paper, evidently a receipted bill. Across the heading, this faded, penciled inscription was written:

MY FIRST SAVINGS.—J. O.

Jason Orchard fingered it as reverently as any bond for a million dollars. For a few moments he stared at it, and then his glance fell on the Gazette stretched in front of him. He touched an electric bell.

"Tell the newspaper men to come in." A score of newspaper representatives from all the New York papers trooped in.

"I suppose, Mr. Orchard," said the spokesman, "that we may deny this report in the Gazette?"

The old man, whose word was law to the stock markets of the country, nervously fingered the dirty bit of paper in front of him. Surprised at his silence, the spokesman of the reporters continued:

"I understand the Gazette's story was written by a beginner, who didn't understand your sardonic humor. Still, we must ask you to let us quote you as denying it. Your son's already told us it's not true, but that's scarcely good enough for us—under the circumstances."

Jason Orchard drummed nervously with his fingers on the old receipt.

"So you think it's absurd, don't you?" he said at last. "Great joke, isn't it?"

He laughed a dry, cackling laugh. Men on the wrong side of the market, pleading with Jason Orchard for money to save their fair names, had heard their financial death-knell in just such a laugh as this. The reporters prepared themselves for some scathing and characteristic remarks upon the hypocrisy and uselessness of charity. Suddenly Jason Orchard shoved his chair back and stood upright. His seventy years had taken not an inch from his six feet of stature; the spareness of age lent rather than robbed him of height.

"I want to tell you this." He faced his audience. In slow, precise manner he went on:

"All the Gazette says is true." An ill-concealed exclamation of astonishment came from the group of newspaper men. "I am going to give $2,000,000 to Fairflower."

It was done—irrevocably done!

His hearers were far too amazed at the announcement to observe how convulsively Jason Orchard's fingers clutched and reclutched on a faded bit of paper. One, collecting his wits more quickly than the rest, commenced:

"But, sir, will you tell us——"

"I will tell you nothing more. You can say the meanest man in America has gone crazy, or anything you like. It doesn't matter to me. Good-day, gentlemen."

The old man's tone brooked no questioning. The newspaper men filed out. When the last one had gone Jason Orchard took out his check-book and wrote:

"Pay to the order of the Mayor of Fairflower, $2,000,000."

On this check he pinned a faded bit of paper, crumpled in the last pangs of a man parting with the money he worshiped. He carefully erased the words, "My first savings." Then he again read the receipt. It was dated fifty years ago. On it was written:

> To tombstone, on lot sixteen, Fairflower Cemetery;
> Mrs. Orchard's grave, fifteen dollars. Paid in full.

Across this Jason Orchard wrote curtly, but so that the Mayor of Fairflower must understand:

"This grave to be kept in good repair."

EVE AT HEART'S DESIRE

By Emerson Hough

THE sun drew on across the enchanted valley and began to sink toward the rim of distant Baxter Peak. The tremendous velvet robes of the purple evening shadows dropped slowly down upon the majestic shoulders of Carrizo, guardian of the valley. A delicious softness came into the air, sweet, although no flower was in all that land, and soft, though this was far from any sea, unless it were the waters immeasurably deep beneath this sun-dried soil. There was no cloud even at the falling of the sun, but the sun had no harshness in his glow. There was a blue and purple mystery over all the world, and calm and sweetness and strength came down as it were a mantle. Ah, never in all the world was a place like this Eden, this man's Eden of Heart's Desire!

A gentle wind sighed up the valley from the narrow cañon mouth, as it did every day. There was no variableness. Surprises did not come thither. The world ran always in one pleasant and unchanging groove. But the breeze this evening brought no smile of content to Dan Anderson's face as he sat waiting for the coming of the new and fateful visitor to our ancient Eden.

"They'll be about at the Carrizo Springs now," said Dan Anderson, "twelve miles away down the trail. Can't you smell the cold cream?"

This was beyond my ken, but he became more explicit. "Cold cream to the eyes and ears," said he. "To the untutored face, the sun of this heathen district is something sinful; and like enough she never heard of collodion for cracked lips in an alkali country. And a veil—oh, sacred spirits! that veil and its contents is now hatin' Carrizo flats and all the inarticulate earth till fare-ye-well! Wrapped up to the topmast in a white veil—or one of was-white, gray traveling gown, common-sense boots. Gloves—ah, yes. And hate—hate—why, can't you feel the simmerin', boilin' hatred of that States girl just raisin' the temperature of this land of Canaan? Hate us? Why, she'll be poisonous. Ninety miles in the sun, at ninety in the shade. Water once at the Mal Pais, and it alkali."

I reminded Dan Anderson that in view of his promise to absent himself at the time of the arrival of the Socorro stage he was not conducting himself with proper regard either to decorum or historical accuracy.

"I want to go," said Dan Anderson, "and I ought to go. I ought to go climb that tree and leave a pink and lavender card of regrets for my lady and her dad. I reckon I will go, too, if I can ever get this faintness out of my legs. But somehow I can't get started. I'd look well tryin' to climb a tree with my legs this way, wouldn't I? Man, haven't you any sympathy?"

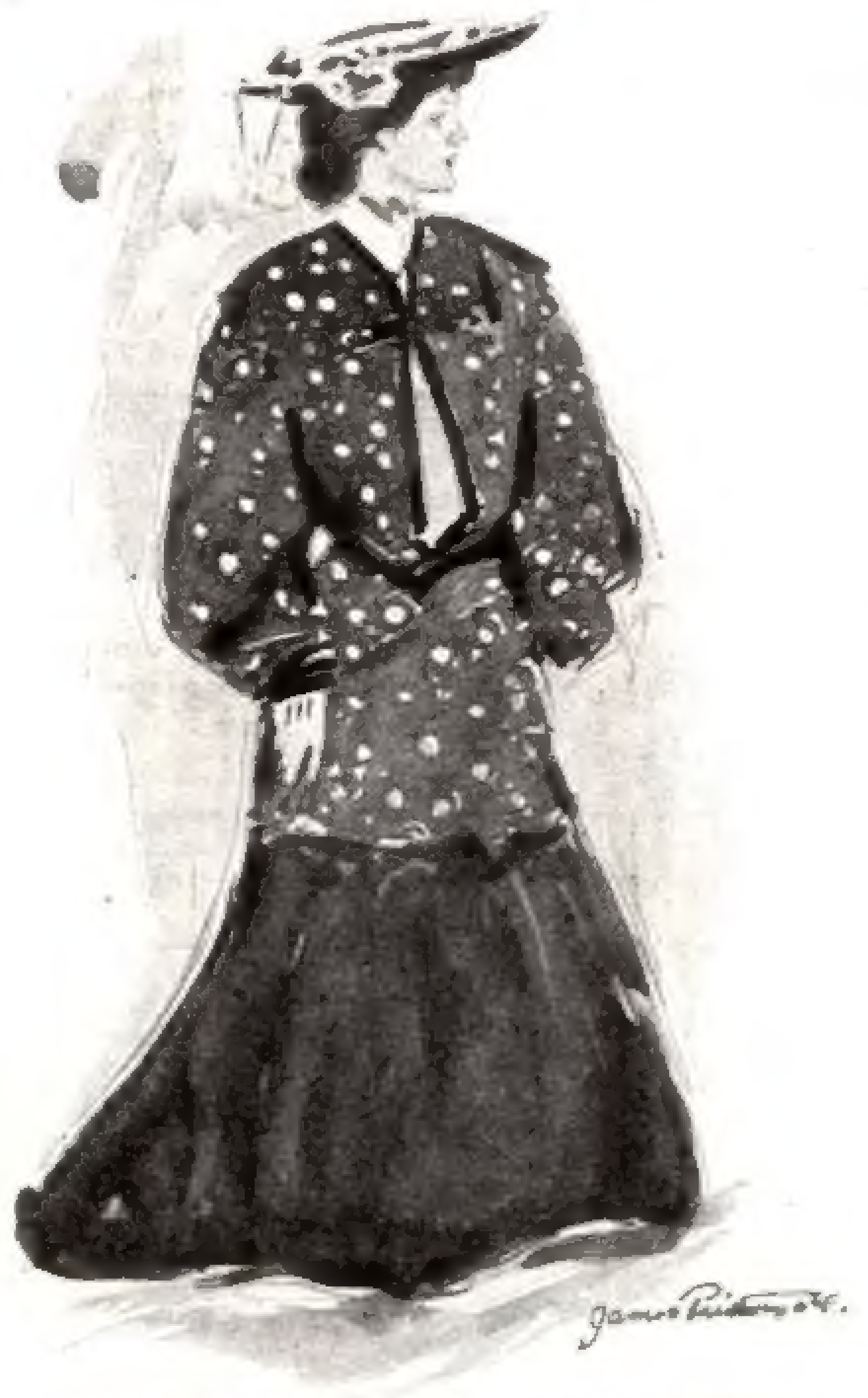
So we sat on a log out in front of Uncle Jim Brothers' hotel, and waited for the worst to happen.

"Don't you go away," said Dan Anderson. "I want you for my second. You can go for the doctor. I ain't feelin' very well."

Now there was no doctor in Heart's Desire, nor had there ever been, as Dan Anderson knew. Neither did he look in need of any help whatsoever. He made no foolish masculine attempt at personal adornment, but his long figure, with good bony shoulders and a visible waist-line, looked well enough in the man's garb of blue shirt and belted trousers. A rope of hair straggled from under his wide hat; for in Heart's Desire wide hats were worn of right and not in affectation. He was a manly man enough, in a place where weak men were rare. The one most vitally concerned in all the population of Heart's Desire, he was now the one least visibly affected. All the rest of the settlement, suddenly smitten by the news that the stage was coming with Eastern Capital and a live Woman, had hastened under cover in search of coats and neckties. Dan Anderson sat out on the street just as he had been, and watched the purple mysteries dropping on the mountains, and waited grimly for that which was to come to him. True, there was a slight moisture on his brow and on his under lip, but otherwise his agitation displayed itself only in an occasional exuberance of metaphor.

For my own part, I remained unreconciled to these impending events. "What will you do?" I asked Dan Anderson bitterly, "now that you've been ass enough to allow this girl to come on down in here? You'll have some one killed in this town before long. Besides, where can a white girl live in this place? There is not a bedspread or a linen sheet in the whole town."

"You talk like a chambermaid," said Dan Anderson scornfully. "Do you suppose a Wellesley girl, accustomed steady to high thinkin', can't get along with a little plain livin' once in a while? As for women folks, why can't Curly's girl take care of her? Does a chance lady caller in this city need a *thousand* women to entertain her? And blankets—why, you know well enough that blankets are better after sundown here than much fine linen. Heart's Desire'll be here calm and confident after this brief pageantry has passed from our midst. Good God!"



I EXPERIENCED A SUDDEN INDIGNATION AT DAN ANDERSON'S LATE PROPHECIES

I followed his gaze. The street was vacant, barren of the accustomed throng that usually awaited near the post-office the arrival of the infrequent stagecoach. But there, at the mouth of the cañon, almost under the edge of the deepening shadow from the purple-topped mountain, there appeared the dusty top of the creeping vehicle that bore with it the fate of Heart's Desire. Dan Anderson was pale now, and he put his hand to his shirt collar, as though it were too tight; but he sat gazing down the valley.

"That old fool, Bill Godfrey, is showin' them our sign," said he in exasperation. "That's a nice thing, ain't it, for Eastern Capital, or a woman, to see the first thing."

It was Charlie Lee, a landscape artist of Heart's Desire, who subsequently turned his studio into a shop for sign-painting, who had prepared the grim blazonry on the cañon wall to which Dan Anderson had made reference. "Prepare to meet thy God!" was the sign that Charlie Lee had painted there. It was the last thing he did on his way out of town. That was the day after Billy the Kid and his gang had killed Jimmie Carlyle and sent back his friends to town with a corpse instead of a prisoner. The inhabitants had always left the sign standing there. It was the only attempt at municipal improvement ever known there. But at this time it seemed not wholly suitable, in the opinion of Dan Anderson.

"They ain't goin' to understand that," said he. "They can't think the way we do. Oh, why didn't that old fool Godfrey call their attention the other way? Oh, that'll set fine, won't it, with a man comin' to buy a coal mine, and a girl with a pot of white vaseline on her face and a consumin' vision of tarantulas in her soul! This'll be another case of New Jersey Gold Mill. Old Mr. Eastern Capital, why, he'll run out at the same door wherein he went, that's what he'll do. And, oh, doctors and saints, look at that, now!" Bill Godfrey was leaning out of the coach box and pointing with his whip. "He's showin' them the town now," said Dan Anderson. "Why—I hadn't thought before but what this place was all right."

I looked anxiously about, sharing his consternation. It had been our world for these years, a world set apart, distant and unknown; but it had been satisfactory until now. Never before that moment had the scattering little one-story cabins of log and adobe seemed so small and insignificant, so unfit for human occupancy. We were afraid, both of us, at this moment. And yet Dan Anderson, awaiting his fate, did not fly, but sat gravely on the log in front of Uncle Jim's hotel, and waited for the creaking stage, white with far-gathered dust, to climb the last pitch of the road up from the arroyo and come up with the shambling trot of a pair of tired mules for the final flourish at the end of the long, dry trail.

He waited, and as the stagecoach stopped, arose and walked steadily forward. Another man might have smiled and stammered, and nervously have offered assistance to the newcomers; but Dan Anderson was master of his faculties. The difference between leading and following, the difference between success and failure, is all in favor of the man who does the right thing at the proper time, and does not content himself by thinking of the right thing to do after it is too late to do it. With a flash there came to my mind the conviction that the chances were all in favor of Dan Anderson, and all against the occupants of the stage coach, whoever they might be.

The curtains still concealed the tenant of the farther side of the rear seat, when there appeared the passenger nearest to our side of the coach—a citizen of the eminently respectable sort, forty inches in girth, and of gray chin whiskers and mustache. He was well shod and well clad: so much could be seen as he climbed down between the wheels and stood stamping his feet to shake the travel cramp out of his legs. He looked thirsty and unhappy and bored. He looked more than that, as a flush of displeased recognition crossed his face when he saw the tall figure approaching him. But what could he do?

"Mr. Ellsworth," said Dan Anderson to him, as he extended his hand, "we are glad to welcome you. This gentleman, a prominent member of our bar, sir, and myself have been appointed as a delegation to greet you and place the town quite at your disposal. You see it before you. Meantime, sir, perhaps you would like a drink. Come with me, and—ah—your daughter will go on up the street with my friend here. He will escort her to some ladies—er—wife of Curly, one of our leading cow gentlemen, sir. You would better come with me, sir, if you please."

"The mule went lame," began Mr. Ellsworth plaintively, "and she, my daughter——"

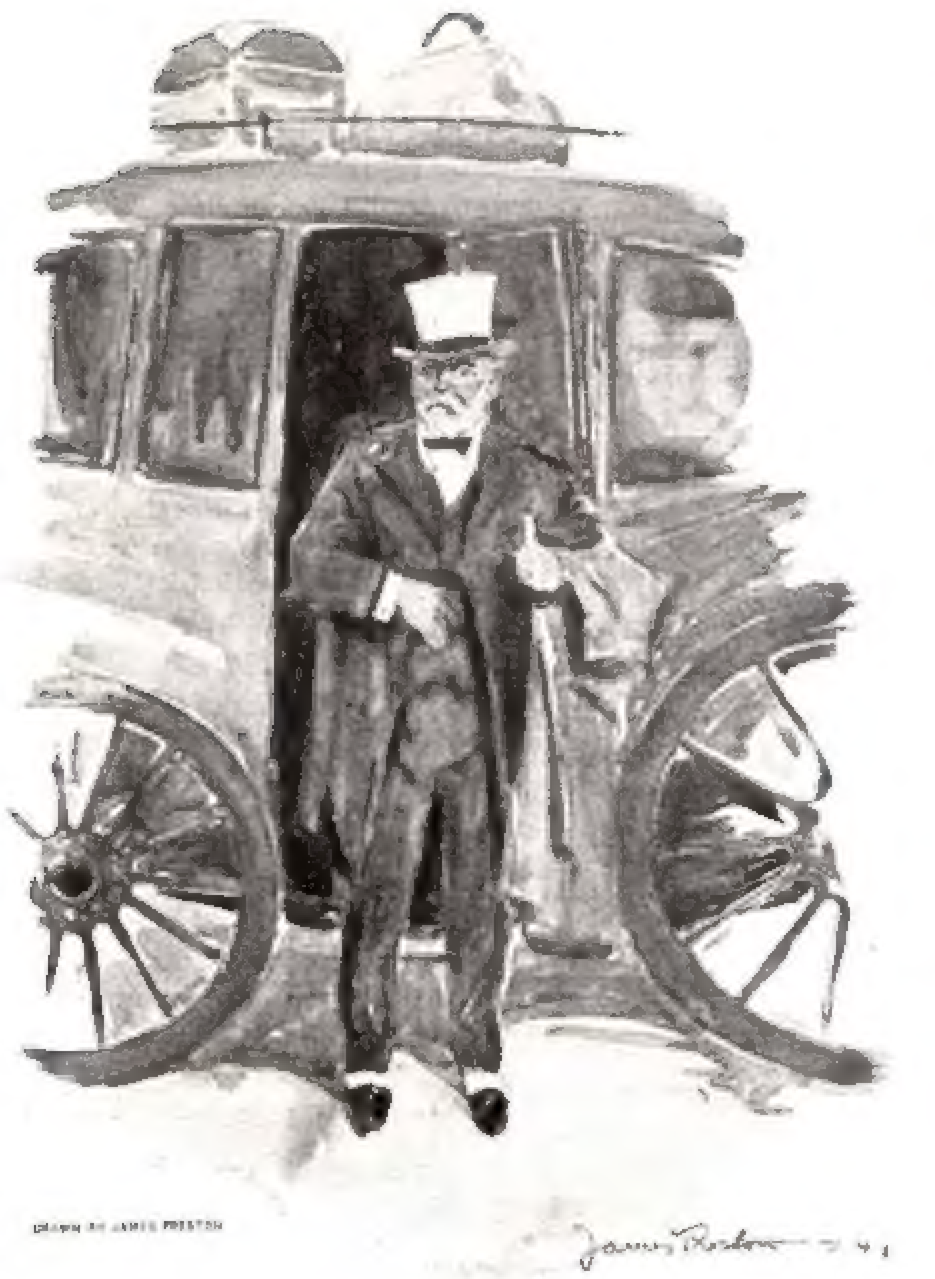
"Naturally," said Dan Anderson sweetly. "They always go lame somewhere between here and Socorro." By this time he had gently taken Mr. Ellsworth by the arm. I saw his face once, as he lifted his eyes to the figure upon the other side of the coach seat. He bowed, as a gentleman should, and looked straight, as a man should; and then he turned away. We were all dropping into his plan, as though it were foreordained. Before I had time to think about it I found myself climbing up to the seat with the other of the newcomers.

There had been no woman in Heart's Desire for many a long day. This was an object of terror. She was a woman. But ah! she was Eve enough for any Eden—a tall girl, rounded, firm formed, with a mass of good brown hair, and a frank gray eye, and a regular and smooth forehead. Her garb was a cool, gray serge, and, a miracle here in this desert, it was immaculately touched here and there with white, how, after that cruel ninety miles, none but a woman might tell. A cool, gray veil was rolled about her hatbrim. Her hands, shapely and good, were gloved in gray. Her foot, trim and well shaped—for even a desolate pariah might note so much—was shod in no ultra fashion, but in good feminine gear with high and girlish heels, all unsuited to gravel and slide-rock, yet exceeding good, as it seemed to me at that time. The girl raised her eyes, smiling frankly. There was no cold cream traceable, and I experienced a sudden indignation at Dan Anderson's late prophecies. My first thought was that her complexion would brown nicely under sunburn. My second thought was that I had on overalls. This fact had escaped me for more than two years.

If Eve, new come within Heart's Desire, felt any surprise, or if she even experienced any pique at the singular deportment of Dan Anderson, she masked it all and put all at ease with a few words spoken in that manner of voice which is an excellent thing in woman. In a sort of dream we trundled on up the street. Bill Godfrey had more possession of his faculties, for he had had nearly three days to get used to the unexpected. We paused for a half-instant in front of the commercial emporium of Whiteman the Jew. Whiteman came out with his hat above his head, and said, "Velgome." I explained Whiteman to her, and asked her if her father had brought a trunk full of money, and if he were prepared to leave it with Heart's Desire.

The girl looked backward down the street as we turned to cross the arroyo beyond which stood the house of the Kansas family, where Curly lived. The off mule limped. "Poor little fellow," she said; "I wanted them to stop. They have no pity——"

"No," I said to her, "there is no such thing as pity in all the world." She fell silent at this, and looked back once more. And so we approached the house whose roof covered the only real women of Heart's Desire. Now came the



A CITIZEN OF THE EMINENTLY RESPECTABLE SORT

Littlest Girl around the corner of the house, wiping her hands in her apron, which means Welcome in all the West.

"This is the house of the cow gentleman," I explained, but she did not hear. The Littlest Girl, God bless her, came, holding out her arms. They were so very glad to see each other, these two, these women, out there in Heart's Desire! Eve could bear up no longer. She fell upon the neck of the Littlest Girl and wept. And so they two passed around the corner of the house, while Curly, Bill Godfrey and myself fled precipitately.

Dan Anderson and Mr. Ellsworth walked directly past the post-office, and went on until they paused before the little building, made of upright logs and plastered with mud, where Dan Anderson had his residence and his law office. "You'll excuse me, Mr. Ellsworth," said that young gentleman, "for bringing you here. But the truth is, I was afraid you might be thirsty and might get poisoned. You have to do these things gradual, till you get immune. Now, under my bed I've got a bottle which never has been opened and which ought to be safe. I don't bother corks a great deal, only upon special occasions like this, when we are welcoming distinguished guests."

Mr. Ellsworth was distinctly uncomfortable. He failed utterly of understanding Dan Anderson.

"You don't mean to tell me, young man," said he, "that this is the way you live?"

"Certainly," said Dan Anderson. "I know I'm extravagant. I don't need a place as good as this, but I always was sort of sensuous, you know." Ellsworth looked at him without any comprehension, from him to the bed with blankets, and the bare table. "Come in," said Dan Anderson, "and sit down. Better sit on the chair, I reckon. One leg of the bed is sort of dicky."

"So this is the way you live?" repeated Ellsworth to Dan Anderson, who was now on his hands and knees and searching under the bed. "Now, about my daughter—is there any hotel—are there any women?"

"Three, from Kansas," said Dan Anderson. "That is, three real ones. Three children, also from Kansas. All the female earth, Mr. Ellsworth, comes from Kansas, same as potatoes and hay. Oh, yes, here she is."

He had been speaking with his tones somewhat muffled under the bed, but he now emerged, bearing a dusty bottle in his hand.

Mr. Ellsworth looked at him a bit keenly, for, after all, he was not a bad judge of men. "How long has that bottle been there?" asked he abruptly.

"Oh, two or three years, maybe."

"And you've never opened it?"

"No, why should I? You hadn't come yet. Of course, I knew you'd be along some day. I kept it to drink to your very good health, Mr. Ellsworth—the health of the man who told me not to come around his house—told me I was an unsettled ne'er-do-well, and not suitable company for his—why, I don't think I have any corkscrew at all."

Mr. Ellsworth sat on the chair, the bottle in his hand hanging between his knees. He looked at Dan Anderson steadily. "For instance," said he, "about how much did you make last year in your business?"

"My law practice?"

"Yes."

"Two hundred and sixty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents."

"What?"

"Oh, I know it's a heap of money; but I made it."

"Enough for tobacco money!"

"Sir," said Dan Anderson, "more. I ate frequent. Why, sir, did you ever stop to think that our total circulating medium here is only $300? Why, I had almost all of it one time or another. Now, not doubting your cheerful intentions in the least, did you ever come that near to corraling the whole visible supply of cash in your own town? Sir, I bid you pause and think. Moreover, I am attorney for the man who owns the coal mine. I'm attorney for both the gold mills. We've got one or two mines here, and I'm in. Besides, I've just got the law business from Pitzer Chisum, down on the Seven Rivers. He's got maybe a hundred thousand head of cattle. Now, I'm going to rob Pitzer, because he needs it. He's got money scandalous."

Mr. Ellsworth put the bottle down on the floor and sat up on the chair with his hands in his pockets, wondering. "But why?" he demanded sternly; "why? What are you doing out here? Why have you thrown away your life? Why, you're a bright young man, and you——"

"Friend," said Dan Anderson with a sudden cold quality in his voice, "I think that'll about do. I ain't any brighter than I was five years ago."

"But this is no place to live."

"Why isn't it? It takes a man to live here. Do you reckon you could qualify?" The older man raised his head with a snort, but Dan Anderson stood looking at him calmly. "Now let me tell you one thing," said he. "It's accident that you're here, and nothing else. If you heard of our coal finds here it wasn't through myself. I didn't ask you to come, and I didn't ask you to bring anybody along with you. I've played fair with you. You don't come here to do us any favor, do you?"

"Oh, well," said the other.

"Then you think there might be something here, after all?"

"What is there here?"

"A very great deal. There's just as much here as there is anywhere else in the world."

Mr. Ellsworth arose and stepped to the door. For a moment he stood looking out at the twilight. He turned suddenly to the young man. "I'll tell you," said he. "There's something to you—I don't know what. Drop all this. Come on back. I'll think it over—I'll give you a place in my office."

"You'd give me *what?* Did you ever stop to think that you can't give me *anything?*"

Surprise sat on his visitor's face. "*Nada!*" cried Dan Anderson. "Me go back there and work on a salary for you? Me check my immortal soul on your hatrack? Me live scared of my life, like all the rest of the slaves in that infernal system of living, that hell? Mr. Ellsworth, if I should do that I'd be giving you some license for the opinion of me you once expressed, before you really knew me."

"But what have you got out here?"

Dan Anderson made no answer, except a sweep of his hand to the purple mountains, and an unconscious swell of the broad chest beneath his blue shirt.

"What made you come?" insisted Mr. Ellsworth, feeling around for the neck of the bottle, which had been forgotten.

"You know almighty well why I came. I reckon I came for the express purpose of handling your local interests when you buy our coal mine and try to get a railroad somewhere near our valley, if you have luck later. I'm goin' to be your kind and lovin' pardner in that deal, and I'll soak you the limit in everything I do for you. You watch me. Don't you ever think that we poor innocents who wandered out here to live on scenery and cactus left all our savvy far, far away, for we didn't. I'm goin' to stay here, and I'm goin' to work all I want to. When I don't want to there ain't no livin' mortal soul that's goin' to crack a whip over me an' tell me I've got to."

"Things seem rather strange," began Mr. Ellsworth. "You talk as though I were obliged to put money into these mines."

"Of course you will. You can't help it. You never saw a better opportunity for investment in all your life. But now let me tell you another thing, which I oughtn't to tell you if I served you right. You go slow while you're here. Confine your remarks to coal, and let the gold alone. We've got 'em both. There is plenty of gold in this valley. There ain't a fellow in this settlement who hasn't got a quart glass fruit-jar full of gold nuggets and dust under his bed, and who ain't just a-waitin' and a-pinin' to show it to some stranger like yourself. Why, you're Glad Tidings in this town. You couldn't walk to-morrow if you took all the free samples of solid gold the boys would offer you. You'd get dizzy lookin' down prospect holes. You wouldn't know where you were; and when you came to you'd be the proud possessor of about fifty gold mines, with all the dips, spurs an' angles, an' all the variations of the magnetic needle to wit an' aforesaid. Now, I oughtn't to take care of you. I don't owe you a thing on earth. But because you brought—well, because—anyhow, I'm going to take care of you while you're here, and see that you get a square deal."

"By the way, my daughter——" said Mr. Ellsworth, sitting up.

"Never mind about givin' to me a silver pound, Lord Ullin," said Dan Anderson gently. "Miss Constance is all right. They'll take care of her just as well as I'll take care of you. Everybody will be more sociable by about noon to-morrow. The whole town's scared yet."

"I don't see anything very terrible about me," said Mr. Ellsworth.

"Oh, it ain't you," said Dan Anderson calmly. "Nobody's afraid of you. It's your daughter—it's the woman. Don't you reckon Adam was about the scaredest thing in the wide, wide world about the time old Ma Eve set up her bakeshop under the spreadin' fig tree? I don't know that I make myself right plain—you see, it's sort of funny here. We ain't used to women any more. We're sort of feeble and inclined to side-step the *casus belli*, as it were. Now, you excuse my legal phraseology, because, you see, I'm so used to practicin' law that I talk sort of legal unconscious, you know."

"Oh, well, now, my dear sir, you see, my daughter——"

"I know all about her," said Dan Anderson sharply. "I don't doubt she thought I was a mere trifler. She couldn't understand that it ain't right for a man to stick to anything until he's found the right thing to stick to. I don't blame her the least bit in the world. She could only see what I *wasn't* doing. I knew what I was *going* to do, and I know it now." There was a gravity and certainty about Dan Anderson now that went through the self-consciousness of the man before him. Ellsworth looked at him intently. "We'll be here for a day or so," said he, "and meantime, it will seem a little strange for my daughter, I suppose——"

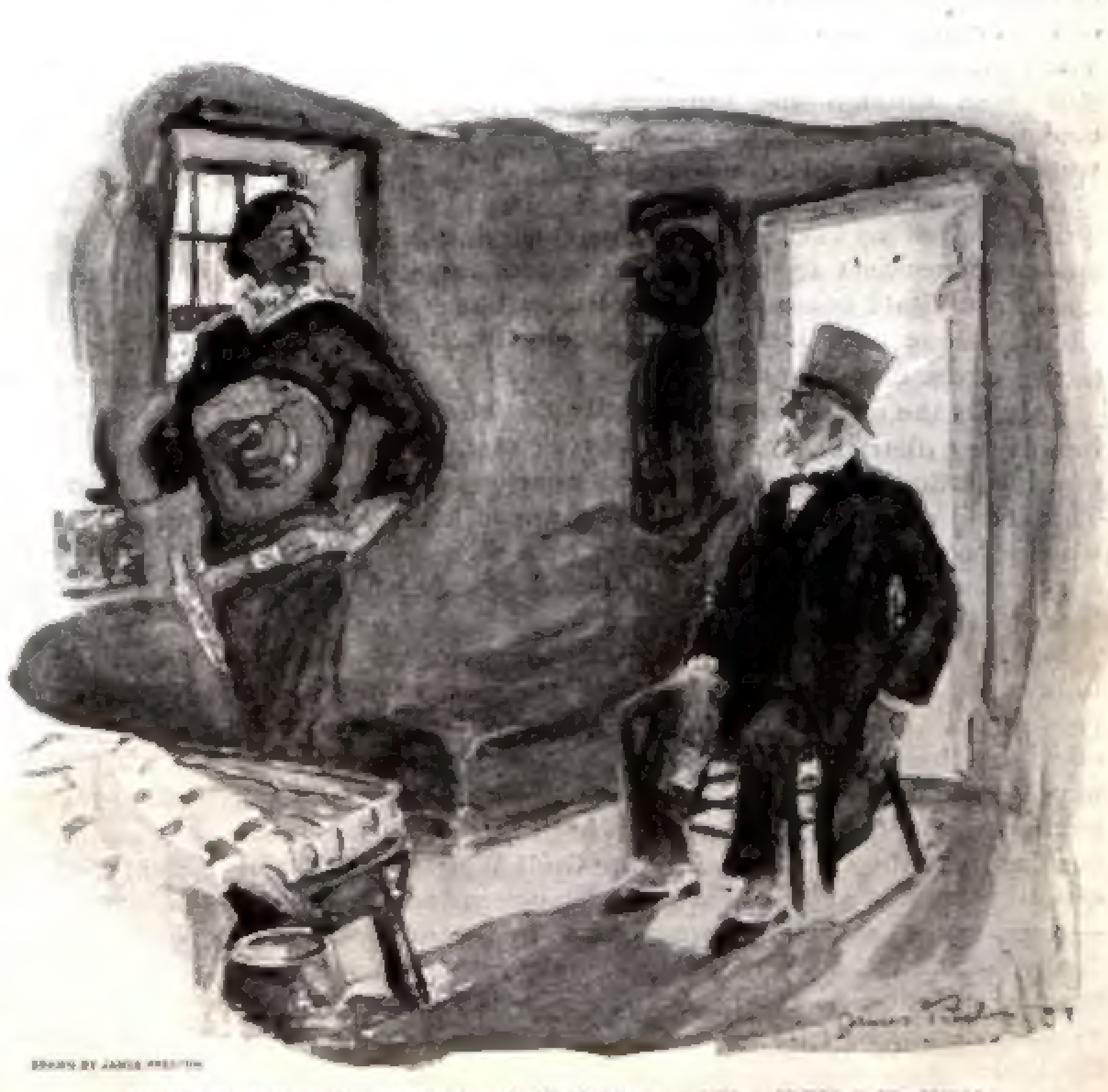
"You don't need to tell me about anything," said Dan Anderson. "Of course, her coming is a little inopportune. You see, Mr. Ellsworth, the morning stars are inopportune, and the sunrise every day, and the dew of Heaven."

Ellsworth looked at him half in terror, and in his discomfort murmured something about going to look up his daughter.

"Now, that's mighty kind of you," said Dan Anderson. "But I know the way over there alone, and after I have taken you in to where you can get some supper, down to Uncle Jim's, I am going over there—alone. Wait till I get my coat. I don't wear it very often, but we'll just show you that we can dress up for the evening here, the same as they do in the States."

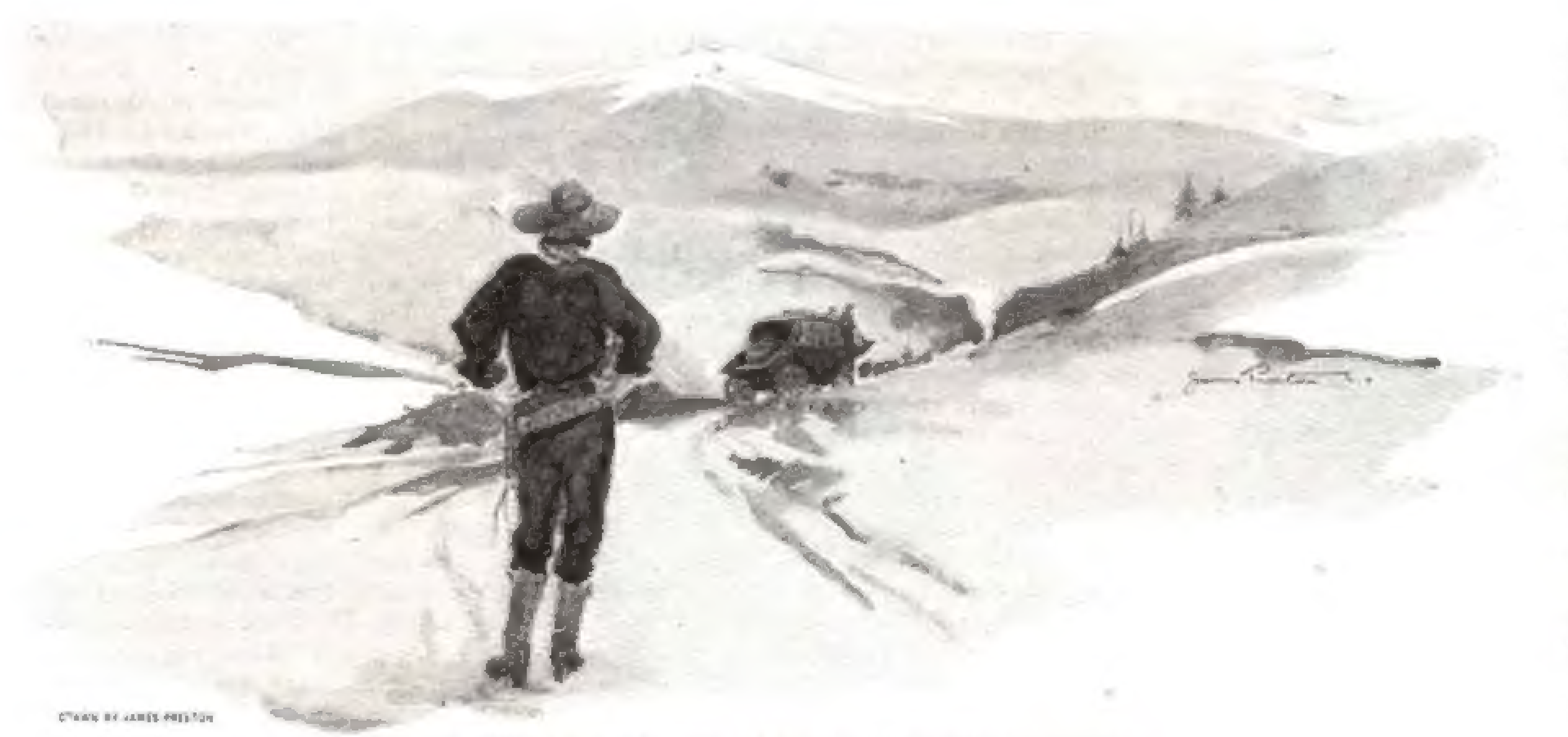
As Dan Anderson, his head bent down and his hands in his pockets, crossed the arroyo alone he met Curly coming the other way. Curly's brow was wrinkled, though he expressed a certain consciousness of the importance of his position in society at the time.

"Say, man," said he, jerking his thumb toward the house. "That new girl is the absolute limit. Say, she dropped in just like we'd been expectin' her. I was some scared; but *she's* just *folks!*"



"FOR INSTANCE," SAID HE, "ABOUT HOW MUCH DID YOU MAKE LAST YEAR IN YOUR BUSINESS?"

Dan Anderson hardly heard him. He passed on into the house, where he seems to have made himself easily at home with the women of the place. It was a half-hour later that he spoke directly to the girl. "I was just thinking," said he, "that after all the dust and heat and everything you might like to walk, for just a minute or so, over to our city park. Foliage, you know; avenues; flowers; sweetness and light."



STOOD AND WATCHED THE COACH PASS DOWN THE ROAD

She rose and joined him. All human beings in Heart's Desire that evening fell in with the plans of Dan Anderson without cavil and without possible resistance.

A short distance up the arroyo, toward the old abandoned stamp mill, there was a two-inch pipe of water which came down from the Patos spring, far up on the mountainside. At the end of this pipe, where the water was now going to waste, the Littlest Girl from Kansas had taken in charge the precious flow, and made a little garden of her own. Here there were divers shrubs, among these a single rosebush; and this rosebush, at the time, bore two blossoms. Dan Anderson broke off both of them, and handed them to the girl, who pinned them on her breast. "This is our park," said he at length. "I trust you have enjoyed our boulevard. I hope, also, that the entertainment of the cow gentleman was not displeasing."

"Not a word!" said she, her cheek flushing. "These people are genuine."

"I'm not apologizing," said he. "There are just a few things a fellow learns out here. One is not to apologize, and another is not to beg. Sit down." There was a broad rock near the foot of which the little trickle of water rippled, and obeying him, she seated herself. Presently Dan Anderson did likewise, and for a time they sat in silence. The purple shadows had now deepened into half-darkness, and as they looked, up above the long, slow curve of old Carrizo, there rose the burnished silver of the wondrous moon of Heart's Desire. The bare and barren valley was softened and glorified into a strange, half-ghostly beauty. The world has few scenes more beautiful than Heart's Desire at moonlight. These two sat and gazed for a time.

"And so this is your world," said the girl at length.

"Yes," said the man savagely. "It's mine."

"It is very beautiful," said she at length, softly.

"Yes," said Dan Anderson, "it's beautiful. Some time there'll be a man — not myself, for I'm not big enough — but there'll be some man who'll learn something in some such place as this. I don't know but I've learned a little bit myself, in the last five years."

"Five years!" she whispered to herself.

"It seems forever," said he. "The time when a fellow's taking his medicine always seems long, I reckon. I have almost forgotten my life of five years ago — almost, except a part of it. It's been another world here. Nothing matters much, does it?"

Whether there was bitterness or softness in his speech she could not tell, but she found no reproach for herself in it.

"Look," said she at length, pointing down at the valley of Heart's Desire, now bathed in the full flood of the unveiled moonlight. "Look! It is unspeakable."

He looked at her face instead. "I've seen you right here," he said, "right at this very place, a thousand times. It's Eden. It's the Garden. It's the Beginning."

"It is the world," whispered the girl vaguely. "It's the world here, too."

"Yes," he answered gravely, "the world. It's the same. But oh, my girl, it wasn't Eden until now!"

"Are you ever — ever coming back?" she asked at length, slowly, her face half turned toward him.

"When are you coming here?" he said in answer.

"What? — here?" But now her eyes were turned to his.

"Yes," he said. "Oh, Woman!"

"I did not count on this," said the girl simply. All that melancholy, all that sadness which is inseparable from love, swept over her as did the moonlight. "I did not count on this," she whispered again softly.

"The world will grow for us if you come," said he. "Oh, never think I was meant to idle. I want my work, my man's work. But I can't, I can't — oh, Constance, don't you know?"

They sat, bathed in the vague, mystical, bewildering light of the enchanted valley; and through that trembling medium

(Concluded on Page 29)

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Some of the Signs of an Odd and Significant Change in Public Feeling

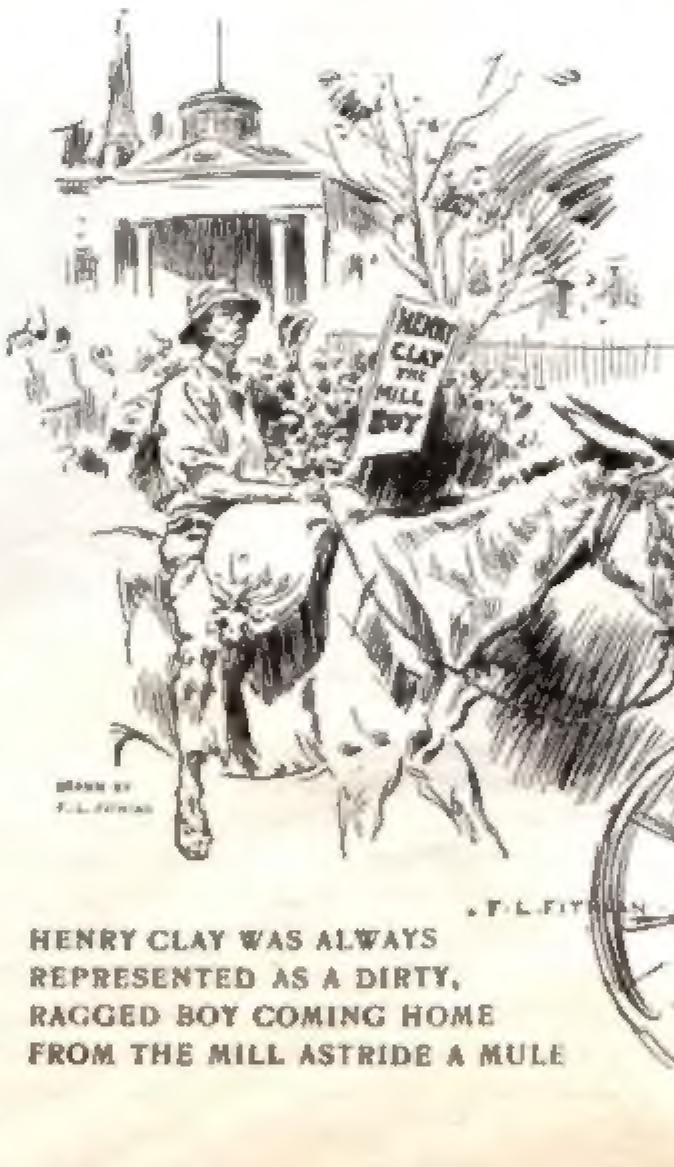
By Rebecca Harding Davis

NOTHING, as I look back, shows so plainly to me the change in this country during the last fifty years as the difference in our conduct of the Presidential campaigns. The Nation, every four years, still goes through the same convulsion, but with more outward calmness and dignity.

An enormous fund is now quietly raised by each party; a Cortelyou and a Taggart are chosen to conduct the war; secret orders are given to officials, from State bosses down to ward leaders. Nobody asks what is done with the money; nobody interferes with the tactics of the commanders.

There is the usual clamor on both sides of stump-speaking in outlying districts, the usual outbreak of cartoons, and the usual overflow of the flood of poisonous personal abuse. This candidate is a sot; so many wagon-loads of empty whisky bottles were taken last year out of the cellar of his country house; that one has a personal record that will not bear the light of day. So it goes.

But, after all, these mean and petty tactics are only brought to bear on the meanest and most petty class of the voting population. And, to tell the truth, they do not have much effect on them. The bone of contention in the election is never, now, a choice between two men — the judge and the soldier. Nor, of late years, has it been a great moral issue, such as rent the country before the Civil War. The crucial question usually is, in fact, some difference in financial policy — a matter but vaguely comprehended by the masses. It is likely to affect the pocket of the country rather than its conscience. Hence, no voter now, unless he is looking forward to office, is likely to lose a night's sleep in anxiety about the issue.


HENRY CLAY THE MILL BOY

HENRY CLAY WAS ALWAYS REPRESENTED AS A DIRTY, RAGGED BOY COMING HOME FROM THE MILL ASTRIDE A MULE

But fifty years ago the Nation was like one huge family. The Puritan, the Scotch-Irishman, the Maryland Catholic, quarrel as they might, were, after all, branches from the same racial root; they had four centuries behind them of intermarriage, of daily friendship or bitter squabbling; they had the same language and the same Bible. All these forces kneaded them into kinsfolk.

To-day, their grandson, on his way to the polls, is jostled by Finns, Poles and Slavs — all as good men as he in the sight of God, no doubt, but alien to him as the anthropophagi. They all go to elect Roosevelt or Parker, as a part of the national business which belongs to them.

But in the old days a Presidential campaign was a family feud. The men put up as candidates were known to every farmer, butcher and schoolboy from the Penobscot to the Missouri. They were called "Bill" or "Jim" in every store and smithy, and were hated or loved with the passion of clansmen against or for their chiefs. Men stabbed each other to the death in the fury of dispute as to whether Mrs. Andrew Jackson smoked a pipe after dinner or not, or whether Hamilton had maligned Burr, or Burr had murdered Hamilton. The campaign then was a part of the personal life of each American.

There were, too, countless queer, homely customs in vogue at that time which gave to the conflict the character of an event in a family and hid its national bearing out of sight. Each village had its mass meeting, to which the farms and little towns of half a dozen counties sent deputations; there were party mottoes, party songs, party flags.

The first of these campaigns which I remember was that of Harrison and Van Buren. Some of the trifling incidents which come back to me may help to show you how changed since then the American is in mind and manners.

I have here a dingy coffee-colored pamphlet nominating William Henry Harrison as

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE! A SON OF TOIL!! THE LOG CABIN PIONEER! THE DEFENDER OF TEMPERANCE FROM HIS CRADLE!! A FOE TO THE BRITISH! HISTORY OF HARRISON'S WARS WITH THE BRITISH AND THE SAVAGE TRIBES!'

Now, the fact was that William Henry Harrison indisputably belonged to the small class which was the only one then recognized as aristocratic. His father had been a friend and companion of Washington and Robert Morris. Young Harrison had been given the education and training which would fit him to take his place among the leaders of the Republic. He was a gentle, rather dainty young fellow, a "dandy" in looks and manners, according to the phrase of the day.

Nobody probably knew this fact better than the writer of our pamphlet. But he also knew that the American voter of that day, be he Whig or Tory, would have nothing to do with the aristocrat in any shape or form. A candidate for office had no hope of election who was not "one of the people." His grandfather must have been a ditcher, he himself must have earned his bread. If they were unwashed hands the more honest they were held to be.

The Republic, according to popular belief, was intended primarily to give a chance to the poor, ignorant man. Its prizes logically, therefore, should be given to that poor, ignorant man who had best used the chance. If, unfortunately, a candidate had gentle birth and education these impedimenta were always hid out of sight by his supporters.

Henry Clay, though all the country knew what were his family and breeding, in his campaigns was always represented as a dirty, ragged boy coming home from the mill astride of a mule. The Mill boy of the Slashes, with his bare feet and mule, won a hundred votes to the one which was given by the man who put faith in the gentleman and statesman.

Harrison seems to have been, in fact, an ambitious, high-hearted young fellow, who, when he was sent out from Virginia to guard the frontier against Tecumseh, and to take a hand in the skirmishes of 1812, bore himself with courage and good sense.

One day, when a Kentucky regiment, tired of starving and dodging savages, revolted in a body and declared their intention of giving up the tomfoolery and going home, young Harrison faced them alone, and coolly begged them to go, that day, at once

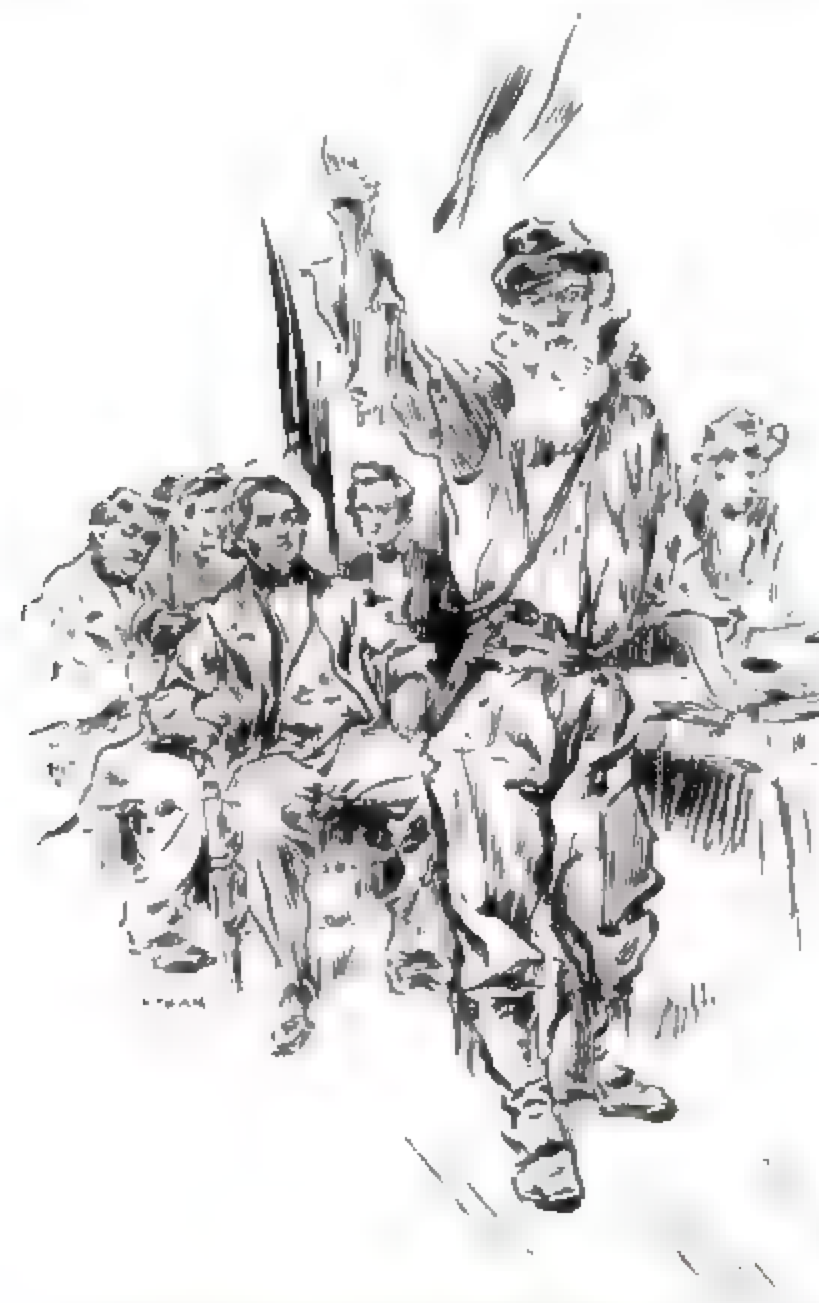
"And may God help you to meet the scorn of your mothers and the contempt of your sweethearts. They are Kentucky women. But—what are you?"

They gave the boy a rousing cheer and stayed to fight and starve with him.

But such humdrum proofs of good sense and courage were not what then was needed to fire the soul of the ordinary voter. Harrison was dubbed The Son of Toil; The Log Cabin Pioneer; The Poor Man's Candidate. He once had fought a skirmish at a creek called Tippecanoe. So he became "Old Tip."

One of the most vivid pictures which I see now back in my dim childhood is a convention which was held in our village for "Tip and Tyler."

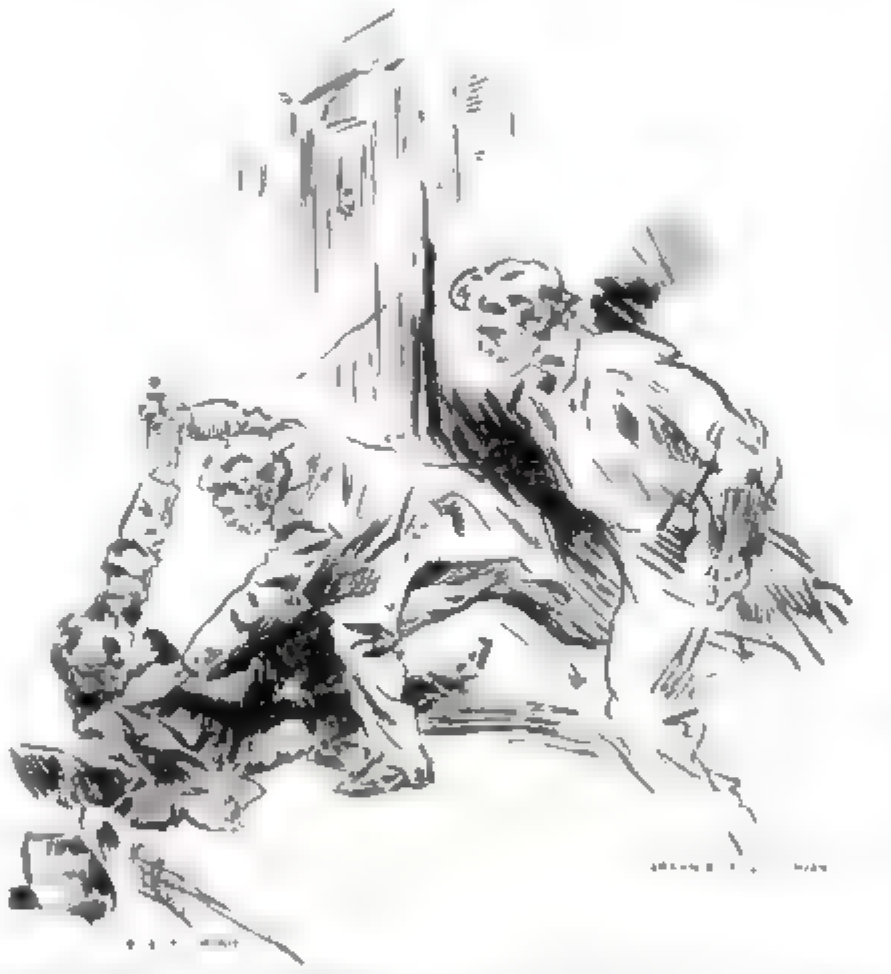
Every household was at work for weeks preparing for it. Hams were boiled, turkeys and chickens roasted by the scores; the black cooks ruled with a rod of iron that day. Each matron brought out her secret recipes for cakes and pastry and syllabubs, for the dietary of those Virginia households was as delicate as generous. None of the guests were to be entertained at the inn. An open table was set on the lawn or the porch of each dwelling, and every house was made gay with bunting and appropriate mottoes, such as "The latch-string is out." "All welcome!"



A THUNDER OF APPLAUSE GREETED THE OLD HUNTER

The only duty of the convention, apparently, was to march and counter-march all day, up and down the long streets with flying flags, to the sound of fifes, drums and clashing cymbals. The deputations came from towns and hamlets within a circuit of fifty miles; they probably had spent months in preparation for this great day. Each division had its band of native talent and its home-made flag of original device. These lawyers, farmers, butchers and bakers marched under the queer banners with as stern exultation as though they had been Highlanders going to death under the colors of their clan.

There were elaborate floats, I remember, on which were borne representations of the different trades which held that only the election of "Tip and Ty" would save the country. There was a real forge, the sparks flying, the blacksmiths banging the iron and shouting out Whig songs; there were carpenters, shoemakers, boatbuilders, all at work, each man believing, as he stitched or hammered, that he was clinching votes for his candidate. There were bands of stout, blushing farm boys on horseback, each carrying a flag inscribed "Our First Vote." There was a structure supposed to represent a vessel, made up principally of sails, and dubbed The Ship of State, which reeled drunkenly as it went from side to side. It was manned by twenty boys in blue and white who sang campaign songs. I remember that it was one of the triumphs of my childhood that the ship halted at our gate and the sailors ate our hams and cakes and afterward serenaded my father. They represented to me the Naval Power of the United States, and when he said, "Well done, my lads, but now, run along," I felt that he had insulted the Nation



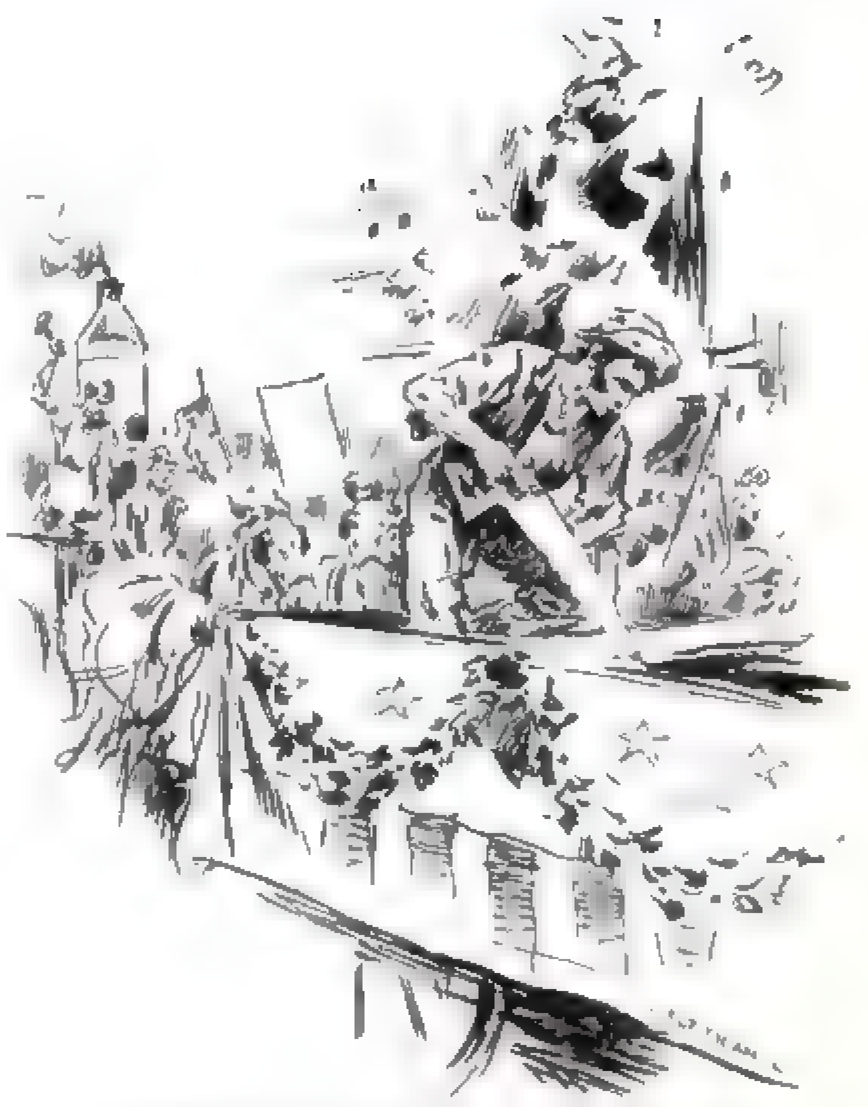
IN THE FURY OF DISPUTE AS TO WHETHER MRS. ANDREW JACKSON SMOKED A PIPE

There were bands of men from the other side of the river, their horses and themselves covered with strings of horse chestnuts, or buckeyes, Ohio being the "Buckeye State" and Harrison the "Ohio Pioneer." Some of these shouting, singing men were the grave doctors and lawyers who visited the town on ordinary days. Other deputations wore strange jackets and breeches supposed to represent the armor of the Greeks or Romans.

The town was in a frenzy of delight at these shows; the church bells rang, the people crowded the sidewalks, cheering as each band went by. But undoubtedly the most popular of the devices were the floats on which were log cabins supposed to represent the birthplace and home of "Old Tip." In some of them the boy Harrison, exceedingly ragged and unwashed, was seen squatted by the fire; sometimes he was engaged in cutting up a bear which he had just killed. One cabin, however, drove the lookers-on into a fervor of loyalty to the candidate. In it the boy, a pistol in each hand, was holding at bay two gigantic Indians who were attacking the windows. Of course the people shouted. Nobody then doubted that the squatter always was a just, wronged man, and a favored child of God, and the Indian always a fiend, made up of all vices, the offspring of the devil.

We never then looked on the other side. That is a modern uncomfortable habit.

A tremendous hit with the populace was made by a float on which a young man in knee-breeches and dress coat was waltzing with a stout young woman in a spangled robe, and wearing a crown on her head. This represented John Van Buren, who was accused of having been presented at Court and of dancing with Queen Victoria. It was even hinted that "a match was possible between the young folk."



THERE WERE CARPENTERS, SHOEMAKERS, BOATBUILDERS, ALL AT WORK

What good could be expected from a man whose son could so disgrace the country by toadying to royalty? Whether the poor lad ever had been in England I don't know, but the story certainly helped to lose his father his election. He was called Prince John contemptuously as long as he lived.

I tell you these trifles to hint at certain changes among us. Does Colonel Roosevelt's Patroon blood or Judge Parker's scholarly ancestry injure their chances to day?

Americans have learned since then to put a value on rank and gentle birth—sometimes too much value

Then, too, as I said, an election was a personal matter into which the voter threw himself with fervor. What quiet doctor or minister in any country town now would parade the streets bestrung with buckeyes and shouting campaign songs?

There was a good deal of the *sans culotte* in the early American. He thought Van Buren's high hat and dancing son made him unfit to rule freemen, and his soul exulted in Harrison's tomahawk and log cabin

He shot the bear,
Made John Bull stare;
And so he can beat little Van Van.
Oh, Van is a used-up man!

he sang with fiery zeal.

A curious example of this childishness of the old-time voter was shown in the campaign for Pierce. The candidate was an able, honest lawyer and a kindly, well bred gentleman. But he was the contemporary of Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Benton and men of that ilk, and it was useless to present him as an intellectual giant. Presto! he was set forth as a military hero. As such he was elected. The result of the contest depended largely on the fact whether, when fainting with weakness, he was tied on his horse to enable him to lead his troops at Cherubusco, or whether, as his enemies sang,

Dodging Frank in the rear rank,
Went riding round and round,
And when he heard the battle's clank
He tumbled to the ground

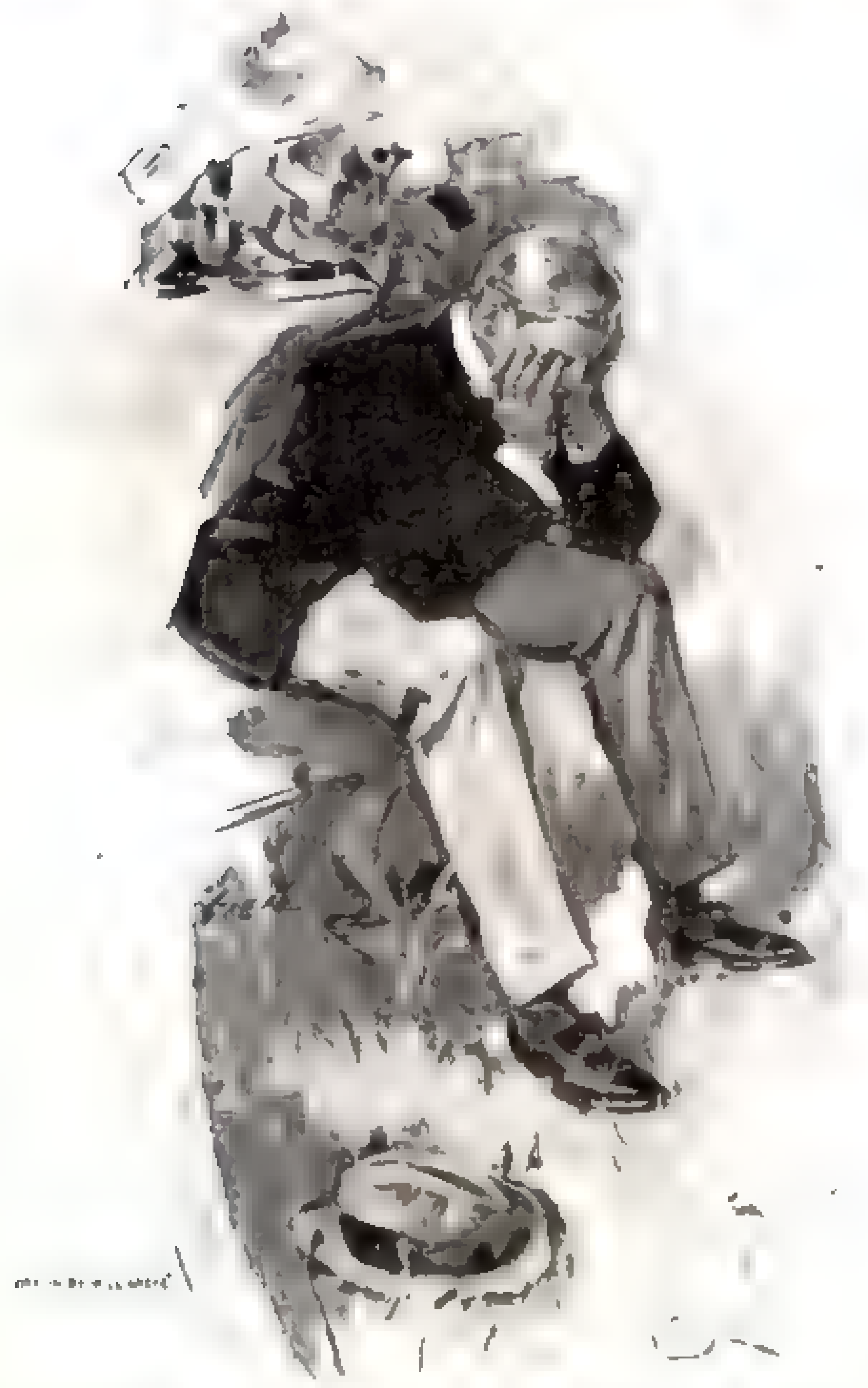
I remember, too, a pertinent little incident in the Scott campaign.

A mass meeting was held in the courthouse of a large town at which some of the ablest men of Scott's party were present, and made weighty addresses in favor of the General. They fell on cold ears. Presently Leslie Combes was announced. Combes was an old man then, but with the glory of his triumphs in youth as an Indian fighter still fresh in the remembrance of the country. Every eye was fixed on the platform on which the speakers were grouped; when down through the audience stalked the old Kentuckian, in full hunting dress—leather leggings, frogged green shirt, belt, pistols—all complete. He strode up to the platform, and placing his hand on it vaulted to his place. A thunder of applause greeted the old hunter. The pit rose at him. They yelled consent to his arguments before they were made, cheered his stories wildly, and went home fired with zeal for Scott because the gallant old soldier indorsed him. It is only in youth that we hate or love with unreasoning fury.

The Nation was young then and was led by its personal likings or antipathies in a way which seems puerile to this more adult generation, which is governed by high moral reasons, or by greed, or by expediency

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell



AFTERWARD MR. WOODS SANK DOWN UPON THE BENCH AND BURIED HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS

XXII

WELL!" Mr. Woods observed, lengthening the word somewhat.

In the intimate half-light of the summer-house he loomed prodigiously big. He was gazing downward in careful consideration of three fat tortoise-shell pins and a surprising quantity of gold hair, which was practically all that he could see of Miss Hugonin's person; for that young lady had suddenly become a limp mass of abashed violet ruffles, and had discovered new and irresistible attractions in the mosaics about her feet.

Billy's arms were crossed on his breast, and his right hand caressed his chin meditatively. By and by, "I wonder, now," he reflected aloud, "if you can give any reason—any possible reason—why you shouldn't be locked up in the nearest sanitarium?"

"You needn't be rude, you know," a voice observed from the neighborhood of the ruffles; "because there isn't anything you can do about it."

Mr. Woods ventured a series of inarticulate observations. "But why?" he concluded desperately—"but why, Peggy?—in Heaven's name, what's the meaning of all this?"

She looked up. Billy was aware of two large blue stars; his heart leapt; and then he recalled a pair of gray-green eyes that had regarded him in much the same fashion not long ago, and he groaned

"I was unfair to you last night," she said; and the ring of her odd, deep voice, and the richness and sweetness of it, moved him to faint longing, to a sick heart-hunger. It was tremulous, too, and very tender. "Yes, I was unutterably unfair, Billy. You asked me to marry you when you thought I was a beggar, and—and Uncle Fred *ought* to have left you the money. It was on account of me that he didn't, you know. I really owed it to you. And after the way I talked to you—so long as I had the money—I—and, anyhow, it's very disagreeable and eccentric and *horrid* of you to object to being rich!" Margaret concluded somewhat incoherently.

She had not thought he would be so stern.

But "Isn't that exactly like her?" Mr. Woods was demanding of his soul. "She thinks she has been unfair to me—to me, whom she doesn't care a button for, mind you—so she hands over a fortune to make up for it, simply because that's the first means that comes to hand! Now, isn't that perfectly unreasonable, and fantastic, and magnificent, and incredible?—in short, isn't that Peggy all over? Why, God bless her, her heart's bigger than a barn-door! Oh, it's no wonder that fellow Kennaston was grinning just now when he sent me to her! He can afford to grin."

Aloud he stated, "You're an angel, Peggy, that's what you are. I've always suspected it, and I'm glad to know it now for a fact. But in this prosaic world not even angels are allowed to burn up wills for recreation. Why, child, there's no telling what trouble you might have got into!"

Miss Hugonin pouted. "You needn't be such a grandfather," she suggested helpfully.

"But it's a serious business," he insisted. At this point Billy began to object to her pouting as distracting one's mind from the subject under discussion. "It—why, it's——"

"It's what?" she pouted even more rebelliously.

"Crimson," said Mr. Woods, considering—"oh, the very deepest, duskiest crimson such as you can't get in tubes. It's a color was never mixed on any palette. It's—eh? Oh, I beg your pardon"

"I think you ought to," said Margaret primly. Nevertheless, she had brightened considerably.

"Of course," Mr. Woods continued with a fine color, "I can't take the money. That's absurd."

"Is it?" she queried idly. "Now, I wonder how you're going to help yourself?"

"Simplest thing in the world," he assured her. "You see this match, don't you, Peggy? Well, now you're going to give me that paper I see in that bag-thing at your waist, and I'm going to burn it till it's all nice, soft, feathery ashes that can't ever be probated. And then the first will, which is practically the same as the last, will be allowed to stand, and I'll tell your father all about the affair, because he ought to know, and you'll have to settle with those colleges. And in that way," Mr. Woods submitted, "Uncle Fred's last wishes will be carried out just as he expressed them, and there needn't be any trouble. So give me the will, Peggy."

It is curious what a trivial matter love makes of felony.

Margaret's heart sank.

However, "Yes?" said she encouragingly; "and what do you intend doing afterward?"

"I—I shall probably live abroad," said Billy. "Cheaper, you know."

And here (he thought) was an excellent, an undreamed-of opportunity to inform her of his engagement. He had much better tell her now and have done. Mr. Woods opened his mouth, and looked at Margaret, and closed it. Again she was pouting in a fashion that distracted one's mind.

"That would be most unattractive," said Miss Hugonin calmly. "You're very stupid, Billy, to think of living abroad. Billy, I think you're almost as stupid as I am. I've been very stupid, Billy. I thought I liked Mr. Kennaston. I don't, Billy—not that way. I've just told him so. I'm not—I'm not engaged to anybody now, Billy. But wasn't it stupid of me to make such a mistake, Billy?"

That was a very interesting mosaic.

"I don't understand," said Mr. Woods. His voice shook, and his hands lifted a little toward her and trembled.

Poor Billy dared not understand. Her eyes downcast, her foot tapping the floor gently, Margaret was all one blush. She, too, was trembling a little, and she was a little afraid and quite unutterably happy; and outwardly she was very much the tiny lady of Oberon's court, very much the coquette quintessentialized.

It is pitiable that our proud Margaret should come to such a pass. Ah, the men that you have flouted and scorned and bedeviled and mocked at, Margaret—could they see you now, I think the basest of them could not but pity and worship you. This man is bound in honor to another woman; yet a little, and his lips will open—very dry, parched lips they are now—and he will tell you, and your pride will drive you mad, and your heart come near to breaking

. . . .

"Don't you understand—oh, you silly Billy!" She was peeping at him meltingly from under her lashes.

"I—I'm imagining vain things," said Mr. Woods "I—oh, Peggy, Peggy, I think I must be going mad!"

He stared hungrily at the pink, startled face that lifted toward his. Ah, no, no; it could not be possible, this thing he had imagined for a moment. He had misunderstood.

And now, just for a little, thought poor Billy, let my eyes drink in those dear felicities of color and curve, and meet just for a little the splendor of those eyes that have the April in them, and rest just for a little upon that sanguine, close-grained, petulant mouth; and then I will tell her, and then I think that I must die.

"Peggy——" he began in a flattish voice.

"They have evidently gone," said the voice of Mr Kennaston; "yes, those beautiful, happy young people have foolishly deserted the very prettiest spot in the gardens. Let us sit here, Kathleen"

. . . .

"But I'm not an eavesdropper," Mr. Woods protested half-angrily.

I fear Margaret was not properly impressed.

"Please, Billy," she pleaded in a shrill whisper, "please let's listen. He's going to propose to her now, and you've no idea how funny he is when he proposes. Oh, don't be so poky, Billy—*do* let's listen!"

But Mr. Woods had risen with a strange celerity and was about to leave the summer-house.

Margaret pouted. Mrs. Saumarez and Mr. Kennaston were seated not twenty feet from the summer-house, on the bench which Miss Hugonin had just left. And when that unprincipled young woman finally rose to her feet, it must be confessed that it was with a toss of the head and with the reflection that though to listen wasn't honorable, it would at least be very amusing. I grieve to admit it, but with Billy's scruples she hadn't the slightest sympathy.

Then Kennaston cried suddenly: "Why, you're mad, Kathleen! Woods wants to marry *you!* Why, he's heels over head in love with Miss Hugonin!"

Miss Hugonin turned to Mr. Woods with a little intake of the breath.

. . . .

No, I shall not attempt to tell you what Billy saw in her countenance. Timanthes-like, I drape before it the vines of the summer-house. For a brief space I think we had best betake ourselves outside, leaving Margaret in a very pitiable state of anger, and shame, and humiliation, and heart-break—leaving poor Billy with a heart that ached, seeing the horror of him in her face.

XXIII

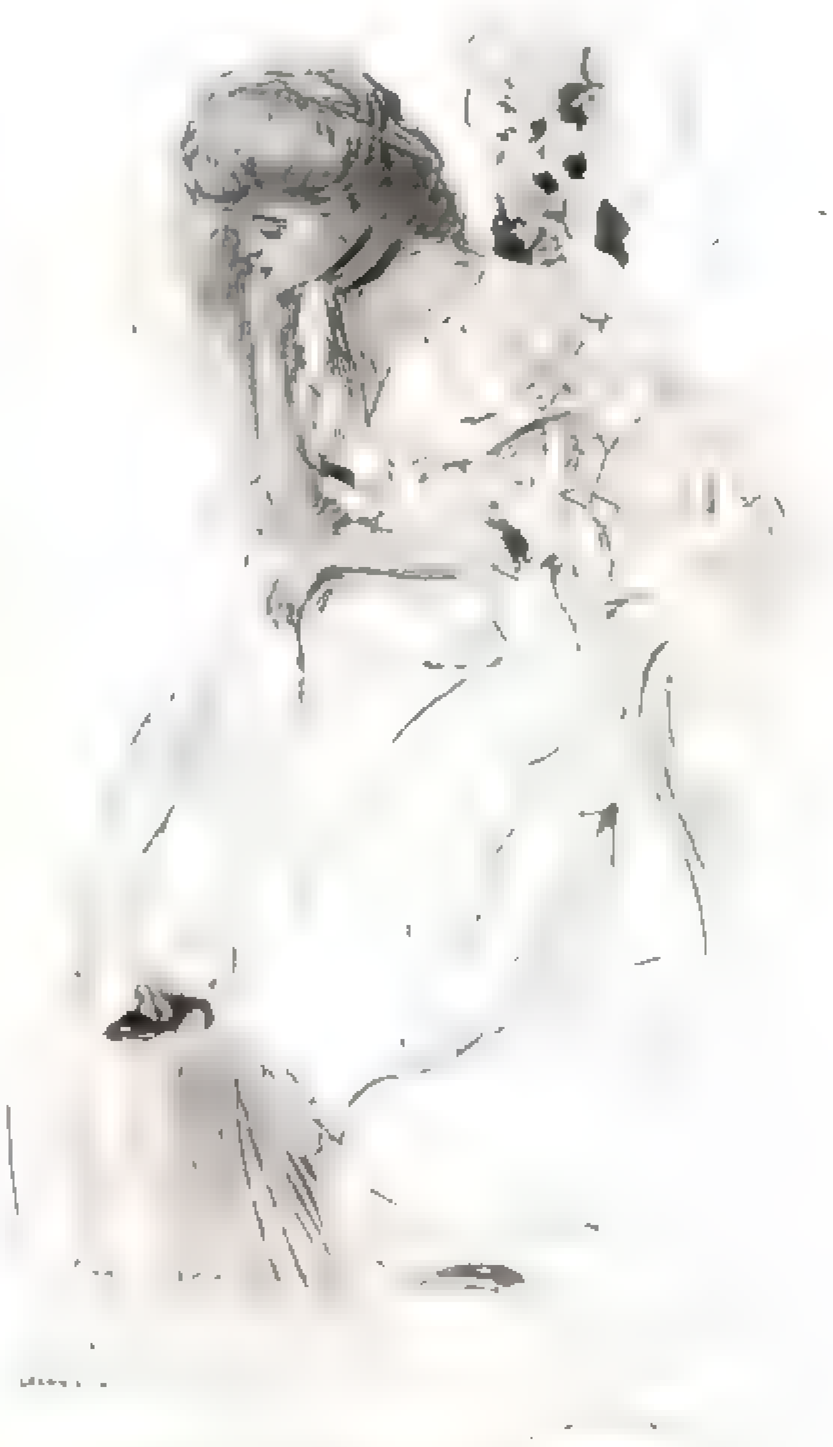
MRS. SAUMAREZ laughed bitterly

"No," she said, "Billy cared for me, you know, a long time ago; and this morning he told me he still cared. Billy doesn't pretend to be a clever man, you see, and so he can afford to practice some of the brute virtues, such as constancy and fidelity."

There was a challenging flame in her eyes, but Kennaston let the stab pass unnoticed.

To do him justice, he was thinking less of himself just now than of how this news would affect Margaret; and his face was very grave and strangely tender, for in his own fashion he loved Margaret.

"It's nasty, very nasty," he said at length, in a voice that was puzzled. "Yet I could have sworn yesterday——" Kennaston paused and laughed lightly. "She was an heiress



HER EYES DOWNCAST, HER FOOT TAPPING THE FLOOR GENTLY yesterday, and to-day she is nobody. And Mr. Woods, being wealthy, can afford to gratify the virtues you commend so highly, and, with a fidelity that is most edifying, return again to his old love. And she welcomes him—and the Woods millions—with open arms. It is quite affecting, is it not, Kathleen?"

"You needn't be disagreeable," she observed.

"My dear Kathleen, I assure you I am not angry. I am merely a little sorry for human nature. I could have sworn Woods was honest. But rogues all, rogues all, Kathleen! Money rules us in the end; and now the parable is fulfilled, and Love, the prodigal, returns to make merry over the calf of gold. Confess," Mr. Kennaston queried with a smile, "is it not strange an all-wise Creator should have been at pains to fashion this brave world about us for little men and women such as we to lie and pilfer in? Was it worth while, think you, to arch the firmament above our rogueries, and light the ageless stars as candles to display our antics? Let us be frank, Kathleen, and confess that life is but a trivial farce ignobly played in a very stately temple." And Mr. Kennaston laughed again.

"Let us be frank!" Kathleen cried with a little catch in her voice. "Why, it isn't in you to be frank, Felix Kennaston! Your life is nothing but a succession of poses—shallow, foolish poses meant to hoodwink the world and at times yourself. For you do hoodwink yourself, don't you, Felix?" she asked eagerly; and gave him no time to answer. She feared lest his answer might dilapidate the one fortress she had been able to build about his honor.

"And now," she went on quickly, "you're trying to make me think you a devil of a fellow, aren't you? And you're hinting that I've accepted Billy because of his money, aren't you? Well, it is true that I wouldn't marry him if he were poor. But he's very far from being poor. And he cares for me. And I am fond of him. And so I shall marry him and make him as good a wife as I can. So there!"

Mrs. Saumarez faced him with an uneasy defiance. He was smiling oddly.

"I have heard it rumored in many foolish tales and jingling verses," said Mr. Kennaston, after a little, "that a thing called love exists in the world; and I have also heard, Kathleen, that it sometimes enters into the question of marriage. It appears that I was misinformed."

"No," she answered slowly, "there is a thing called love. I think women are none the better for knowing it. To a woman it means to take some man—some utterly commonplace man, perhaps—perhaps only an idle *poseur* such as you are, Felix—and to set him up on a pedestal, and to bow down and worship him; and to protest loudly both to the world and to herself that, in spite of all appearances, her idol really hasn't feet of clay, or that, at any rate, it is the very nicest clay in the world. For a time she deceives herself, Felix. Then the idol topples from the pedestal and is broken, and she sees that it is all clay, Felix—clay through and through—and her heart breaks with it."

Kennaston bowed his head. "It is true," said he; "that is the love of women."

"To a man," she went on dully, "it means to take some woman—the nearest woman who isn't actually deformed—and to make pretty speeches to her and to make her love him. And after a while——" Kathleen shrugged her shoulders drearily. "Why, after a while," said she, "he grows tired and looks for some other woman."

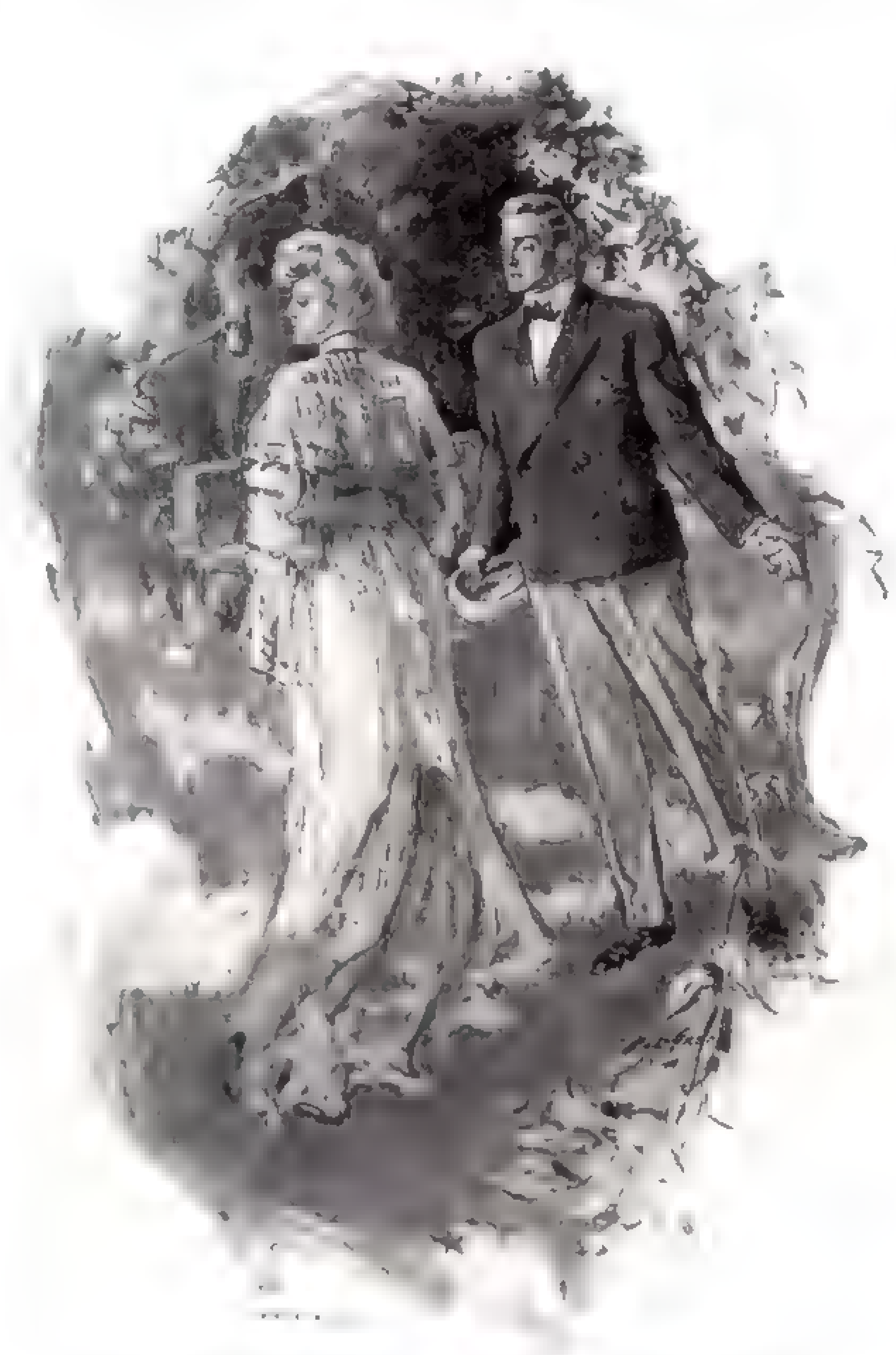
"It is true," said Kennaston, "yes, very true, that some men love in that fashion."

There ensued a silence. It was a long silence, and under the tension of it Kathleen's composure snapped like a cord that has been stretched to the breaking point.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she cried suddenly; "that is how I have loved you and that is how you've loved me, Felix Kennaston! Ah, Billy told me what happened last night! And that—that was why I——" Mrs. Saumarez paused and regarded him curiously. "You don't make a very noble figure just now, do you?" she asked with careful deliberation. "You were ready to sell yourself for Miss Hugonin's money, weren't you? And now you must take her without the money. Poor Felix! ah, you poor, petty liar who've overreached yourself so utterly!" And again Kathleen began to laugh.

"You are wrong," he said with a flush. "It is true that I asked Miss Hugonin to marry me. But she—very wisely, I dare say—declined."

"Ah!" Kathleen said slowly. Then—and it will not do to inquire too closely into her logic—she spoke with considerable sharpness: "She's a conceited little cat! I never in all my life knew a girl to be quite so conceited as she is. Positively, I don't believe she thinks there's a man breathing who's good enough for her!"



"IT WAS A MISTAKE, I TELL YOU. IT'S YOU I LOVE—JUST YOU"

Kennaston grinned. "Oh, Kathleen, Kathleen!" he said, "you are simply delicious."

And Mrs. Saumarez colored prettily and tried to look severe and could not, for the simple reason that, while she knew Kennaston to be flippant, and weak, and unstable as water, and generally worthless, yet, for some occult cause, she loved him as tenderly as though he had been a paragon of all the manly virtues. And I dare say that for many of us it is by a very kindly provision of Nature that all women are created capable of doing this illogical thing, and that most of them do it daily.

"It is true," the poet said at length, "that I have played no heroic part. And I don't question, Kathleen, that I am all you think me. Yet, such as I am, I love you. And such as I am, you love me, and it is I that you are going to marry and not that Woods person."

"He's worth ten of you!" she cried scornfully.

"Twenty of me, perhaps," Mr. Kennaston assented; "but that isn't the question. You don't love him, Kathleen. You are about to marry him for his money. You are about to do what I thought to do yesterday. But you won't, Kathleen. You know that I need you, my dear, and—unreasonably enough, God knows—you love me."

Mrs. Saumarez regarded him intently for a considerable space; and during that space the Eagle warred in her heart with the one foe he can never conquer. Love had a worthless ally; but Love fought staunchly.

By and by, "Yes," she said—and her voice was almost sullen—"I love you. I ought to love Billy, but I don't. I shall ask him to release me from my engagement. And yes, I will marry you if you like."

He raised her hand to his lips. "You are an angel," Mr. Kennaston was pleased to say.

"No," Mrs. Saumarez dissented rather forlornly; "I'm simply a fool. Otherwise, I wouldn't be about to marry you, knowing you, as I do, for what you are—knowing that I haven't one chance in a hundred of any happiness."

"My dear," he said—and his voice was earnest—"you know at least that what there is of good in me is at its best with you."

"Yes, yes!" Kathleen cried quickly. "That is so, isn't it, Felix? And you do care for me, don't you? Felix, are you sure you care for me—quite sure? And are you quite certain, Felix, that you never cared so much for any one else?"

Mr. Kennaston was quite certain. He proceeded to explain his feelings toward her at some length.

Kathleen listened with downcast eyes, and almost cheated herself into the belief that the man she loved was all that he should be. But at the bottom of her heart she knew he wasn't.

I think we may fairly pity her.

. . . . . .

Kennaston and Mrs. Saumarez chatted very amicably for some ten minutes. At the end of that period, the 12:45 express bellowing faintly in the distance recalled the fact that the morning mail was in, and thereupon, in the very best of humors, they set out for the house. I grieve to admit it, but Kathleen had utterly forgotten Billy by this, and was no more thinking of him than she was of the Man in the Iron Mask.

She was with Kennaston, you see; and her thoughts, and glances, and lips, and adoration were all given to his pleasuring, just as her life would have been if its loss could have saved him from a toothache. He strutted a little, and was a little grateful to her, and—to do him justice—received the tribute she accorded him with perfect satisfaction and equanimity.

XXIV

MARGARET came out of the summer-house Billy Woods followed her in a very moist state of perturbation.

"Peggy——" said Mr. Woods.

But Miss Hugonin was laughing. Clear as a bird-call she poured forth her rippling mimicry of mirth. They train women well in these matters. To Margaret, just now, her heart seemed dead within her. Her lover was proven unworthy. Her pride was shattered. She had loved this clumsy liar yonder, had given up a fortune for him, dared all for him, had (as the phrase runs) flung herself at his head. The shame of it was a physical sickness, a nausea. But now, in this jumble of miseries, in this breaking-up of the earth and the void heavens that surged about her and would not be mastered, the girl laughed; and her laughter was care-free and half-languid like that of a child who is thinking of something else. Ah, yes, they train women well in these matters.

At length Margaret said, in high, crisp accents, "Pardon me, but I can't help being amused, Mr. Woods, by the way in which hard luck dogs your footsteps. I think Fate must have some grudge against you, Mr. Woods."

"Peggy——" said Mr. Woods.

"Pardon me," she interrupted him, her masculine little chin high in the air, "but I wish you wouldn't call me that. It was well enough when we were boy and girl together, Mr. Woods. But you've developed since—ah, yes, you've developed into such a splendid actor, such a consummate liar, such a clever scoundrel, Mr. Woods, that I scarcely recognise you now."

And there was not a spark of anger in the very darkest corner of Billy's big, brave heart, but only pity—pity all through and through that sent little icy ticklings up and down his spine and turned his breathing to great sobs. For she had turned full face to him, and he could see the look in her eyes.

I think he has never forgotten it. Years after the memory of it would come upon him suddenly and send hot, drenching waves of shame and remorse surging about his body—remorse unutterable that he ever hurt his Peggy so deeply. For they were tragic eyes. Beneath them a twitching mouth smiled bravely, but the mirth of her eyes was monstrous. It was the mirth of a beaten woman, of a woman who has known the last extreme of shame and misery, and has learned to laugh at it. Even now Billy Woods cannot quite forget.

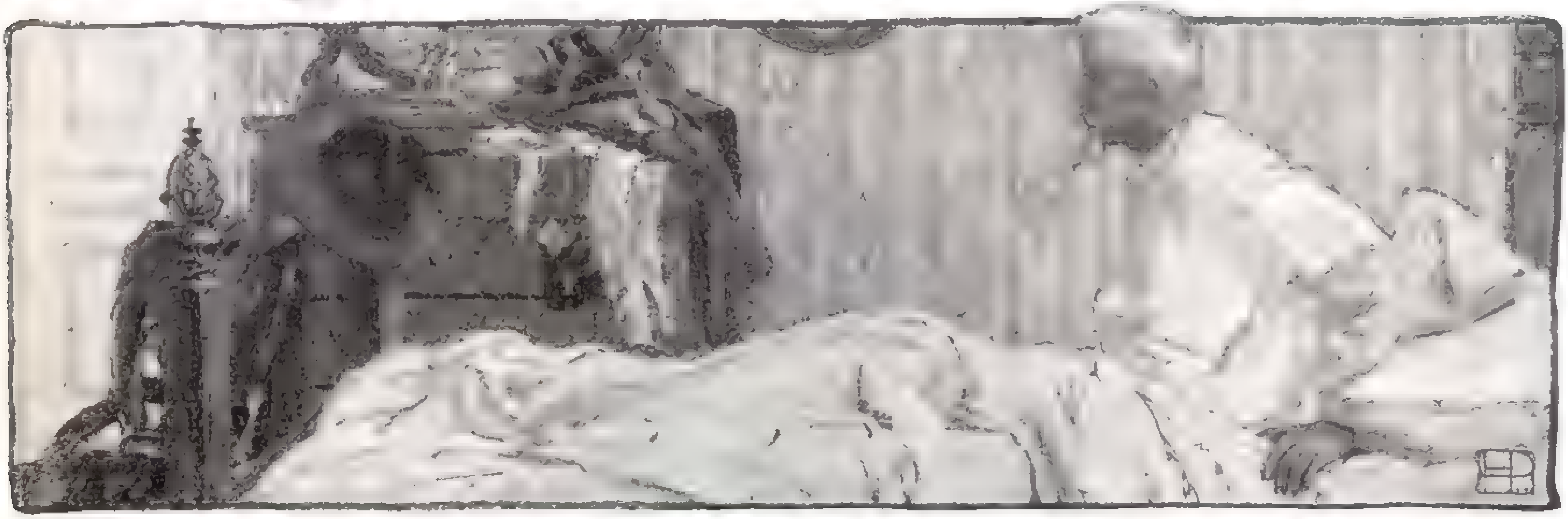
"Peggy," said he brokenly, "ah, dear, dear Peggy, listen to me!"

"Why, have you thought of a plausible lie so soon?" she queried sweetly. "Dear me, Mr. Woods, what is the use of explaining things? It's very simple. You wanted to marry me last night because I was rich; and when I declined the honor you went back to your old love. Oh, it's very simple, Mr. Woods! It's a pity, though—isn't it?—that all your promptness went for nothing. Why, dear me, you actually managed to propose before breakfast, didn't *you*? I should have thought that such eagerness would have made an impression on Kathleen—oh, a most favorable impression. Too bad it hasn't!"

"Listen!" said Billy; "ah, you're forcing me to talk like a cad, Peggy, but I can't see you suffer—I can't! Kathleen misunderstood what I said to her. I—I didn't mean to propose to her, Peggy. It was a mistake, I tell you. It's you I love—just you. And when I asked you to marry me

(Continued on Page 30)

How the Major Took the Pledge—By Arthur E. McFarlane



"AT THE time wheh'of I am speakin'," said the Colonel, "my deah friend, Majah MacAdoo, was a man possessed of extensive prope'ty—which he had always had—of some conside'ble ready money lyin' idle in the bank—which, howeveh, had only come to him along in the eighties, when his wooded akehs at last began to pay him in some slight propo'tion of theih rightful revenue—and of one son, Joseph. And I make mention of the son last, not that the Majah had lately come into possession of him, and not by way of climax, eitheh, but because it is no pleasuh foh me to speak of the said Joseph at all.

"Foh Joseph——" He attempted to wave him from before his mind's eye with a disgusted hand, swallowed once or twice, and then managed to go on again: "Well, sehs, he began as a child by lettin' his apples go bad because he neveh could bring himself to eat them. By the time he was lettin' down his high-watehs into long trousehs he'd put by moh solid cu'yency than his fatheh'd eveh had. And theh he was at thu'ty-five still livin' along at home because the ve'y thought of payin' his boa'd was like a hot i'on on him! As foh marryin'—doublin' yoh expenses me'ely to double yoh happiness—neveh foh Joseph, neveh at all! Lawd, *I* give him up. *I* don't know wheh he got it! But I know that foh a steady-goin', frugal-livin', savin', young man, Joseph MacAdoo was suhtainly the glitte'in'est of examples! And wheneveh the Majah decided to send a few spaih dollahs a-spinnin' his son got an acute attack of h'aht-disease

"But, lookin' one di'ection, it's only the faih truth to say that Joseph was in one etuhnal eetch to see his fatheh spendin' *moh!* Foh the Majah had a suhtain celcle of outstandin' debts—neitheh monst'ous o' innume'able, sehs—nothin' whateveh to worry himself oveh—not moh than any Southe'n gentleman would in the cou'se of natchuh accumulate—in sho't, not moh, as you will readily undehstand, than would dignify and I may say adohn his position in the community of which he fohmed a most distinguished paht.

"But Joe in his meanness couldn't seem to beah to think of those debts a-hangin' oveh him. He was evehlastin'ly frettin' himself about them. Sometimes he'd affect to advise the old man as bein' one wholly disintehested and me'ely wishful to save him from all ca'e and trouble. And then again next time, foh to encompass the same result, he'd be puttin' up some all too cleveh little game of mole-diggin'. You'll natchully ask why he should want the Majah to pay at *all?* What diff'yence would it make whetheh those debts weh paid by his fatheh in the present o' by himself in the futuh? I can only answeh you by sayin' that in my belief Joseph did so *mohtally* hate to pay anything himself, and did so love to see the otheh fellow pay, that it didn't seem to matteh even though that payin' weh done out of money that was lateh to come to *him!* Then, too, doubtless it had occuh'ed to the young man that afteh all he might go upwahd fyust

"As for the Majah, it wasn't as if he neveh squa'ed off accounts. It was me'ely that while he was payin' some he gathehed othehs, and thehby always kept a decent and hono'able mahgin, as you might say. None of the good folks he owed to weh unduly bothehin' him; thehfoh it wasn't in natchuh that he was goin' to botheh himself. Lawd, too—as I've hu'hd the deah Majah say a dozen times—if he paid off eve'ything *now*, when he depahted this life and it came to a mattah of 'administehin' the estate'—what administehin' would theh be to *do?* What would theh be to talk about if theh was nothin' to show foh the prope'ty but a lot of mis'able little receipted bills spitted on a file? The Majah havin' a good business head, it was enough and moh than enough foh him to know that if at any time he should *desiah* to pay up altogetheh he had the money in the bank to do it

"And, jest between ourselves, sehs, because that money *was* right theh to draw on, theh seemed nothin' less likely than that the Majah would eveh draw upon it to any great amount. Foh you must know that while theh ah numbehs of gentlemen in my fohmeh State who ah of extensive prope'ty, it is lamentable but a fack, sehs, that few of them ah in actchul possession, to any consid'able extent, of that 'hahd food foh Midas,' as great Shakespeah has finally expressed it. Thehfoh the Majah was acco'din'ly proud and set up oveh *his*. Noh, as I have said in the beginnin', had he been long in the possession of it. As foh his check-book, its outwahd and visible sign, it was sho'ly his chief delight! Lawd, the excuses he'd make jest foh to get talkin' about it. He carried it with him wheheveh he went; you could see the top of it showin' above the wallet-pocket inside his coat. And it was gen'ully known that he'd left his reg'lah tailohs, Hickson & Lynn, foh the reason that they'd sent him home a suit with that wallet-pocket moh than half a hand too deep. Natchully, sehs, the Majah couldn't explain to the pooh, igno'ant fools why he wanted that pocket made shoaleh.

"And the Majah had good cause besides foh delightin' in his check-book. He wrote a suhpassin'ly fine hand. I don't know but what he was even proudeh of that hand of his than he was of havin' that bank account. And his chi'og'aphy was suhtainly a mahvel! Foh shadin' on the full-grown lettehs, foh trillin' in the piccaninny ones, and foh wind-up flou'ishin'—both *oveh* and undeh—Lawd, it was little wondeh that he was proud! He had a soht of natchul distinction about his handwritin', too. He always made a Greek 'e'; he made his 'ahs' in the Italian manneh, and his capitals weh wo'ks of aht like what I've neveh seen off the back of a watch. As foh his signatchuh, if theh was any gyuhl in the neighbo'hood who didn't have it in heh autograph album she'd missed the most priceless ohnament to virgin papeh that the county affo'ded. And when you consideh that now the Majah had a chance to show off that *signatchuh* in that theh *check-book*—a check-book bein', as the Majah himself ve'y truly said, the only befittin' autograph album of youh man of affaihs—I need go no fu'theh.

"'Must have been an insupe'able temptation to pay those debts of his?' You might ve'y well believe so. But no, sehs, the Majah had a great maste'y of himself, a great maste'y. And theh weh always little picayune house accounts that he could use in the way of safety-valves. The bakeh, the milkwoman, the corneh newsvendeh—even the man who cut his grass—they all got theih specimens of the Majah's handwritin'. 'Neveh ask me foh cu'yency oh bills,' he used to say; 'the light of mode'n science has showed that they ah nothin' betteh than ca'avansa'ies of the most dange'ous soht of molecules! I'm gettin' so that I cyan't stand to have them around the house at all.'

"Ev'y fyust of the month, too, he'd call the hi'ed gyuhl up to the lib'a'y and write heh out *heh* check, scantin' nothin' on the flou'ishes, neitheh, foh the Majah was always mighty kyind to his help. Then that gyuhl would go downstaihs to Mrs. MacAdoo, who'd put the papeh in the fiah and give heh the money in cyaht-wheels. On the days when the Majah had to take his check-book to the bank they'd always have to keep him theih foh the next two houahs explainin' which checks he'd used and which he'd me'ely written out.

"When he'd get th'ough with that he'd cross oveh to Geo'ge Hutchinson's, at the Constitution Tave'n, wipin' his temples and lookin' pretty seyious. He'd tell the boys how doin' his bankin' sho'ly took the tucks out of him, and if he didn't always make a pahtic'lah point of keepin' track on his own check stubs, Land of Libe'ty, those whipsteh little bank-clahks would get theih whole business snahled up some time. Foh all that, though, the Majah wasn't troublin' much, and foh that matteh, until the time came wheh'of I am about to tell you theh wasn't a whole lot to trouble him!

"But that yeah the town decided to hold a soht of midwinteh faih. It was inaugu'ated New Yeah's Day, and it was sho' a shoutin' success. Eve'ybody celebrated free and regahdless. Even son Joseph capehed 'round a little. As foh the Majah, in a matteh of local patriotism like that he allowed himself to be suhpassed by none.

"In the evenin' there was a gen'ul gathehin' in the back room of the Constitution. And, as it happened, two tables oveh from the Majah sat a wo'thless Connecticut Yankee that had been runnin' a little booth on the Cou'thouse squa'e, sellin' shell souvenirs of Niagara Falls, and twisted wiah brooches, and aluminyum name-plates, and writin' off visitin'-cyahds between times. And now he takes a notion to staht a-writin' his name on the table top, usin' his finger thehfoh, and the good lickeh that he'd wasted; and he begins a-braggin', too, to all who weh in eahshot of him, of how he reckoned he was about the all-fiahedest, finest pen-twuhleh undeh the vault of Heaven!

"Well, the Majah, with the rank and dignity he carried, natchully paid no regahd to him whateveh. But afteh a while, when he saw that a conside'ble numbeh of othehs *did*, he spills out a little of his own lickeh and begins a-writin' on his table with his fohfingeh, too. And then some of the boys gathehed around *him*.

"But the mis'able mountebank was nothin' shoht of a *professional!* And, Lawd, for double figgeh eights, and grape-vine cuhlicues, and banknote scrollwo'k the Majah couldn't hold his crowd at all. And foh the matteh of that, as a *gentleman amatchuh*, he should neveh have tried. (To tell you the truth, too, that no-account cyahd-writeh was no betteh than intoxicated, sehs)

"But it made the Majah soah past enduhance to see a lot of good Southe'nehs givin' him theih attention in that manneh. And when his chaih had buhned him foh anotheh two minutes he could not stand it no longeh. 'Foh myself,' he says, th'owin' out the remahk in gen'ul but loud and *sco'chin'* sa'castic, 'foh myself, I cyan't say that I've had any conside'ble p'actice a-writin' with the fingeh on tables.

I am moh accustomed to the use of a pen and commehcial papeh!'

"Some of the crowd looks his way again so't of inquirin', but the Majah pretended not to notice them. Lawd, too, in that moment an idea seemed to come into his head. 'And Geo'ge,' he calls out to Hutchinson, 'that jest makes me think of it — isn't theh some triflin' mattch a-standin' between us still? I happen to be carryin' my check-book with me to-day, and theh's really nothin' to hindeh me clea'in' it off right *now*

"Well, sehs, when Hutchinson comp'ehended the oppo'tunity that was offehin' itself to him he didn't take any chances by waitin' to look up his ledgeh. He jest tries to speak in a natchul voice, and says: 'Why, yes, Majah, now you remind me of it, theh *is* some trifle to yoh scoh. But I couldn't — I couldn't think of takin' '— he st'engthens up his voice again, and tries to lightnin'-rod his nerves by scourin' and polishin' at the Majah's table — 'I couldn't think of takin' moh than a hund'ed on account.'

"Out comes that check-book a-flappin'. Geo'ge shoots down to the office foh the pen and ink, and gets back in one slide. The Majah opens up, shets one eye to make shuah which he'd ought to write on, and then whuhled off that hund'ed like as if those naughts weh wheels, sehs, and the writin' was faih a-runnin' on them'

"And befoh he'd finished about half the room was gapin' oveh his shouldehs

"'Talk about art-writin',' says one, 'what d'yoh think of that?'

"'My cats!' says another; 'a hund'ed dollahs, too! And not the fyust wo'd of jawin' about it, eitheh!'

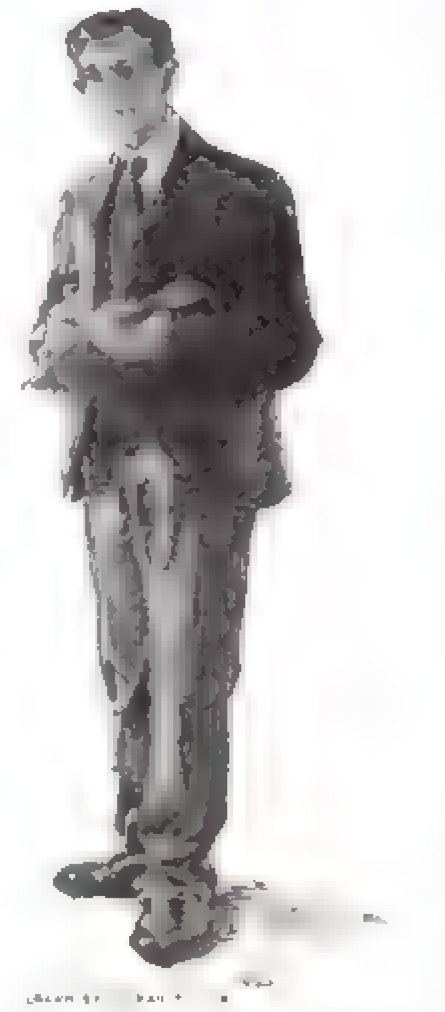
"'Shucks, neveh speak of it,' says the Majah. 'You see theh one of the advantages of carryin' a little bank account.'

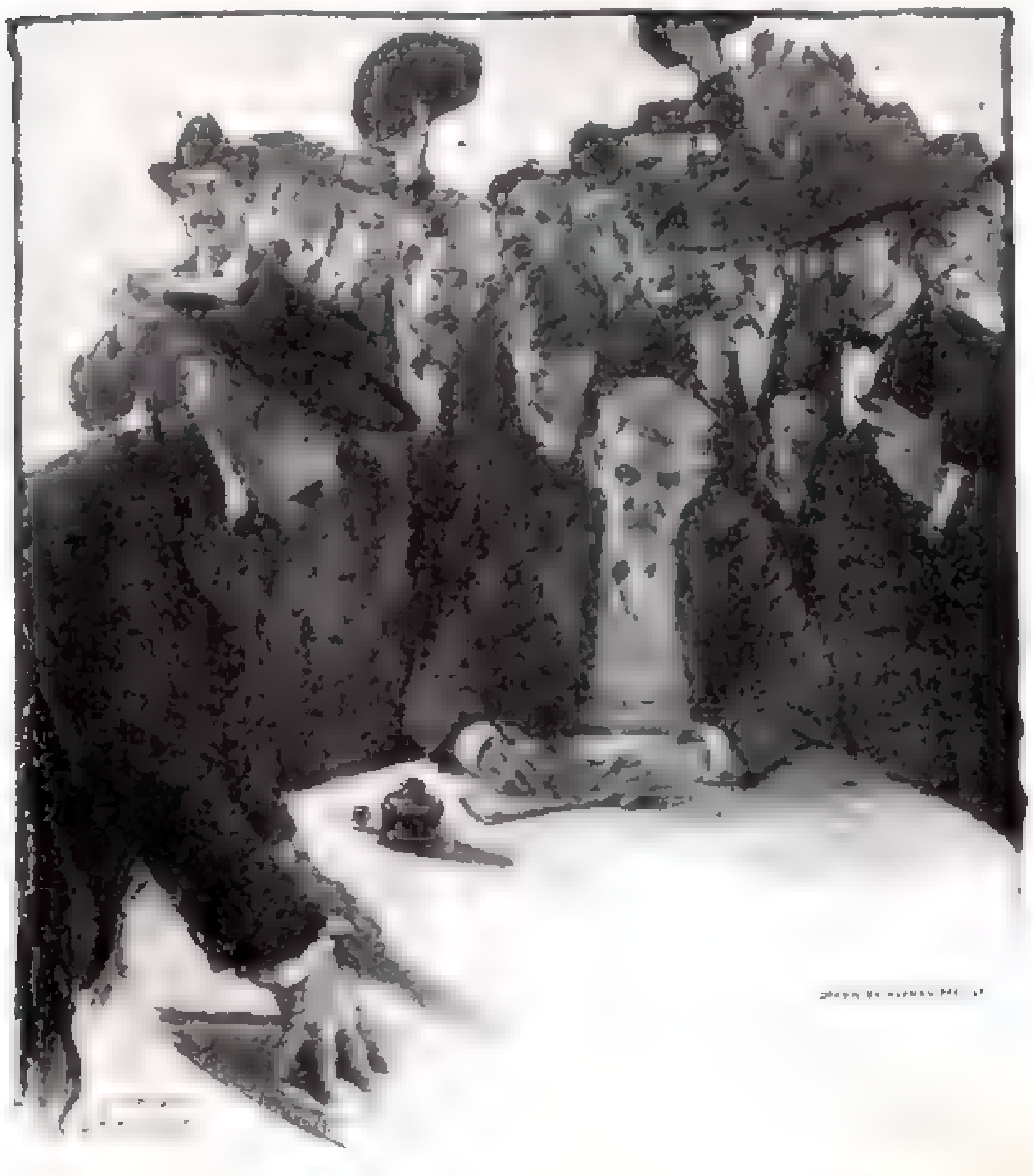
"'And stahs an' gahtehs,' comes in a thuhd — (an up-kentry sawney that had likely neveh seen pen-writin' done outside a copybook) — 'all he's got to do to pay it is to write down how much, that-a-way, and then put his name on the bottom!'

"'Nothin' at all, my friend, nothin' at all,' says the Majah, his face a-shinin' like all day. 'Me'ely the moh mode'n way of expeditin' business. And me'ely, too, settin' penmanship to its fit and propeh business.' Theh-upon he hoists up his chin and regahds oveh in the di'ection of that booth tendin' Connecticutch

"But he might betteh *not* have looked. Foh jest at that minute that no-account No'theneh had stahted in to do a bird. Lawd, you know the soht of thing I mean, a kyind of funeral dove on haihsprings, all cuhves and loops and pen flirtin' and fuhbelows, and bearin' in its beak a beauteous, undulatin' scroll. Of all things under Heaven it's always seemed to me about the foolest thing a man could squandeh good time a-luhnin' to make'

"But theh it was, drawin' the crowd his way once moh And theh sat the Majah wo'kin' his jaw-knots and ev'y moment droppin' ten points fu'theh into biliousness! His check was still goin' 'round among the boys, and theh was no stent of admi'ation foh it. But it was a bolt that was shot


"GEO'GE HUTCHINSON ONE HUND'ED DOLLAHS"


"EV'Y TIME HE SIGNED AGAIN THE SHOUTIN' AND ENTHUSIASM WENT UP A NOTCH HIGHEH THEN BEFOH"

"It was plain, too, that Geo'ge Hutchinson's fingehs was painin' him powehful to get a final grip on it and staht it safe and shuh foh the till. And right theh the Majah saw the return of his chance at the bat. 'Why, take it, Geo'ge,' he says; 'take it right along with you! I reckon I'm good foh a few moh like that! And in the mattch of writin' I'm gen'ully always a little betteh on the *second* than I am on the *fyust.*' He gets his eye on Donan, the cigah man. 'John, cyan't I do somethin' foh you? The book's a-lyin' open, and theh's no time like the present, as the preacheh says'

Well, by James, Majah,' says Donan, takin' hold of himself; 'if yoh insistin' on it! Suppose you make mine foh a hundred, too.'

"'Nothin' easieh, nothin' easieh! And the fack that you think in round numbehs, John, shows that you ah inhehently a gentleman! Foh my paht, I neveh could remembeh change co'yectly, anyhow.' And so he runs off that next hund'ed. The ripple he put in between the numbeh of dollahs and the space foh the cents was a wondeh. The Majah was compelled to stop and contemplate it foh so long himself that it seemed like he was neveh goin' to get along to the signatchuh — and Donan standin' theh all the time a-countin' his h'aht-beats. But afteh he'd primed himself with anotheh drink the Majah did get to it

"And when he had, ev'ybody said it was by fah and away the finest bit of penwo'k he'd done yet. Loudest of all and right at his elbow, too, was that sneakin', wo'thless child of treason and misery, son Joseph!

"'Oh, I reckon I'm limbehin' up, says the old man shakin' his pen into his red-eye in mistake foh the ink-pot 'I reckon I'm a-runnin' smootheh. I don't know but what' — lookin' oveh his shouldeh moh puffed up than the last cock in the main — 'I don't know but what I could even get to do a basket-wo'k buhd in time if I had had education high enough foh it! But who'll be the next now, gentlemen who'll be the next?'

'Jupiteh Pluvius! Crowdin' in to be the next theh was Fenwick, the wind-pump makeh; Sebright, the hoss man John Dunlap, the wine impo'teh; the Durkee brothers and Rass Gadsden Theh was all of *them*, which was bad enough. But that's all theh *would* have been, but foh a suhcumstance which I still consideh about the fu'thest beneath contempt that could be thought up by the mind of man. In the midst of the noise and excitement that theh Joseph had slipped out of the side doah, and was goin' heah, theh and ev'ywheh, givin' the wo'd to a dozen diff'yent pahties who othehwise would neveh have been neah the Constitution that night, that his fatheh was up theh celebratin' the New Yeah by writin' off his debts, and if they wanted theihs settled they'd betteh step lively and get into line!

"I cyan't go no fu'theh with that evenin'. A good houah later the Majah was still at it, and ev'ything chee'in' him on wildeh than eveh Now and again he'd take a regahd around at that buhd-makin' Connecticuteh, alone and desehted in his cohneh — though little the pooah thing heeded o' ca'ed, I reckon. I told you he was no betteh than intoxicated in the beginnin.' By this time he'd slid down on one elbow, and his mouth was slantin'eh than the silly smile he was enjoyin' all to himself. And from bein' able to see only the criss-crossed *tail* of that buhd of his, he'd got it into his head that it was a heaveh he'd stahted out to make, and now he was tryin' in a wobble-headed soht of way to finish it out acco'din'!

"As foh the Majah, in the exhila'ation of his triumph, no doubt he felt himself reg'lahly *enth'oned* theh! Ev'y time he signed again the shoutin' and enthusiasm went up a notch higheh than befoh. Heaven presehve us, if they'd asked him to he'd 'a' payed off the national debts of united Eu'ope, or pensioned old man McGillian for fightin' again' the South! When he left the Constitution that theh check-book of his was so thin and dreaned out that he could hahdly have felt it pressin' again' his waistcoat. He wasn't thinkin' about that, though. All the town had seen him home. At the last cohneh he'd made them a speech — the one he had luhned off when theh'd been talk of nominatin' him foh Congress three years befoh. And he made it all oveh again from his window when he got upstaihs.

"But next day noon, when he sat up in bed, and theh, oveh the end of the dresseh, hung his coat, with that check-book droopin' half out of the wallet-pocket, and the three o' foh checks still left in it hangin' theih heads like they was too sick-h'ahted to look at you, but none the less sehvin' only too well to recall the end of so many of theih brethren the night befoh — my Lawd! — my Lawd!

"Well, afteh a time the Majah got st'ength enough to get his feet out. Then he reached foh his cane, and began a-poundin' desp'ate on the flooh

"It brings ev'ybody in the house up to him. But he shets 'em all out fierceh than sin, all exceptin' Joseph To him he holds out what's left of that check-book and says: 'Son, look in theh, and read the stubs foh — foh whateveh it seem like I've writ' theh recently.'

"And Joseph he begins: 'Decembeh twenty-thuhd, The Old South Laundry Company, one dollah thuhty-fo'h, Decembeh twenty-fifth (Christmas), William Lake, postman, one dollah; Decembeh ——'

"'Thundeh an' ague!' lets go the Majah; 'am I sittin' heah in my shuht an' holdin' my breath to heah of *that* chicken feed? Get to — to last night!'

"So Joseph tuhns oveh a few and reads. 'Geo'ge Hutchinson, wines and lickehs, one hund'ed dollahs'

"'I thought so,' says the Majah. 'Lawd, I neveh hoped foh nothin' betteh. An' me with lickeh enough in the house to keep me till I die!'

"'John Donan, tobacco and cigahs, one hund'ed dollahs'

"'Oh, yes,' says the Majah; 'suhtainly, suhtainly! I like those theih hund'ed dollahs' As foh them cigahs, I sh'd say Donan himself helped me smoke the last of 'em last night! But go on: hit me from some of the end ones, now'

"Joseph wipes his jaws, riffles oveh anotheh dozen pages o' so, and reads again: 'Dayton Evans, one cyaht, eighty-five dollahs'

"'*What!*' shouts the Majah, pretty nigh juhkin' himself to his feet. 'Did I pay foh that cyaht — that mis'able cussed thing that th'ew me out in f'ont of the Co'thouse and then fell oveh on me?' He feels around to the back of his head. 'Yes, sehs, I paid foh that cyaht, an' me bearin' the mahks of it yet!'

"Joseph reads on again 'Hickson & Lynn, me'chant tailohs ——'

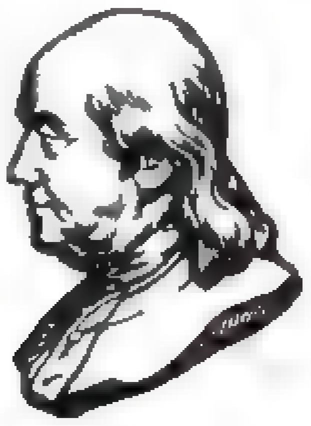
"'*Hickson & Lynn!* That's enough, Joseph! That's sufficient! That finishes it!' Foh a while he sat theh, moppin' his head and heavin' like a frog in August. Then, 'Son,' he says, 'I'm a-goin' downtown this mawnin', an' befoh I retuhn I shall have done somethin'. I shall have taken a step, Joseph! And if it suhprises you I can only tell you now that I've expe'yienced a great shock, Joseph, a great shock!'

"Half an houah lateh he stahted out, and at the expression on his face many people he passed tuhned and began a-followin' him. But the Majah didn't see it. He couldn't see, o' heah, o' *know* anything on the yuth but the epoch-makin' detehmination that had fohmed within him. And when he got to the Oddfellows' Buildin' he walked upstaihs — jest as old Jedge Holcombe had done a yeah befoh — and entehed the room wheh the Blue-Ribbonehs have theih headquahtehs, and signed the pledge!

"Yes, sehs, the Majah did that! And pe'haps the most staggehin' paht of it was what followed. Foh, sehs, it seemed like them theh Temp'ancehs knowed jest wheh to have the Majah from the beginnin'. Inside of a month they'd made him a soht of co'yespondin' sec't'y, and the letteh-writin' he had to do gave him an oppo'tunity such as he'd neveh had befoh in his life! It was no wondeh he used to go around tellin' the boys it was a great cause, pe'aps the greatest cause that could int'est seyious and thinkin' men. . . . In the spring of that yeah he donated them Blue-Ribbonehs his fine old up-riveh place foh a sanata'yium — which same up-riveh place was a piece of prope'ty that son Joseph had had his hankehin' eyes on in *pahtic'lah* evah since he had been old enough to count coppehs! And if I know the Majah's natchul gene'osity of soul when he's undeh the influence of an enthusiasm, son Joseph will see a ve'y great deal moh of his prope'ty goin' the same way!

"As foh that check-book, the Majah hung it up oveh his desk, and wheneveh he felt like takin' his lickeh wholesale again — 'Neveh no moh! Neveh no moh!' he'd say, solemneh than Amen; 'foh if I am eveh ovehcome again, have I any mohtal shu'ity that I shall not staht out and pay *all them othehs that live out of town?*'"

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

Presidential Prophets

THE press and the prophets are lining up, these for Parker, those for Roosevelt. And so we shall hear little but lies until midnight of election day, for such truth about how things are going as may be uttered will as a rule be accidental, and will always be unrecognizable, or nearly so. Nor is this clamor of perfervid prevarication wholly without shrewdness.

It is a seemingly unconquerable weakness of human nature that men cannot work for a losing cause, however dear to them it may be, with anything like the energy they have when the powerful wine of confident hope nerves their muscles. Also, there is that other weakness of such a vast multitude—the love of being on the winning side, whichever it is. And so the partisans assigned to the bellows behind the battle horns are pumping with streaming brows. Well, let them pump. For, if they add nothing to our knowledge, at least they subtract nothing from our gayety.

The Great Leap in the Dark

THE young man in Pennsylvania who is bringing a breach of promise suit for $5000 against his ex-lady-love pleads his cause eloquently, but scarcely in a manner to bring conviction. "I had spent considerable money in giving her a good time. Too many girls become engaged in order to have a good time, and after they tire of the novelty they break the engagement. She threw me over without any reason."

On this man's own testimony it is hard to agree with this last assertion. One of the things a girl likes least in a husband is an idiot, and what else can one call a man who, to save outlays in ice cream and buggy rides, would tie himself for life to a woman who does not love him? If all her worldly goods were but five thousand dollars and thirty cents, she would look like the thirty cents in refusing to pay the five thousand. The fact of the matter is that breach of promise cases, even when brought by the woman, are fast becoming a thing of the past, and with the best of reason.

Past generations, it is possible, thought of marriage as a woman's great and only vocation, and considered that a broken engagement was not only a loss in itself but a handicap for the future, in that it was supposed to brush some of the bloom from maidenly innocence—innocence being sadly confused in their philosophy with inexperience. But nowadays a girl is no longer looked at askance who remains single; and our philosophy of the heart is becoming at least tinged with sanity.

It is a difficult business, this marrying and giving in marriage. Emotionally and physiologically, the proper time to marry is still sweet sixteen. But intellectually (and financially) it is oftener thirty. The ideal husband or wife is the one who combines the heart of adolescence with the wisdom of maturity. How solve the problem? *Experientia docet!* The broad jumper tries many a preliminary run before taking the surest of leaps. And shall one be denied the same careful preparation for the great leap in the dark? The truly wise and wholesome human being begins falling in love at three, or thereabouts, and should be encouraged to continue until, so to speak, the vaccination takes. Of course, an engagement is a serious matter. Broken engagements will always be most serious. But they are never really tragic, and the man or woman who wins a mate with large wisdom and experience in the ways of the human heart has abundant cause to congratulate himself.

The Crisis of the Hour

ALFRED COPUS, one of the cleverest play-writers of Paris, when asked the other day who was the greatest dramatic writer of our time, refused to give an opinion. "We must wait," said he, "until works that seem light have been discovered to be profound, and works that seem profound have been discovered to be in the last degree foolish."

A wise observation: one that applies to much else than plays—to books, to speeches, to political campaigns, to moral, economic, social, religious "crises" of all kinds. A five-cent nickel, jam against the eye, looks as big as a mountain. The event of the day is always like the jam-up nickel. The reason we, in private and public affairs, weather so many "terrible crises" is that they aren't crises at all. In fact, the only crisis worth talking or thinking about is that hourly crisis which can be made by taking the advice of Paul—to do what lies in your hand with all the energy and skill you can command. If you have done that, whether your work lives in history or not, whether you laid the capstone or only put solidly in place one of the thousands of unnoticed stones of the body of the edifice, you did a good, big, strong, immortal job.

The Utmost Glory of the Snob

THAT the vast number of sudden large fortunes and the excitement about them, both among their possessors and among those who possess little besides the leisure to peer into their neighbors' affairs, have conspired to produce an extraordinary outburst of snobbishness, it would be idle to deny. But that this snobbishness is a "menace to the Republic" or even "a disquieting sign of the times" it would be shallow to assert.

When the natural order and the law worked together to enable a man, though an idiot, to retain possession of such wealth the task of democracy was hopeless. But now that both a strong hand and a strong brain are required to enable a possessor of a fortune to keep it, now that a man must work, and work intelligently, in order to remain rich, the task of aristocracy has become hopeless.

We shall have snobs until the millennium, and the taint of snobbishness in almost all human blood; but the new conditions of civilization have transformed snobbishness from a public calamity into a private weakness.

The Average of Life

WHEN we read where Montaigne, writing something more than three centuries ago, says that at forty a man may well felicitate himself on length of days and may justly retire to compose his mind for death, we are tempted to moralize upon the exceeding brevity of life in those days of strenuosity and ignorance of medicine. But what is the average life in our boasted civilization? Why, less than forty years!

They used to have war and plague. We have machinery, recklessly handled, and sundry and divers self-indulgences in matters of eating and drinking and drugs that create false hopes and fresh diseases in place of those they throttle. And the average life of man remains below forty.

It is a curious reflection, isn't it, that at forty-five one has lived far beyond the average? And forty-five is still the heyday of youth, or ought to be—the age at which a man feels that he can trust himself to go freely about without some older or wiser person watching him.

But Montaigne's wisdom for three centuries ago doesn't apply to-day. To-day's forty-year-old has no right to felicitate himself. On the contrary, he who is passing away before forty knows that he has been cheated out of more than half his life—the better half.

The Dialect of London

WHAT port of the Seven Seas speaks the true, the only standard and authentic English? An American in England some years since raised a polite laugh of derision by animadverting on what he called the dialect of London. It was assumed that Chaucer, by writing in the English of the South Country, established the dialect of London as the only Simon-pure well of English undefiled.

The assumption has lately been assailed, even in London. Mr. Robert Bridges (there is an English Robert Bridges, just as there is an English Winston Churchill) has called to account the standard English textbook of phonetics in a manner calculated to open the eyes of mere provincials. That book declares that the first and last syllables of the name Augusta are in aristocratic London pronounced alike—that is, Erguster. The book is all wrong, says Mr. Bridges. True Englishmen pronounce it Orguster.

What makes this so funny is that it is true. And the tendency toward disintegration in phonetics is going on with equal rapidity in the opposite direction. A great-nephew of Lord Macaulay some years ago exhibited to an amused American a letter from a young niece of his who wrote of "passing" a sentence with such success that she "parssed" her examination. The two words she pronounced alike, her mistake being as to an idiosyncrasy of spelling.

All this is given added interest by the fact that the textbook of phonetics to which Mr. Bridges refers is the one which the advocates of phonetic spelling are engaged in recommending for universal adoption in the English-speaking world. On this subject Mr. William Archer some years since engaged in combat with Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw was all for Orgustern phonetics, while Mr. Archer stood in general for some standard of uniformity agreeable to English-speaking people as a whole, and in particular for both of the Scotch burrs in his name, refusing ever to write himself down as Aachaa. This matter of the "a" and the "ar" is not the only idiosyncrasy of the dialect of London. One wing of the English aristocracy thinks and talks of nothin' but racin' an' bettin'—a fact which led an unwary dramatic critic to denounce an English actor for misusing the Queen's speech.

The fact seems to be that just as the best, that is to say, the most academically correct, German is spoken in Hanover, so the best English is spoken in the educated provinces of the Anglo-Saxendom.

Bostonians in New York who have never been abroad are often taken for Englishmen; and when they do go to England are taken sometimes for educated Irishmen and sometimes for North Country Englishmen.

A Rich Man's Monument

SUPPOSE that a very rich man were to die, and all the obituary notices of him were to eulogize him for having used his great talents in organizing and putting in effect a great public utility. Suppose that an examination of his estate were to show that, though he owned many millions of gilt-edged stocks and bonds, there was not in his possession more than a handful of the shares of that "magnificent monument to his generous and public spirit." Suppose that it were then to be recalled that the franchise for that public utility had been stolen from the people by bribing a legislature, that the whole course of its construction was a series of thefts and briberies, that the enterprise itself had been bonded and stocked into bankruptcy, that those bonds and stocks had been juggled and jiggled to rob the investing public, that the gilt-edged securities in the man's estate, and millions more given to his family before he died, represented these cheatings of the public, especially the stock manipulations.

Suppose this not altogether hypothetical and not altogether isolated case. Then——

What, in any decent estimation, would be the chief asset in that man's estate? What would be the duty of the inheritors of those accumulations of a life of "gentlemanly" crime! What should be the attitude of any society that did not wish its professions of respect for honor and honesty to become a scoffing unto mankind?

Luxury and Comfort

IN NO other country do so many people, in proportion to the whole population, spend so much money upon food, clothing and shelter. But, do we get our money's worth? Do we appreciate the abysmal difference between luxury and comfort? Rich and poor, don't we fancy we are getting comfort when we are only getting luxury?

More food cooked and served than can be eaten is luxury; but it tempts to overeating, and produces a preposterous condition of affairs in and around the kitchen. Fine houses, costly-looking clothing, furniture that is or looks as if it were from a palace or a badly furnished hotel: these are luxuries that, if they do not produce comfort, are worthless. And if they produce discomfort—which they usually do—then wherein is their possession different from the savage with the shark's tooth proudly thrust through his nose? Are not both in the height of the neighborhood fashion and fiercely envied by all their fellow-tribesmen?

A king's ransom spent annually, without intelligent, common-sense thought, will not buy comfort.

A very small income, indeed, laid out by a woman who has brains enough to realize that to be a good housekeeper is a harder feat than to be a successful railway president, will produce results that would fill the tenants of most palaces with longing.

Happy the man who hasn't the money to make a splurge and has the wife to make a home.

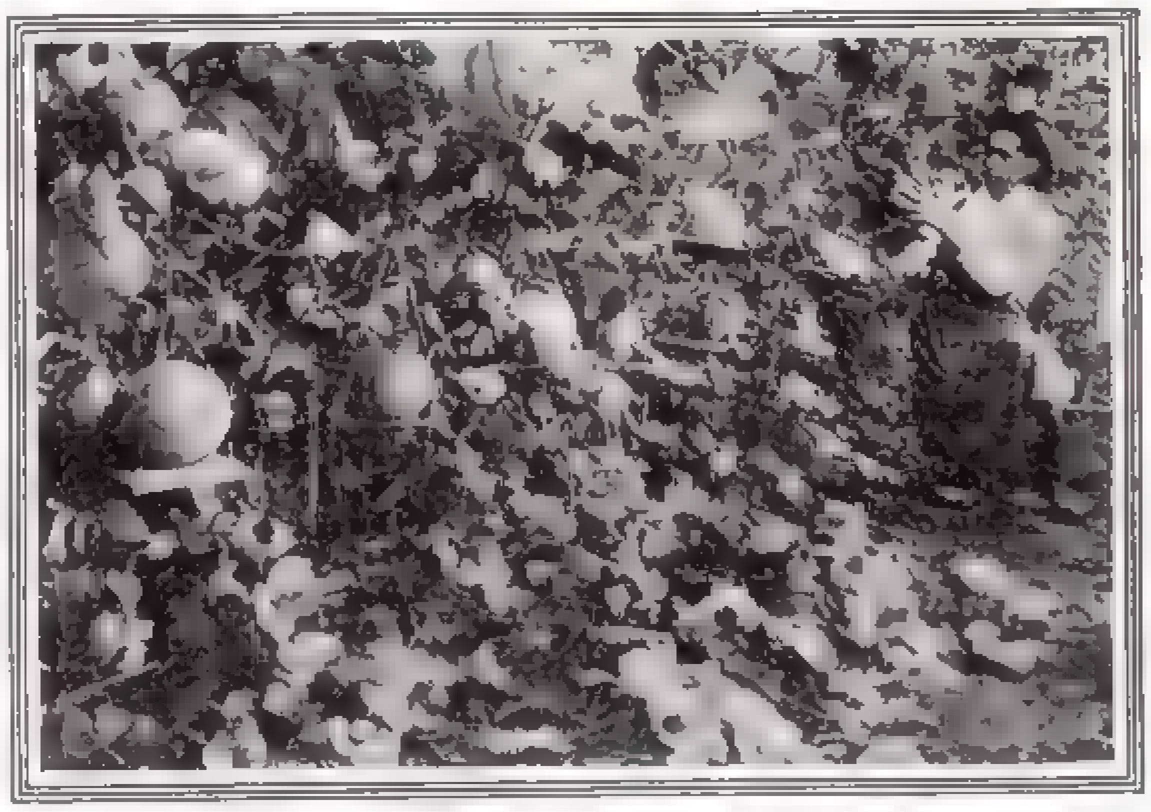
THE LAP OF LUXURY

How Mr. and Mrs. Midas Fare for Food and Drink

By RENÉ BACHE

THERE ought surely to be more enjoyment derivable from wealth by its fortunate possessors to-day than ever before in the history of the world, because money will purchase a vastly greater number and variety of comforts and privileges, not least among the latter being an independence of circumstances and surroundings which frees the millionaire from most of the physical trammels and limitations that interfere with the doings of ordinary mortals. Not only is the problem of transportation solved for him by a private car on land and a steam yacht on the water, which enable him to escape all such inconveniences of travel as are unavoidable in public conveyances, but, at home, a large part of his household supplies come from his own farm in the country, and inasmuch as the urban establishment is organized much like a first-class hotel on a small scale, its admirable equipment renders it to a great extent sufficient unto itself

If, for example, an elaborate dinner is to be given Mr. Midas does not find it necessary to employ a caterer, because there is a complete catering plant on his own premises. The cuisine is much like that of a hotel, though more compact, and attached to it is a refrigerating room, lined with compartments chilled by ice from above. There is also a "cold room" for the manufacture of ices and pastry, and a commodious wine-closet communicates by a "lift" with the wine-cellar below



MUSKMELONS RAISED IN SLINGS FOR THE MILLIONAIRE'S TABLE

The chef is a Frenchman, whose services command a salary of $6000 a year, or possibly more, and under him is a skilled pastry cook, equally expert in his line. Such assistance as they require is furnished by a number of women. Large cupboards are built into the servants' pantry to receive the supplies brought by the butcher, the baker and the groceryman, in order that they may not be obliged to enter the culinary department and disturb the working staff. The kitchen, walled with white porcelain tiles, is lighted by electricity; the range is twenty-four feet long, and the coal-ashes (to mention casually a minor detail) are carried out of the house by a miniature railway

The mistress of the establishment is happily spared the troubles and anxieties which afflict the every-day housewife who contemplates the giving of an entertainment. She simply summons the head butler—the household employs three butlers, with seven or eight other men servants—and gives him a few general instructions, stating the number of "covers" to be laid, and consulting him in regard to the make-up of the menu and the character of the floral decorations. He buys the requisite food supplies, which are placed in the hands of the chef, with a copy of the bill-of-fare and notification of the hour at which the dinner is to be ready. Nothing further is needed, and the hostess is able to dismiss the matter from her mind

When it is considered that such a household as this employs thirty-five or forty servants, it is obvious that the amount of food consumed must be very great, without reckoning extra supplies for entertaining. The monthly bills for provisions and groceries are enormous—partly because the head butler, who has charge of the commissariat, patronizes the most expensive uptown shops, in preference to the markets, and pays two or three prices for everything. Stew meat costs him as much as common folks pay for porterhouse steak, and the latter article is charged to Mr. Midas' account at fifty cents a pound

To a certain extent these high prices are justified, because the provisions furnished are extra choice, only the finest cuts and most appetizing morsels being acceptable for Mr. Midas' table. The rich man's purveyor, instead of selecting from the butcher's stock on hand, gives his orders a week in advance, so as to have the pick of the market, and the fruit and vegetables he buys must be absolutely perfect Such edibles, like anything else in the world that is exclusive, are expensive, but to their normal cost is added the butler's percentage, which, though nominally paid by the tradesman, really comes out of his employer's pocket.

Much of the entertaining done by wealthy people consists in dinner-giving, and it costs a good deal more money to give a dinner to-day than it did fifteen or twenty years ago, for the simple reason that so many more luxuries are available Vegetables and fruits of all kinds are in season the year around nowadays, if one has cash to pay for them, and (just for one example) spring lambs six weeks old are sold at Christmas time for $1.50 a pound, the animals being raised in cotton-wool and fed on milk with a spoon!

Dinners, however, are shorter than they used to be, and, the number of courses being limited, the hospitable millionaire can provide for $15 a plate (excluding wines) a feast that would have made Lucullus and his fastidious table-cronies stare. When it comes to a ball, of course, the expense may run up to a very high figure. In addition to the supper, flowers and decorations, there is the music to be paid for, and also favors for the dances, which sometimes cost as much as $25 apiece. Supposing that only one hundred favors are supplied, the expenditure for this item alone may be $2500.

The mansion of no very rich man to-day is without its ballroom, which, to correspond with the prevailing mode, must be decorated in the French style—preferably in white and gold. With such a cuisine as that described, and with thirty-five servants in the house, a dance can be given on a very handsome scale without going beyond the resources of the establishment (save for the music, decorations and favors), and the entertainment ought not to cost over $8000 or $10,000 at the most. Of course, it is not difficult to spend $25,000, or even more, but such prodigality, though not infrequent, is exceptional. Just at present it is the fad to organize huge theatre-parties, inviting a hundred people perhaps to see the play, after which the hostess of the occasion takes them all home with her to a supper which is followed by a tripping of what the society reporter loves to call the "light fantastic"

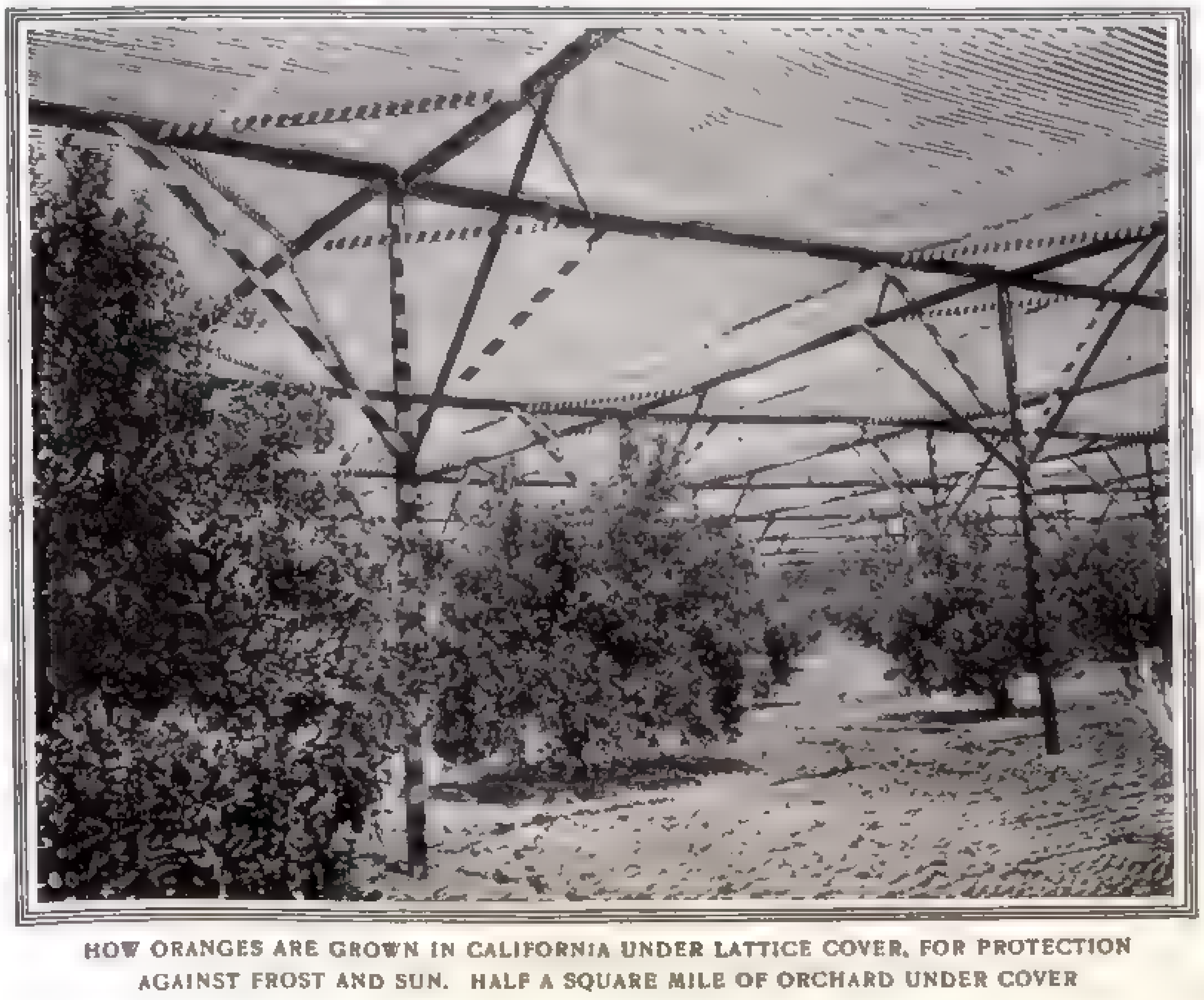
The multi-millionaire of to-day has a farm of his own—an extensive estate, copied more or less after the English model, from which his household is supplied with butter and eggs, milk and cream, and a variety of vegetables and fruits. These products cost him a pretty penny—about three times as much, in fact, as he could buy them for in the public markets, but they are worth the money because there attaches to them a certain sort of aristocratic exclusiveness. They are not for sale, and nobody can purchase them at any price. The milk is furnished by Jersey cows of registered lineage, and even the eggs are laid by hens of pedigree

But the chief and most important feature of the rich man's farm is the growing of what are known as "primeurs." It is a French term, signifying anything that is out of season. An exceptionally early shad may be a "primeur." However, the highly-paid experts employed by Mr. Midas devote their attention, in work of this kind, wholly to vegetables and fruits. The Astors, at Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson, grow great quantities of the finest Hamburg grapes, and once in a while, when the crop is unusually large, they send some of them to market (as a special favor to the public), easily obtaining for them $2.50 a pound.

Nurserymen who raise winter strawberries in hothouses make Hamburgs a supplementary crop, and each bunch of the precious grapes (which only the rich ever get a chance to taste) is thinned, when it is beginning to ripen, with a pair of scissors, and from that time on is kept inclosed in a paper bag, in order to exclude insects and fungus germs. The fruit millionaires eat must not have defects. Large quantities of these grapes are also imported from Europe, especially at Christmas time, coming over in wrappings of cotton-wool and further protected from injury by dried seaweed.

Forty thousand acres of glass in the neighborhood of Boston alone are now devoted to the forcing of vegetables, in order that a privileged and luxurious class may have celery, lettuce, tomatoes, cauliflowers and cucumbers in winter. By the adoption of ingenious, yet simple, expedients, an artificial summer is maintained all the year round, and even the climate of the tropics is counterfeited for the growing of products belonging to hot latitudes. In such ways no less than $5,000,000 worth of table delicacies is raised for market in this country annually, no price being deemed too high to pay for dainties that are out of season

Thus lettuce is grown in the South in "cold frames," to meet the Christmas demand, and the gardener, when this crop has been gathered, starts eggplants under glass sashes. Electric lettuce, forced under arc-lights, is raised on



HOW ORANGES ARE GROWN IN CALIFORNIA UNDER LATTICE COVER, FOR PROTECTION AGAINST FROST AND SUN. HALF A SQUARE MILE OF ORCHARD UNDER COVER

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Bache. The next will appear shortly.

A Wing Style. 21 other styles to select from.

THE

WING PIANO

Save from $100 to $200

We make the WING PIANO and sell it ourselves. It goes direct from our factory to your home. We do not employ any agents or salesmen. When you buy the WING PIANO you pay the actual cost of construction and our small wholesale profit. This profit is small, because we sell thousands of pianos yearly. Most retail stores sell no more than twelve to twenty pianos yearly, and must charge from $100 to $200 profit on each. You can calculate this yourself.

Sent on Trial — We Pay Freight

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

We will send any WING PIANO to any part of the United States on trial. We pay freight in advance, and do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. If the piano is not satisfactory *after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense.* You pay us nothing unless you keep the piano. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you.

It is Easy to Deal with Us

Our many styles give a greater variety of pianos to select from than is found in any retail store. The large lithographs in our catalogue show you these styles in the different woods, making it easy for you to select. Our correspondence department answers any questions you may ask, and gives all information promptly. You will find it more convenient as well as more economical to buy a piano from us than to buy from your local dealer. We sell on easy payments, and take old instruments in exchange.

The Instrumental Attachment

imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither and banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by a parlor orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us, and it cannot be had in any other piano, although there are several imitations of it.

All Wing Pianos

have seven and one-third octaves, double-lever grand repeating action, grand over strung bass, with three strings to each note in the middle and treble registers; the scale is the same as in grand pianos, with largest size of sound-board and strings of the greatest length, giving greatest volume and power of tone; the cases are double veneered inside and outside, and finished up in Circassian walnut, dark, rich mahogany, genuine quartered oak and ebonized. The keys are of the finest grade of polished ivory and ebony.

SPECIAL FEATURES.— Built-up wrest-plank construction, dove-tailed top and bottom frame case construction, full length, extra heavy metal plate, metal depression-bar, metal key-bed support, improved noiseless direct motion pedal action, noiseless twisting hammer shank, imported wrought-iron tuning pins, copper-covered bass strings, improved practice attachment, full-length duet music-desk, instrumental attachment.

In Thirty-six Years Over 36,000 Pianos

We refer to over 36,000 satisfied purchasers in every part of the United States. WING PIANOS are guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

A Book of Information

about pianos, bound in cloth and containing 116 large pages, sent free on request. Every one who intends to purchase a piano should have it. Write for it *to-day.*

WING & SON
352-365 West 13th St., New York
1868 — 36th Year — 1904

a considerable scale near Boston, the plants being compelled by this means to work night and day. It may be a hardship for them, but when the product fetches $3 a dozen heads a poor vegetable has no rights that the commercial horticulturist feels bound to respect. Hothouse lettuce supplements the cold-frame output, and thus the delicacy green and crisp, is obtainable in any month of the year.

Celery likewise is on the market all the year round, the last of the northern crop (much of which is raised on Long Island and near Boston) being held in cold storage until supplies from Florida and California begin to arrive. Winter cucumbers are grown on overhead trellises, being made almost seedless by restricting the stock in a greenhouse to a single variety, to prevent cross-fertilization, and tomatoes are ingeniously manipulated by cutting the plants down and removing all but a certain number of fruits, which not only attain extraordinary size and juiciness, but ripen considerably ahead of time. Such tomatoes fetch forty cents a pound, but they are worth it, considering the fact that they may be purchased all through the season when outdoor ones are unobtainable.

From all Lands and Latitudes

Especially, as it would seem, for the purpose of gratifying the exacting appetites of wealthy people, a system has been devised by which the fruit and vegetable crops of different regions are made to help out each other, so as to render the supply of any food product, in season or out of season, continuous. Thus, for example, the new potato, so highly appreciated by the epicure, arrives from Bermuda early in winter. Then Florida starts in to ship to the north, and in February and early March begins the harvest on that wonderful strip of sand along the North Carolina coast, which, considered worthless a few years ago, is now held, much of it, at $500 an acre, on account of the great crops of early "garden truck" it yields.

In this way, supplemented by the hothouse crops of the North and by large contributions from California, the products of many latitudes lend variety to the rich man's table throughout the cycle of the year. There are still a few regrettable gaps — green peas, for instance, at $1 a quart, cannot be had until Easter — but most of them will be filled in by Porto Rico, which is destined to become a great source of supply for such delicacies. Already the island is furnishing lima beans from January until the Southern output commences, and a fortnight before Easter it begins to send string beans, for which, at that season, $8 a peck must surely be considered a reasonable price. Attempts have been made by island planters to ship green corn to the United States in January and February, but the vegetable (25 cents an ear is the price charged for it) loses its freshness in the time required for transportation. In all probability the winter sweet-corn problem will be solved eventually by hothouse culture, recent experiments in that direction (aided by artificial pollination) having proved fairly successful.

The prices wealthy people are willing to pay for such luxuries afford much encouragement to horticultural enterprise. For cauliflowers Mr. Dives gives $1 apiece, or sometimes $9 a dozen, just after Easter — a rate of remuneration which induces many violet-growers to plant those humble but profitable vegetables in the off season, starting them in late August and gathering the crop soon after New Year's. Artichokes, likewise, are a fashionable dainty nowadays, especially for dinner-parties, and those of best quality, which are imported on French liners by way of Cherbourg, readily bring fifty to sixty cents each in winter.

The Decline and Fall of the Terrapin

One of the most curious freaks of fashion in gastronomic matters is exhibited by the recent decadence of the terrapin. That noble reptile, erstwhile so highly esteemed, has sunk greatly in price owing to a lessened demand, notwithstanding the fact that its species is becoming alarmingly scarce. Whereas "full counts" — that is, specimens eight inches in length or over — were worth $60 to $75 a dozen only two or three years ago, the market quotation to-day is only $40. The reason is simply that crabs and lobsters have supplanted the esculent turtle, "smart" folks being newly inspired with a special predilection in favor of shellfish, particularly for chafing-dishes. A fancy of the moment is "crab flake à la Dewey," which is made in a chafing-dish and served like terrapin stew, with mushrooms and truffles.

Owing to this new departure the demand for lobsters and crabs has increased enormously. Of crabs there will always be plenty, inasmuch as the bays of Chesapeake and the Delaware are fairly paved with them, but lobsters are fast disappearing, and the scarcity of them is becoming so great that eighteen or twenty cents a pound is frequently paid for them at Portland, Maine, which is the chief source of supply, and the price in winter occasionally runs up to fifty cents. Possibly the terrapin may take advantage of its temporary unfashionableness to increase in numbers (a thing devoutly to be hoped), but meanwhile a much more valuable animal is threatened with final extermination.

Very little American game appears on the rich man's table — not because he lacks appreciation of its excellence, but for the reason that stringent laws have almost driven it out of the market. Game animals are permitted to be killed only during brief seasons, and the penalties inflicted are so severe that even the professional pot-hunters have given up the business. Consequently, Mr Crœsus, to whom cost is no object, has got into the way of buying imported game. Ducks are less well protected than other wild creatures, and so he has no difficulty in obtaining his favorite canvasbacks at $5 a piece, but the quail served on his festive board are from Egypt, fetched by way of London, and the partridges he offers to his guests are French, while from Russia he gets, through a dealer in such merchandise, widgeon, ptarmigan, grouse and saddles of venison.

Squabs, which now are raised for market on an extensive scale, take the place of game birds to some extent, being beyond criticism when served on toast, and a much-appreciated novelty in their way are fat young ducks, called "squab ducklings," which are hatched in the incubator and reared in steam-heated houses to a weight of a couple of pounds apiece, selling at $3 a pair. These are winter dainties, of course, as are likewise young chickens, known as "squab broilers," which are hatched and raised in the same manner.

The Wonders of Cold Storage

Cold storage contributes enormously to the comfort of the modern millionaire, the transportation of perishable things to eat being facilitated by several new and ingenious inventions. Peaches are now shipped for long distances in pasteboard compartment-trays, constructed much like the trays used for carrying eggs, but with the walls of the compartments double, so that no peach can exert a pressure upon another peach. Each fruit is wrapped in tissue paper, to exclude the air. In this way peaches, and also delicate summer apples, are sent from this country all the way to London and Paris, arriving in perfect condition.

Early strawberries are sent north from Florida during the winter in "pony refrigerators," containing sixty-four quarts, freight being paid on the ice and the boxes. On long shipments the supplies of ice are renewed by the express companies. From California strawberries come to Chicago in similar receptacles, with ice, and are there repacked and forwarded to the East, where at Christmas time they are sold at $1.50 to $2 a "cup," which holds about a handful. The supplies thus obtained are supplemented by hothouse strawberries, raised in pots. Grown in this way, a much greater quantity of the fruit can be produced than by raising the plants in beds. The plants are kept in a cold place, and when the pots containing them are brought into the greenhouse they burst into immediate blossom, and a large crop of juicy berries promptly follows. As soon as the crop has been gathered the pots are replaced with fresh ones, and thus the output is made continuous.

At Christmas time the table of Mr. Millionaire is supplied with peaches from South Africa, at $4 a dozen, and from the same distant quarter of the globe come beautiful nectarines and delicious plums. They are shipped by way of London, in wooden "cartons," three dozen in a box, daintily nested in cotton-wool. Pineapples and oranges will not stand a low temperature, and, ice being impossible for them on this account, the steamships that carry them to the Northern markets are provided with engines specially constructed for the purpose, which continually pump fresh air in and out. Thus dampness, which would cause mould and decay, is prevented.

Grapefruit, which are extremely fashionable just now as a course at breakfasts and

New Fall and Winter Suits and Jackets

Made to Order (Not Ready Made)

$10 to $35

WHY WASTE TIME SHOPPING FOR MATERIALS AND TRIMMINGS, BOTHERING WITH DRESSMAKERS, OR RUNNING THE CHANCES OF A MISFIT?

We will make your suit, skirt or jacket to your measure from your choice of the latest New York styles and materials.

We Guarantee to Fit You or Refund Your Money.

Catalogue of 120 styles and samples of over 400 guaranteed materials sent free to any part of the United States.

Our styles are original and exclusive — not like the ready-made goods found in stores. The materials from which we make our garments comprise the very latest things which have been produced, including the beautiful NORMANDIE weaves and VICTORIA suitings shown by us only.

[illegible] we sell at wholesale prices direct to our customers. [illegible]

Tailor-Made Suits	$10 to $35
New "LOHENGRIN" Suits	$15 to $35
Skirts of exclusive design	$ 4 to $15
Fall and Winter Jackets	$10 to $25
Long Coats, "Tourist Models"	$12 to $25
Rain Coats	$12 to $25

We Prepay Express Charges on Your Garment to Any Part of the United States.

MANY GOOD FIGURES ARE SPOILED BY ILL-FITTING GARMENTS

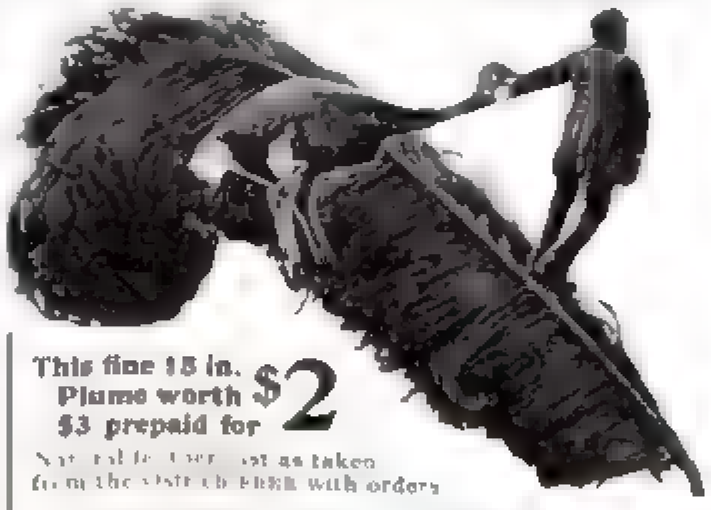
The proper way to obtain perfect-fitting garments is to have them made to your measure according to our original and successful system, as fully explained in our catalogue.

ALL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

Write to-day for a selected line of samples and **New Fall and Winter catalogue No. 51 — sent FREE** by return mail to any part of the United States. Kindly state whether you wish samples for a suit, skirt or cloak, and about the colors you desire, and we will send a full assortment of exactly what you wish.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City.

Mail Orders Only — *Established 16 Years* — *No Agents or Branches*



This fine 15 in. Plume worth $3 prepaid for $2

Natural feather just as taken from the ostrich FREE with orders

SOUVENIR CATALOGUE FREE

Send 2-cent stamp to cover postage and mailing for our new 32 page Souvenir Price-List, containing 40 fine engravings of farm scenes, ostrich plumes, boas, tips, fans, etc., in all grades and sizes.

Cawston California Ostrich Feathers

The new crop of feathers is the finest ever produced. The boas, plumes and tips made from them are much superior to the finest imported goods. Ostrich feathers are very fashionable. We advise early orders. Everything delivered prepaid. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory. We have no agencies but sell direct at producers prices. [illegible] plume shown above 15 in., $2.00, worth $3.00. 15 in., best grade, $5.00, worth $7.00.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM
The Original Home of the Ostrich in America,
P. O. Box 45, South Pasadena, California

Office Men

Work easier, keep cooler, feel freer, by wearing

"Lightweight"

PRESIDENT Suspenders

Weigh 2 oz. Have style and lightness. Guaranteed — Satisfaction, a new pair or your money back. 50c. and $1.00 any store or mailed.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 315, Shirley, Mass

Hats for Men

Knapp-Felt
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
NEW YORK

It pays to know what hat you are getting—so much depends on the honesty of the manufacturer and what is inside the inside.

"The Hatman" tells some interesting things about hats and has pictures of the styles for fall and winter. Write for it.

The more you know about them the better you will appreciate the noticeable elegance and superb quality of

Knapp-Felt Hats

Knapp-Felt . . Four Dollars
Knapp-Felt De Luxe . Six Dollars
(Made of Clear Amazon Nutria)

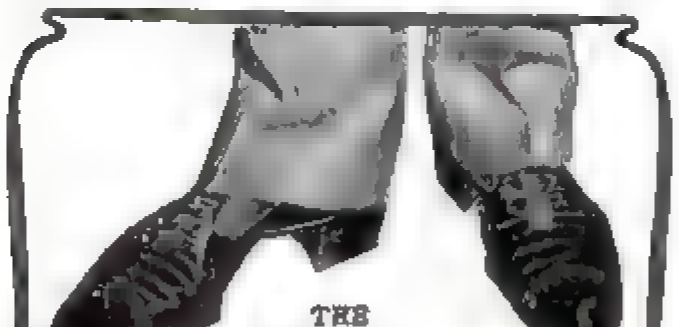
Have you ever had a hat which was *just* right? It was probably a C. & K.

ESTABLISHED 1858
TRADE MARK
C & K
MAKERS REGISTERED

Sold by Hatters Everywhere

Made by THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO
840 Broadway, New York

A copy of "The Hatman" sent upon request



The Florsheim SHOE

Most shoes soon lose their shape—and with it their comfort, style and fit—because they are built on weak, unsubstantial foundations.

Every Florsheim Shoe is shaped to last, bench-made, of carefully selected damp-proof leather, made over 200 *specially* designed foot-form lasts. The Florsheim fits perfectly almost any shape of foot, conforming exactly to its lines and curves.

Particular men, who are seeking entire shoe satisfaction, will find the Florsheim to their liking. Most styles sell for $5.00. No matter what you pay you cannot secure more stylish, more comfortable shoes.

FREE—Write for our booklet, "The Florsheim Way of Foot Fitting." Facts that will interest every shoe wearer. If you cannot get the Florsheim at your dealer's send us his name and we will make a pair specially for you.

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
Chicago, U.S.A.

luncheons (usually filled with wine), come from Porto Rico and California, but the choicest ones, from Florida, run up as high as $25 a box when they are scarce. The first watermelons are shipped from Porto Rico just before Easter, and cost from $2 to $3 apiece, while the earliest cantaloups, from New Orleans, arrive at the same date and fetch $1.50 each. Twice that price is paid sometimes for cantaloups grown on trellises, each individual fruit being suspended in a sort of sling, with a piece of board a foot square to rest upon, so that it cannot suffer defilement by contact with the earth. At intervals the growing melon, as it dangles in its aerial cradle, is turned a bit, thus ripening evenly and perfectly.

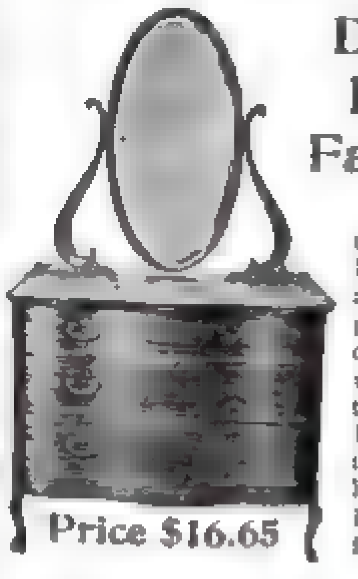
When fashionable folks cross the ocean it is the custom nowadays for their friends to send them, as parting remembrance and by way of compliment, what are known as "steamer baskets"—that is, large hampers of the choicest and most costly fruits, to be eaten during the voyage. Certain firms make a specialty of such baskets, which are artistically and appetizingly packed, the price of one being from $30 to $50. But Mr. and Mrs. Crœsus need not suffer under any circumstances for lack of luxuries of the kind, because the pick of the market is supplied to the great liners, not only fruit but all sorts of fresh vegetables being stored in the ship's refrigerating rooms, in quantities sufficient to last until the other side is reached. Enough is withdrawn from cold storage each day to meet immediate requirements, and throughout the trip the pampered passenger is not bereft of even the most perishable dainties.

Up to within a very few years American consumers were obliged to rely wholly upon the supply of imported mushrooms when the toothsome fungi were out of season in this country, but in these days comparatively few are fetched from abroad, immense quantities of them being artificially raised in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, in cellars. Practically all of them are of one variety—the familiar *Agaricus campestris*, agreeably fragrant and with rosy gills. Some of the finest come from the neighborhood of Grand Rapids, Michigan, where they are grown in the abandoned tunnels of old plaster mines, long since deserted. At times, when scarce, they bring as much as $1.50 a pound.

The gustatory enjoyments available to rich people are augmented to no small extent by the resources of the great clubs, whose larders are stocked with every imaginable dainty, while the cookery is unsurpassed. Women, under a new and happy dispensation, are admitted to some of these establishments (such, for example, as the Metropolitan in New York), and eagerly take advantage of the privilege. The Metropolitan, which is commonly called the Millionaires' Club, has an annex for ladies, who can go there by themselves, and who are permitted to charge whatever they like against the running accounts of their husbands and brothers.

GENUINE MAHOGANY

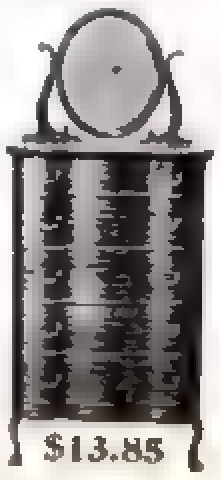
Direct from Factory at Factory Prices



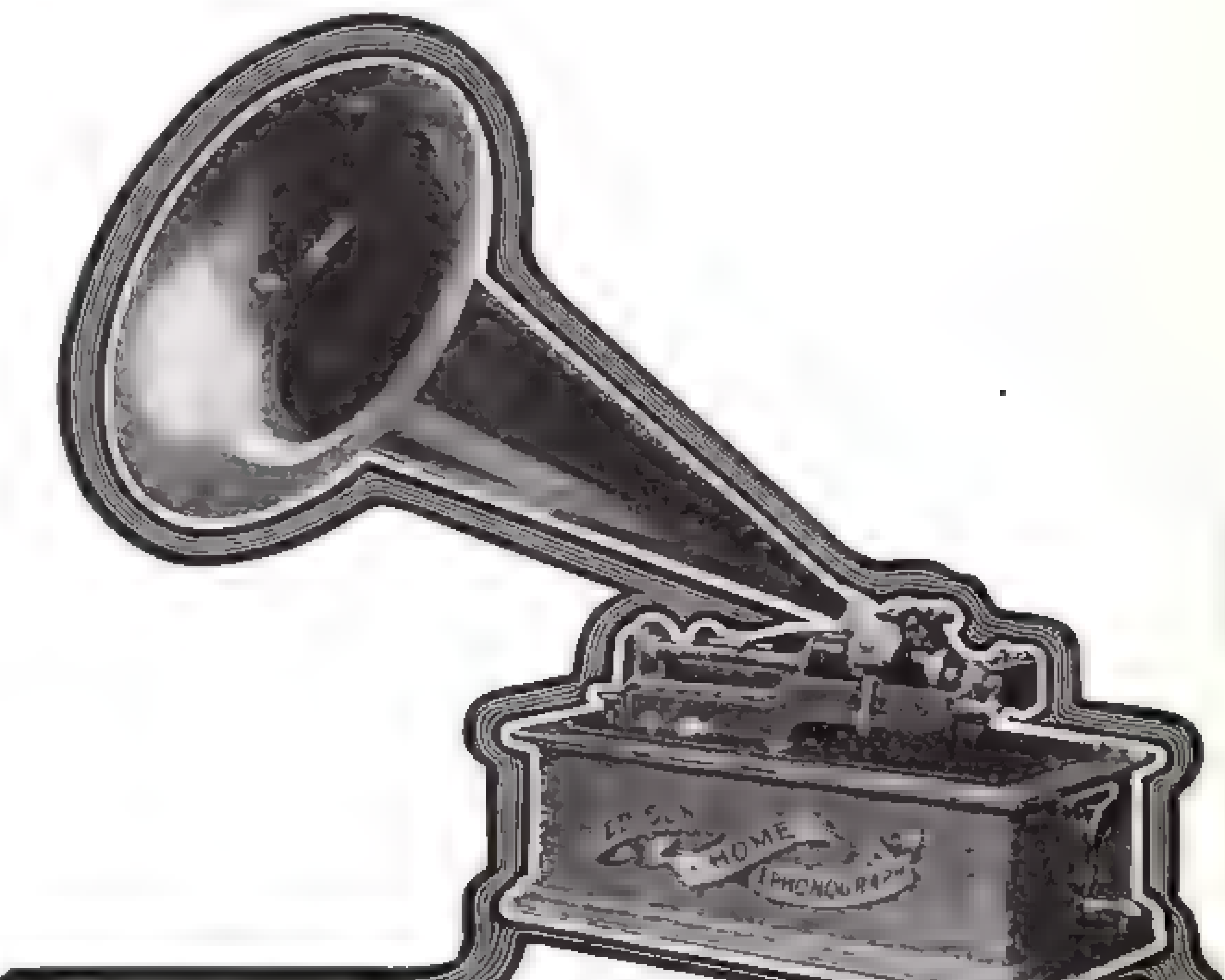
Our price for this handsome Dresser, finished in Dark or Natural Mahogany, is $16.65. This price is lower than your dealer could buy from jobber. It has serpentine front and top. Large French beveled mirror in rounded frame and hand carved standards. French legs with claw feet. Piano finish.

The Chiffonier is $13.85. Matches Dresser in every particular.

Compare these prices at local stores. Remember, we guarantee them as strictly high grade goods and pay freight East of Mississippi and North of Tennessee. Reasonable discounts for outside territory. Catalog of bedroom and dining room furniture, ladies' desks, music cabinets, etc., sent on request.



MODERN FURNITURE CO.
Warren, Pa.



TRADE MARK
Thomas A Edison

GOLD MOULDED PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

35c each

Alone in Unmatched Perfection

EDISON Gold Moulded Records are sweet, clear, rich, full and of *natural* tone. They are absolutely free from the disagreeable rasping sound and the objectionable "nasal quality" of the old styles and imitations.

The finest results are obtained by using them on the Edison Phonograph, with its wonderful Reproducer.

In vocal and instrumental solos they duplicate the original in every quality, even in volume, and in reproducing concerted music of bands or orchestras the volume is all the average room can hold, while the wonderful rendering of each delicate flute note, every plaintive quality of the violins, and the clear resonance of cornet or trombone is beyond belief till you hear it. Dealers everywhere are anxious to prove this; but if there is no dealer near you write to us for catalogue.

The Edison Phonograph fills every emergency when entertaining friends and supplies every musical need of the family:—for dancing, for quiet evenings at home, or for educating the children. Thousands of Records to choose from and 25 new ones each month. Get the catalogues. Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

National Phonograph Co., Orange, N. J.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

I. C. S. Language Courses taught by Edison Phonograph.

A MAN in New York told me last week that the expressman who delivered cigars to him had ten packages of my cigars to deliver on his route that morning.

Every one of these packages contained at least one hundred cigars; I cannot afford to pay express charges on smaller orders and this was only one of the hundreds of express routes in New York City, not to mention the thousands of others throughout the United States.

It goes to show that people are smoking my cigars.

And this was in New York City where smokers have a larger choice of good cigars than anywhere else in the world.

My customers buy from me because they find my cigars are good, second and subsequent orders being filled with as good cigars as the first.

I make my cigars as good as I know how, use nothing but clear long Havana in the filler and Sumatra wrapper, and use clear cold water on the tobacco, no drugs or flavoring. I sell the entire product of my factory direct to the smoker, giving him a better cigar at lower cost than he can buy in any other way. I cannot send samples, nor do I allow any discounts to anyone.

[illegible] SHIVERS' PANETELA

My Offer is: **I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panetela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post express prepaid. He may smoke ten of the cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense, if he is not pleased — and no charge. If he keeps the cigars, he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, within ten days.**

In ordering please use business letter-head, enclose business card or give reference, and state whether light, medium or dark cigars are desired.

I am taking the burden of proof on myself. I wish to show you at no cost to you that you will like my cigars and that you are losing an opportunity every day you let go by without sending me an order, to find if you can get from me a better cigar than you are now smoking for less money.

Think a moment of the risk I take to make a customer: one-tenth of my cigars (all of them should some unworthy take advantage of me), as well as express charges both ways.

How can a smoker refuse to try them, where is the possible risk to him?—provided, of course, that $5.00 per hundred is not a higher price than he cares to pay. Write me if you smoke.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Manufacturer of Cigars,
906 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"WASHINGTON NAVY SERGE"

When you buy this cloth you know the Government has passed on its quality, tensile strength and fastness of color.

Our trademark tells you that—

WASHINGTON NAVY SERGE

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY
WM. M. WOOD, Vice-Pres. and Treas., Boston

ADVERTISERS: WRITE EASTON, To increase your business use WEATHERPROOF SIGNS DAYTON, OHIO, for samples.

THE SENSE OF HUMOR

Something We All Think We Have and Very Few of Us Know on Sight

By JAMES L. FORD

A GAME in which many persons of good taste and leisure find much diversion, and occasional moments of mortification and invective, involves a sort of composite character estimate of the different members of the company. Each player is requested to set down on a sheet of paper an estimate, on the percentage basis, of the personal traits of every other player, taking into consideration such characteristics as good nature, sincerity, beauty, charm of manner and sense of humor. From these papers an average is made up by the expert accountant of the party which shows each victim how he stands in the regard of his friends. And it has been noticed that, although these composite estimates are, as a general thing, accepted in a becoming spirit of good humor, nine players out of ten are secretly mortified and sometimes even frankly enraged at the low estimates placed on their sense of humor. And curiously enough this is the only personal characteristic in regard to which the entire race seems to be morbidly sensitive.

We all think that we possess a keen sense of humor, and most of us hold to the opinion that we are terribly sarcastic, humorous persons in our daily life; yet I doubt if there is any country in the world in which so much that is false, meretricious and distinctly unfunny passes current as humor. Certainly the dreary asininities which we accept so uncomplainingly as substitutes for the genuine mirth-producing article do not seem to achieve the results expected of them, for the gravity and sadness of the faces that one meets everywhere here seldom fail to attract the attention of intelligent visiting foreigners or of Americans returning after long absence abroad.

Moreover, despite the constant craving for funny books, funny actors, funny speech makers, talkers and story-tellers, funny pictures, funny statues, and funny men, women and children that characterizes us as a nation, genuine wit and humor are not held by us in anything like the esteem that is rightfully theirs. In the popular mind very little distinction is made between the wit and the clown, as neither one is believed to have any higher duty on earth than that of provoking laughter. How many persons are there, for example, who know that "wit" and "wisdom" are almost synonymous terms, and that every bit of enduring humor that the world has ever known has endured simply because of the truth and honesty on which it rested? How many of us realize that the keenest shafts of wit are impotent unless aimed at a deserving target? How many of us have ever given serious consideration to the fact that the great wits and humorists of the world have left their mark on history's page, not in a trail of guffaws following for a moment in their wake and then dying away in idle foam and bubbles, but in the bones of slain pretenders and the ragged remnants of split balloons and windbags that are strewn on both sides of their path?

The truth is that the gift of humor is an extremely rare and precious one—too rare and precious, in fact, to be used in any way save as a two-edged sword, ever ready to assail what is false and iniquitous and to defend what is true and right. And as wit is the most effective weapon that can be used in attacking what is false and evil and despicable, so has it been wonderfully ordained that it is practically powerless when used against virtue and worthy merit. It is true that one can raise a malicious laugh at the expense of even the best and noblest of the earth, but it is the sort of laughter that does not last long and leaves no permanent scar behind. Who remembers now the funny things that used to be said about Abraham Lincoln during the dark days of the Civil War? Has any one taken the trouble to preserve any sort of record of the wit that sought to make George Washington its target in those black hours that came just before the dawn of our hard-won liberty? The wits were busy enough in '76 and '63, and yet of all the funny things that were said and sung and written of our country's father and its savior not one has left even the faintest smirch on the fair name of either.

THE BEST ENTERTAINER FOR THE HOME?

SOME people would tell you the Regina Music-Box, others a Talking-machine. All would probably agree that the ideal combination of the two is the Reginaphone.

It's a Talking-machine when you want it to talk. When you feel like listening to lively nonsense or the voice of Adelina Patti. And when tired of darky discourse and prima-donnas you have only to take off the talking attachment, when, lo! back again is a sweet-toned Music-Box ready to delight you with the strain of music to chime with your particular mood.

And the prices of this versatile entertainer are very moderate. They start so low that almost any family can afford one. With each instrument are included 12 Regina steel tune discs — your own choice from over a thousand selections. When tired of these we will always allow you half-price upon them (if in good condition) toward the purchase of new ones. The Reginaphone will play any Talking-machine Disc Records in all the different sizes.

Write us for the name of your nearest Regina Agent, or, if you prefer, we will ship you any Regina instrument on approval.

THE REGINA COMPANY 23 East 22d Street, NEW YORK
277 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

Makers of Reginaphones, Regina Piano-Players, Regina Coronas, and Regina Concertos.

REGINA
"Queen of Music Makers"

6 Fine Souvenir Teaspoons $1.50

One of the most pleasing souvenirs of the World's Fair, St. Louis, is the set of six teaspoons, made especially to order for the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway by the Oneida Community. Each bowl contains an engraving of a different World's Fair building, and the handles are handsomely engraved. The spoons are made of best material, finely finished and fully guaranteed, and are thoroughly serviceable for everyday use, if desired.

Do not fail to order a set. You will be pleased with the spoons.

How to order. Entire set will be sent, post-paid, in satin-lined box for $1.90 (to Canadian points $1.75). Remit by express or postoffice money order direct to **Oneida Community, Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

For really pleasant, comfortable journeys between the East and St. Louis, use the Lake Shore. It affords the most complete service of any line. Send two-cent stamp for World's Fair folder and boarding house list to A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

SANITARY RED CROSS BRAND
Derby Ribbed
SCHOOL HOSE
For BOYS Sizes 6 to 10

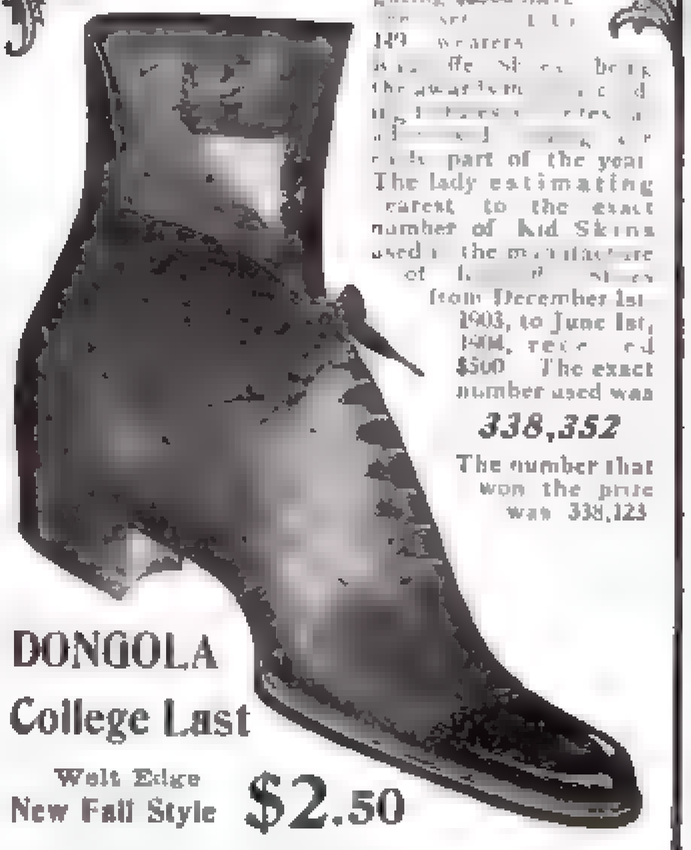
Made of 3 Thread Best Quality Cotton Yarn, Reinforced Heel and Toe, Sanitary Dyed and Finished. None better.

Every pair warranted for durability. Sent to any address. **3 Pair for 50 Cents.**

SOLE MAKERS
47½ Leonard St., New York
Every pair must bear our signature to be genuine.

THE FASTENER WITH A BULL-DOG GRIP
WASHBURNE'S Pat. Imp. FASTENERS
[illegible] comfort and utility in their use. Applied to
Key Chain and Ring, 10c | Scarf Holders, - 10c
Cuff Holders, - 20c | Drawers Supporters, 20c
Sent Postpaid. Little, but Never Let Go. *Catalogue Free*
Sold everywhere
American Ring Company, Dept. 74, Waterbury, Conn.

Radcliffe Prizes Awarded
$2500 GIVEN AWAY



Checks aggregating $2500 have [illegible] 189 wearers [illegible] Shoes [illegible] the awards [illegible] part of the year. The lady estimating nearest to the exact number of Kid Skins used in the manufacture of [illegible] Shoes from December 1st, 1903, to June 1st, 1904, received $500. The exact number used was

338,352

The number that won the prize was 338,123

DONGOLA
College Last
Welt Edge
New Fall Style **$2.50**

Following is list of Winners of $50 or over.
Complete list mailed on application.

$500.00 Al[illegible] Simkins, Lynchburg, O., [illegible]
100.00 Mrs. J. A. Campbell, Oroville, Cal., [illegible]
200.00 Wm. H. Fenn, 235 W. 15th St., Los Angeles, [illegible]
[illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Booker, Augusta, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Greensboro, Ga. [illegible]
[illegible] Miss Abbie [illegible]
[illegible] York, O., [illegible]
50.00 [illegible]

Radcliffe Shoes are sold everywhere for $2.50. They are in every way the equal and in many instances superior to shoes that cost a dollar more. That extra dollar may as well be yours. There is not as much profit to the retailer but the dealer who is honest with you and with himself prefers to sell Radcliffe shoes for the satisfaction they give. Ask for them or write for *free* style book

THE RADCLIFFE SHOE CO.
Dept. 28, BOSTON, MASS.

Music—the best of music—
For Everyone

WE HAVE a few Pianolas which have been taken in exchange for more expensive styles. They are not the latest model, but they are better than any other piano-player excepting only the Pianola with the Metrostyle.

Although put in perfect order so that only an expert could distinguish them from entirely new instruments, these exchanged Pianolas will be sold at $100 less than original prices. May be bought on easy monthly payments. Write us for full particulars

This advertisement appears only in The Saturday Evening Post. In writing be sure to mention this magazine.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY
Aeolian Hall
362 Fifth Ave., New York

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief
—For—
Prickly Heat, Chafing, and Sunburn,
"A little higher in price, perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."
and all afflictions of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 2[illegible] Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

I am informed by a collector of Americana that neither General Washington nor General Robert E. Lee was ever made the subject of a cartoon, so far as is known to modern collectors.

The fact is that there are some things in the world that not even the greatest wit that ever touched a pen can hold up to ridicule, just as there have been men and women whose lives were so pure and consistent and honest that it was impossible to be funny about them. I doubt if any one has ever written anything that was really funny about the Bible, but the satirists of a century ago were regarded as a formidable menace to autocracy by the Corsican who held Europe in the hollow of his hand.

To be really effective wit must be backed up by sterling principle, guided by intelligence, and illumined by a keen perception of the difference between right and wrong. Unless the possessor of this rare and precious gift knows absolutely what should be laughed at and what should not, and in his heart despises the one as sincerely as he respects the other, his humor will ring false and flat.

We have only to search the pages of the great humorists of English literature to become impressed with the fact that pretense is the one everlasting and legitimate target for the satirist. Let the moralist condemn the confessed and unashamed thief as he will, but not until that thief becomes a hypocrite as well does he fall within the range of the satirist's arrows. Poverty, with its attendant sufferings, is something for the philanthropist alone to deal with; but the wretched shifts and straits of those who starve themselves while trying to pass for something better or richer or more highly placed than they are, provide the humorist with a target difficult to miss and which answers with a true, vibrant ring whenever it is struck fairly in the centre.

It was pretense that appealed more than anything else to the humorous perceptions of Thackeray, the truest and most caustic of modern satirists, and one who, so far as my knowledge goes, never wrote a line in derision of that which was done honestly and sincerely. The world would have been infinitely poorer than it is if such men as Thackeray had frittered away their gifts on silly epigrams, mechanical rhymes, or that dreary imitation of wit known as the "quaint conceit."

Search this great master of English fiction through all his printed works, from the very earliest of his sketches to the last page of the unfinished novel that he left behind him, and we find that this same quality of pretense, now in one form and again in another, was the one thing that appealed to his sense of humor and quickened his brilliant pen. It was the people pretending to be other than they were, coupled with his own keenness in seeing their real natures through this outer shell of assumption, that made him the satirist that he was. The cowardly Joe Sedley, bragging of his tiger-hunting; the brilliant Becky Sharp, pretending that she was a fine lady; the boastful Costigan, pretending that he was a fine gentleman; the cold-blooded and rascally Barnes Newcome, pretending that he was a virtuous and honorable English gentleman—these are the characters that come crowding across our minds at mention of Thackeray's name. No one of them that was not a pretender.

That the American public, despite its abnormal appetite for "funny business" of all kinds, does not accord to its comedians and satirists of pen and pencil the place which is rightfully theirs is plainly indicated by the common tendency to give precedence to the serious and tragic in art over the amusing. I shall not, of course, attempt to decide which is entitled to first place, comedy or tragedy, but it is worthy of notice that the artist in comedy must first be a master of the serious side of his art, and that very few of the serious ones are able to rise to comedy heights. The humorous writer, for example, must first of all learn how to write effectively and earnestly on serious subjects; and above all, he must have a thorough mastery of the English language before he can juggle it into good dialect or make it amusing by bad spelling. It was a Thackeray who wrote The Yellowplush Papers and a Lowell who wrote The Biglow Papers, but has the world produced anything more tedious and witless than the productions of those literary muttonheads who, seeing in those works of art only the bad spelling and the dialect, have tried to create from the depths of their own vulgar ignorance something that should resemble them? These imitators we have always with us. A thinking man gives to the world a Dooley whose philosophy will bear translation into a dozen alien tongues, and straightway the pages of

COPYRIGHT 1904 BY HACKETT CARHART & CO. N.Y.

FORMS THAT LAST

Hand-made clothes retain their shape. Machine-made clothes do not. Hackett-Carhart clothes, like those of the best custom tailors, are hand-made. Every buttonhole is hand-worked and the collars are hand-padded and hand-felled. The garments are hand-shaped throughout and therefore retain their form.

The above portrait, painted from life by a leading artist, shows a gentleman wearing the Hackett Carhart double-breasted business suit for Autumn-Winter, 1904. Ask your clothier to show you this Hackett-Carhart double-breasted suit—sold everywhere, $18 to $30.

"How to Dress"—our new style book—is written by a New York authority, and liberally illustrated with reproductions of oil paintings. Read it and you will know every detail of proper dressing from head to foot, from boyhood to manhood, from morning to midnight.

If mindful of your appearance you need "How to Dress," as well as the name of the Hackett Carhart agent in your town. We will send both free of charge. Address our store at 841 Broadway, New York

HACKETT, CARHART & CO.
Three Broadway Stores NEW YORK Established 50 Years

NO GAS
Strong Furnace Claims

NO SMOKE — NO DUST

"Cost me less than thirty dollars to heat my entire house of eight rooms the past winter. Has in every way done all that is claimed for it."—Part of voluntary letter from prominent banker in Olney, Ill.

We do not ask you to accept our claims that it is possible to save from ½ to ⅔ of your fuel bills; with no bills for furnace repairs; with immunity from smoke, dirt, escaping gases; with less ashes and no clinkers. All we ask is an opportunity to send you fac-simile letters from prominent bankers, lawyers, insurance men and merchants who, after severest tests, have made voluntary written statements covering their experience, showing

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace
Reduces Coal Bills one-half to two-thirds

This furnace is built on scientific principles. The fuel is fed from below and the fire is on top. The gases and smoke are consumed as they pass through the fire, not escaping up the chimney as they do in ordinary furnaces. The P.-W. Underfeed has satisfactorily solved the problem of making a ton of the cheapest grade of coal go as far in producing heat as a ton of the most costly grade, and with less trouble. Simple and strong in construction, easy to operate.

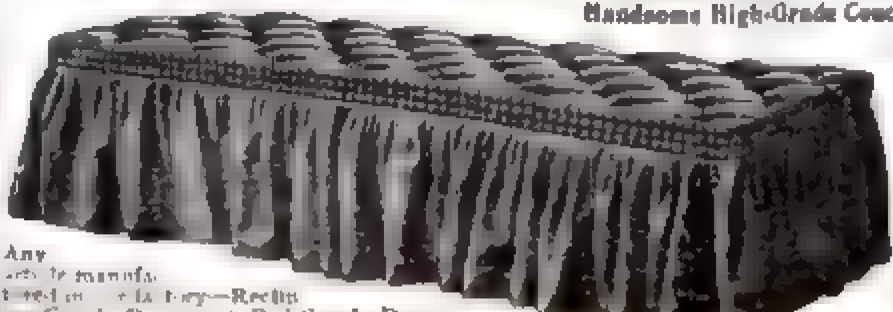
We will gladly send you an interesting Underfeed book explaining scientific points of construction and superiority, and fac-simile letters, all voluntary, fully substantiating every claim we make.

Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition

The Peck-Williamson Co. 329 West 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

This $18 Ironfold Sliding Box Couch, $10

Handsome High-Grade Couch and Double Bed Complete with Spring, Mattress and Flounce; and Wardrobe Box.



The mechanism is so simple that a child can operate it. Made of very best quality steel angles, attractively and [illegible] finished. [illegible] dark green denim top mattress, with [illegible] filling. Rip Van Winkle Spring guaranteed 20 years. Cedar finished, pine box rolls out underneath on casters. Closed, couch is 2 ft. 2 in. wide, 6 ft. 2 in. long; as bed 4 ft. 2 in. wide. Send $10, money order or N. Y. draft, and we will ship couch to you promptly. Bargain at $18, but we make this extraordinary low price to introduce sample of our goods in every community.

Any article manufactured in our factory—Reclining Couch, Davenport, Bed Couch, Dropside Couch, Ironfold Bed, Mattresses—may be returned at our expense if not thoroughly satisfactory. We ship direct from factory to you. Send us your address for our Literature and Prices.

ROYAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., Dept. 7, 17 W. 42d St., New York

GODIVA
HAIR BRUSH
REACHES THE SCALP AT EVERY STROKE

Has penetrating bristles of finest quality that excite vitality and encourage luxuriant growth. Solid back—A PERFECT BRUSH.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

The Highest Result of
PLAYING QUALITY
AND DURABILITY
IS FOUND ONLY IN THE
Pneumatic
Golf Ball

THE PNEUMATIC

Thousands of Players endorse our claim that the Pneumatic Ball is

Unsurpassed in flight
Unequaled for approaching
and putting, and
Wonderfully Durable.
YOU CANNOT GASH IT.

Chicago, Ill., July 18, '04
"I am greatly pleased with the Pneumatic Golf Ball. All the claims you make concerning it have been borne out by three of our players and myself, members of the Auburn Park Golf Club. It is equal in flight to any ball made and superior to many. For approaching and putting it is splendid. Its durability is marvelous as it is absolutely impossible to cut or dent it with an iron." Yours truly
R. W. EVANS.

COMPRESSED AIR
The Most Perfect Resilient known.

Sectional View of the Pneumatic Golf Ball (Patented).

A
B
C
D
COMPRESSED AIR

A—Air Retainer C—Wound Tire Wall
B—Jacket for Air Retainer D—[illegible]
Price 40 cents each, $4.80 per doz.
Express or postage paid
The Pneumatic is made exclusively by
GOOD YEAR Tire and Rubber Co.
Akron,
Ohio,
U. S. A.

contemporary journals glisten with such philosophy as "I go py Teddy Rosenfelts all the viles," and because the spelling is all wrong it is catalogued under the heading of "Humor."

In the art of the stage the same rule prevails.

The comedian who can come on the stage in evening dress and make his audience laugh is a totally distinct proposition from the one who steps off the stage to the property-room, comes back with a pick, and says, "I'm going out to pick a winner," and then carries the pick back to the property-room, locks it up, and puts the key in his pocket.

Long years of patient professional playgoing have made me a sworn foe to every form of "union humor," by which I mean that which seeks expression in green whiskers, extravagant make-ups, codfish vests and other purely mechanical contrivances. For the actor who depends for laughs on his grotesque appearance is at best funny only at the moment of his first appearance before the audience. After that he must depend upon his own efforts, and in these—if he be a true comedian—he will find his red nose and green whiskers rather a disadvantage than otherwise.

Thanks to the influence of the comic weeklies and the funny columns in the daily press certain conditions of life have long since come to be looked upon as inherently funny, and therefore as so many legitimate provocations to bovine jocosity. It is funny, for example, to be newly wed, and equally funny to remain a bachelor. If a woman reaches the age of forty without finding a man who is worthy of her love she becomes an "old maid" and therefore supremely ridiculous in the eyes of the facetious classes. If, on the other hand, she finds it impossible to live any longer with the man who swore to cherish and protect her she straightway becomes a "grass widow" and a fit subject for every form of cheap and impertinent innuendo. A woman with a married daughter is a "mother-in-law," and the term has long since become one of contumely, though I will venture to say that three-quarters of the women who stand in that relation to a household are of untold value in point of intelligence, experience, good sense and, not infrequently, of finance.

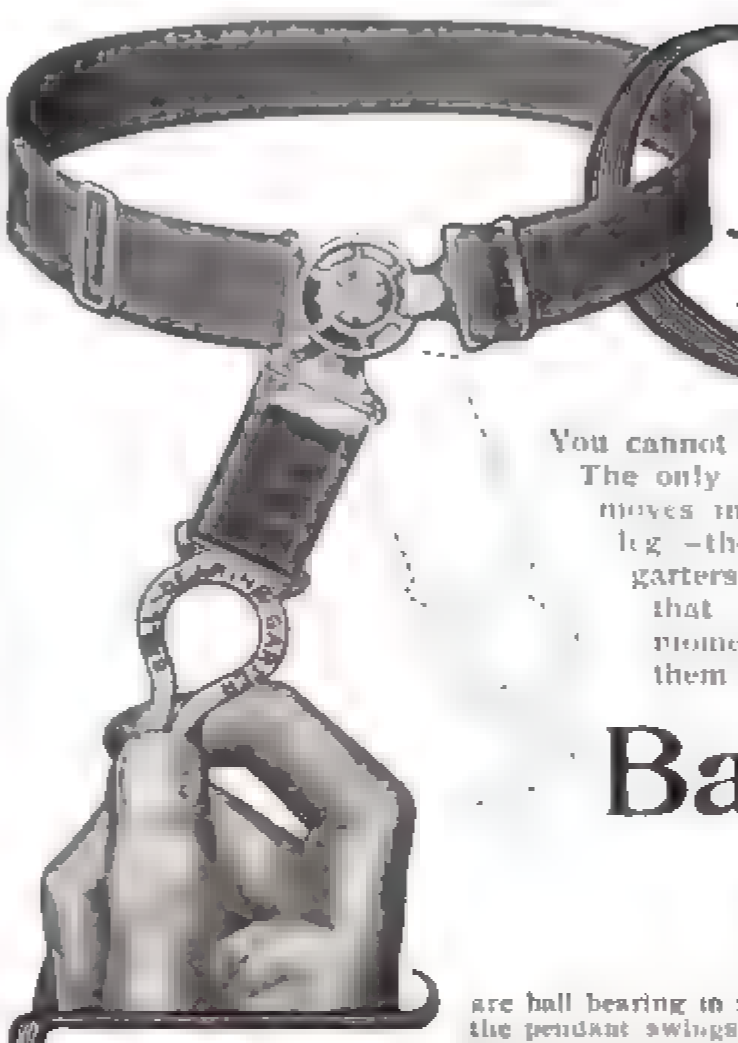
What has become so popular as a substitute for the genuine thing that it may be fairly termed "near humor" is the joy killing story-telling habit which is practiced in every nook and corner in the land, and has enabled many a man without a particle of wit or originality in his whole make-up to gain widespread fame as a humorist. Of course, there are stories in themselves funny and well worth telling, and in almost every community of any size there is at least one born story teller, but these simple elements cut no figure whatever in the vast hordes of bores who go about with the "very latest," as they have the effrontery to term their ancient jests, forever on their lips. If all the story-telling in the United States were to come to a sudden pause one of these fine days, cheap verbal activity would receive the deadliest blow that has been dealt it since work stopped on the Tower of Babel.

And if story-telling may be termed "near humor," surely no word that can be coined will more fitly characterize another and more appalling counterfeit of fun than "far humor." And this should be employed only to describe the gibes of the envious and the illiterate at what they can neither understand nor appreciate.

The clodhopper who tries to be funny about a Wagner opera by calling it "caterwaulin'"; the freshman who daubs the statue of John Harvard with red paint, the theatre hack who tries to burlesque the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet; the conservative ignoramus who becomes painfully sarcastic about what he calls "this 'ere Ibsen an' Browning business"; and, worst of all, the ape who, posing as a "freethinker" on the strength of two or three Ingersoll pamphlets, attempts to be funny about the Bible and the hoary, deathless wisdom that it contains—all these are merely far humorists and very inferior ones at that.

There will always be much difference of opinion in regard to the exact value or quality of any particular bit of humor, but there is one test to which it is absolutely essential that it should respond, and it is only through the application of this that we are made to realize that wit and wisdom are almost synonymous terms.

Humor to be genuine must be founded on truth, philosophy and knowledge of the world. Without these qualities it is merely the babble of an idle tongue, the dull jingling of empty words, the grinning face thrust through the horse collar.



Can You Do
This With
Your Garters?

You cannot unless you wear Ball Bearing Garters. The only garters having a swinging support that moves in perfect unison with the motion of the leg—they actually *walk with you.* The only garters that you do not have to get used to—that are absolutely comfortable from the moment you put them on until you take them off.

Ball Bearing
Garters

are ball bearing in more than name. The little wheel from which the pendant swings is fitted with *real steel balls that roll with every step.* They cannot bind or pull because of this Ball Bearing pendant. Fit absolutely smooth. Adjustable to any leg. Made of the finest web in a great variety of handsome patterns. Every pair unreservedly guaranteed. Price 25c at dealers or by mail.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 402, Shirley, Mass.

MARLIN

The Man Who Knows

Never lets anything come between him and the game but a MARLIN. He finds MARLIN accuracy a pretty good thing to depend on.

MARLIN repeaters are made to get the game. They take heavy loads and stand hard service. They never fail.

The MARLINS with the "Special Smokeless Steel" barrels—using powerful, smokeless loads—are the rifles for big game. From the light .30-30 to the heavy .45-70 every calibre has proved its wonderful accuracy and value a thousand times.

Hundreds of vivid tales of MARLIN prowess are told by "The Men Who Know" in our Experience Book. It's worth reading. Sent with our catalogue for 3 stamps postage.

THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
19 Willow Street
New Haven
Conn.

"IT'S SO EASY TO LAY"

Rex Flintkote Roofing

that a child can almost do it. Any carpenter or laborer can apply it by following the directions which are inside each roll.

Rex Flintkote Roofing is made of the finest of wool felt, saturated with special compounds, which while they contain no tar or other objectionable ingredients, make the roofing absolutely proof against fire, water, acids, alkalis, or gas fumes. It is odorless, thoroughly proof against all climatic weather conditions, and will last longer with less care than any other roofing made.

We know these claims are strong, but the thousands of factories, farms and dwellings in the United States and Canada, on which this roofing has been used for years with success, are [illegible] proofs of our statements. Why not profit by others' experience and let us send you [illegible] handsome illustrated book which tells all about the roofing, together with agent's name in your locality.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
Established 1837 **43 India Street, Boston, Mass.**
None Genuine Without Picture of the Boy on Every Roll

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 offered for one invention; $8,500 for another. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
906 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Big Incomes
Earned By
Agents Selling
NOVELTY KNIVES
with **Roosevelt & Fairbanks** and **Parker & Davis Pictures**, also your name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., underneath handles. Style 118 (like cut) 3½ in. long [illegible] tempered razor steel, $1.00. Send 2c stamp for **great Special Offer to Agents.** Big profits—good commission paid.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 17 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio

MR. LORIMER'S NEW LETTERS

Old Gorgon Graham

With new material not published in THE POST, is now ready in book form.

It's a book for every American — and a good many foreigners: separate editions are already arranged for in nine countries and four languages.

First American Printing 50,000 Copies

16 Illustrations. $1.50.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
34 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

WEDDING INVITATIONS ?

ANNOUNCEMENTS
CARDS AT HOME AND
CALLING CARDS
Everything pertaining to elegant Stationery

Send for our Wedding Samples, they are select and the latest dictates of Fashion

HOSKINS
904 and 906 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.
SOCIAL STATIONERS

"SEQUIL"

Just published in book form, uniform in size and style with

The Real Diary of a Real Boy,

of which "**SEQUIL**" is a continuation. The most genuinely funny and inimitable record of boy life ever written. Either book postpaid for $1.00, or of any bookseller.

THE EVERETT PRESS, Publishers, 74 India St., Boston

THE GREAT GAME
PIT
SOLD EVERYWHERE PRICE 50¢

GRAND OLD MEN

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS

"CONTEMPORARY civilization," says Amiel, "does not know what to do with old age. In proportion as it deifies physical experiment it despises moral experience. One must be either strong or disappear; either constantly rejuvenate one's self or perish. It is as though the humanity of our day had, like the migratory birds, an immense voyage to make across space; it can no longer support the weak or help on the laggards." But when is a man old? As the mere lapse of years is not life, so it is not the number of years one has lived — not the sprinkled snow upon his head, nor the wrinkles in his forehead — that make a man old, but the loss of elastic hope, of faith, and enthusiasm, and creative power. Some men are full of enthusiasm, energy and enterprise at eighty; others bankrupt in all these at forty

The biographies of eminent men in all ages show that men of threescore and fourscore who have taken proper care of themselves are just at the zenith of their usefulness. Especially is this true to-day, when the improved conditions of life — sanitation, the purification of foods, the wonderful advances in medicine and surgery, together with daily exercise, summer vacations and sea voyages — have done so much to prolong human life. In spite of the "killing pace" at which society now travels, it travels with an equipment so much superior to that of the old easy-going, stage-coach times, that it cannot only go faster and farther, but be fresher and more elastic when it arrives. When the human machine creaks and runs hard we now take it off the track for repairs — repairs so skillful that even a heart stabbed with a penknife can be mended, and the body nourished without a stomach — operations which our forefathers would have deemed without the bounds of possibility.

The acquaintances of Mirabeau's friend, the brilliant Chamfort, argued from the slenderness of his frame, the delicacy of his features, and other circumstances that he was doomed to wear out early. Mirabeau, on the contrary, affirmed that so far was it from being true that the blade was wearing out the scabbard, that it was the very *vis ignea* which preserved the machine. "Give him another soul," said Mirabeau, "and his frail existence would straightway dissolve." The same thing was true of the first Earl of Shaftesbury. Dryden, in his famous satire, characterizes him as a fiery soul, which

> Fretted the pygmy body to decay
> And o'erinformed the tenement of clay.

But the truth is, he was born a cripple, and suffered early from epileptic fits; so that, instead of shortening his life, his intense mental activity probably prolonged it, by preventing that morbid brooding over his bodily infirmities and pains in which he might have indulged had he kept out of the whirl of politics, and lived like "the dull weed that rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf."

We speak of Gladstone as "the grand old man," and such he was; but in all ages of the world there have been men of fourscore or more years who have manifested a similar beneficent activity, and to-day there are hundreds. The blind old Dandolo, elected Doge of Venice at eighty-four, stormed Constantinople at ninety-four, was victorious again after the revolt, was elected at the age of ninety-six to the throne of the Eastern Empire, and died Doge at ninety-seven. Luigi Cornaro, the Venetian, who lived a dissolute life till he was forty, was merry at ninety-five, and lived to the age of one hundred and three. Admiral Keppel, who fifty three years ago was chasing pirates in Bornean waters and storming their strongholds, left his comfortable chambers in London recently when on the verge of ninety-two, and undertook a long voyage to British North Borneo — "a miracle of human vitality," who will cease to be such in the coming centuries.

Curran said to the English Anacreon, Captain Charles Morris, who sang nearly a century before he paid the debt of Nature, "Die when you will, Charles, you will die in your

Editor's Note — This is the first of three papers by Doctor Mathews on Grand Old Men. The next will appear in an early issue. Doctor Mathews is himself in his eighty-sixth year.

EVERY step in the making of our young men's garments is the proved result of long experience in the production of smart and appropriate styles.

Is it style you seek? Grace combined with service and absolute integrity of shape? All these qualities are strikingly, uniquely present in our famous garments for young men.

Our Fall Style Book "P" shows a number of our suits and overcoats for young men from 14 to 20 years; breast measure 30 to 36. These are drawn from the clothes themselves — on real young men — and offer any young man a correct idea of the kind of distinction he has a right to expect to get from his clothes.

Our book also tells enough of our methods to explain why the young men who wear our clothes are the best-dressed young men. We'll be glad to mail you a copy and tell you where our garments can be obtained in your neighborhood.

This Label on Every Garment

Your Guide Ederheimer Stein & Co. MAKERS CHICAGO *Our Guarantee*

SOIESETTE
REGISTERED
(Pronounced "*Swa-zette*")

TRADE MARK.
This Trade-Mark is on every piece of the genuine

A new and beautiful WASH FABRIC.

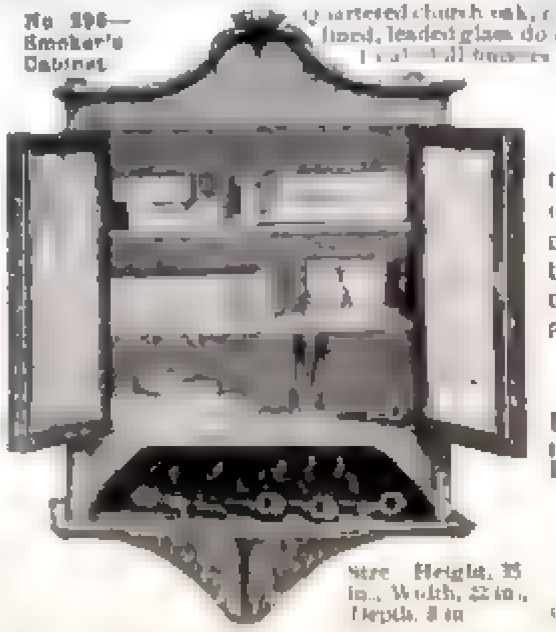
Looks Like Silk
Wears Like Wool
Costs Like Cotton

In appearance it is hard to distinguish from the highest grade of Pongee Silk, but is far superior in durability and economy in many ways that a woman will understand on sight. *31 inches wide, all shades.*

Improves in Lustre by Washing

Rivals Silk for shirt-waists, for skirts, for suits, for pajamas, for matinees, for gowns, for everything for which you would use a high-grade pongee

For Sale everywhere; but be sure to get the Genuine.



No. 296—Smoker's Cabinet
Quartered church oak, copper lined, leaded glass doors [illegible]
Size: Height, 35 in., Width, 22 in., Depth, 8 in.

Shop of the Crafters Furniture

Original, beautiful, particularly suited to everyday home use. Effective developments of the Mission idea in hall clocks, desks, cellarettes, smoker's and medicine cabinets, tabourettes, umbrella stands, hat racks, etc. — over a hundred designs, simple and elaborate. Made in quartered oak; all dull finishes. Varying prices — $5 to $200.

BUY OF YOUR DEALER, if possible; if he hasn't them order direct from us.

Freight prepaid to all points east of the Mississippi, points West equalized. We'll send you Crafter Furniture *on approval*.

Write for 96-page catalogue. Illustrated with Shop of the Crafters work. Full of beautiful and useful home things.

THE SHOP OF THE CRAFTERS, 672 West 4th St.,
(THE OSCAR ONKEN CO.) Sole Owners **Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Look for this mark
Shop of the Crafters
Cincinnati.
on each piece

FREE a *fine* lot of postage stamps (to start you collecting, catalogue value **$2.00**) given FREE *if you mention this magazine* and send 25c for a *new* 6 mos. sub'n to **Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News**, 385 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

REDUCED RATES on household goods to and from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. *Write*
BEKINS HOUSEHOLD SHIPPING CO.
95½ Washington St., Chicago.

At the Sign of

WHITE ROCK

At the sign of White Rock there is always refreshment that is pure, satisfying and healthful—a water that is equally delightful whether used as a drink in itself or combined with other beverages. White Rock is incomparably soft, smooth and sparkling; it is the choice of the critical everywhere.

SCARBORO BEACH
CLAM CHOWDER

Maine Clam Chowder — A DELICIOUS FOOD

of above brand differs from all other chowders. Clean sand clams and superior ingredients give it a surpassing flavor, absolutely pure, appetizing, nutritious. Served on Pullman Buffet Cars. If your dealer hasn't it send us his name. Sample can postage paid for ten cents. Booklet sent free on request.

Burnham & Morrill Co., 6 Franklin St., Portland, Me.

WRITE [illegible] hours, to earn big income. [illegible] method. Trial Lesson Free in Journalism, Story Writing or Ad-Writing. Correspondence and residential courses. Address Dept. D, New York School of Journalism, 47 World Building, N. Y. City

youth;" and the same might have been said of Lord Hexborough, a Yorkshire nobleman who passed away a few years ago on the verge of ninety. Daniel F. Tiemann, one of the best mayors of New York, was an active and energetic business man till within a year of his death, which was in his ninety-fourth year. Daniel Wells, formerly Mayor of Milwaukee, and Representative in Congress from Wisconsin—who was a native of Waterville, Maine, and who died in 1902 in his ninety-fourth year, leaving an estate valued at about twenty millions of dollars—was full of energy to the last, and only a few days before his death was scrutinizing the work on a block of stores which he had just built at a cost of a million of dollars.

The lives of a myriad of gray-headed students show that a man is never too old to learn. Cicero, speaking in the name of Cato, cites men among his contemporaries who in their old age devoted themselves with intense earnestness and delight to astronomy, to the drama, to history, to pontifical and civil law, and even to oratory. Cato himself began the study of Greek at eighty. Alfieri was forty-six when he began the study of the same language, which he mastered so completely that he was able to read almost any Greek author. Plutarch began the study of Latin when over seventy years of age. Theophrastus began his celebrated Characters of Men at ninety. The French Anacreon, the Marquis de Sainte Aulaire, was seventy when he began to court the Muses.

Great artists have produced many of their best works in the decline of life, and why should they not? Why should the broad river become narrower when numberless streams flow into it? Handel, the king of musical composers, was full of energy to the last, and superintended an orchestra when seventy-five years old. His greatest works, The Messiah, Samson, Israel, Te Deum, Judas Maccabeus, the Funeral Anthem, were produced after he was fifty years old. Haydn produced his masterpiece, The Creation, at sixty-five. Gluck had not composed one of his operas when he was fifty. Verdi, at the great age of eighty-five years, was still delighting the world with his tuneful melodies. Auber, who composed his opera, Haydée, at sixty-three, lived to the age of eighty-seven. Michael Angelo, who wore the four crowns of sculpture, painting, architecture and poetry, had lived threescore and seven years when he encrusted the terrible fresco of The Last Judgment on the walls of the Sistine Chapel, and was eighty-seven when he raised the cupola of St. Peter's to the heavens. "Yet I am learning," he said, when he had passed threescore and ten, and had won the highest honors with the pencil.

The splendor of Titian's genius, who lived almost a century and laid down his brush only at ninety-eight, shone most at its setting. He painted his famous portrait of Paul III at sixty-eight, and the magnificent Martyrdom of St. Lawrence at eighty-one, and he could do his work at ninety without the necessity of retiring to a summer's rest or a sanatorium. "Sixty-four summers only mellowed into ruddier tints the nosegay of Rubens."

Many of the greatest writers have been productive in the latest autumn of their lives, and have shown by their works that the snows of even life's winter could not chill their genius. Fontenelle, whom Voltaire styled the most universal genius of his age, and who lived within thirty-two days of a hundred years, was the butt of the Parisian wits till he was fifty, and wrote all his best books during the second half-century of his life. He wrote his admired essay on The Geometry of the Infinite at seventy, and composed eulogies on seventy members of the Academy of Science. As he was nearing his hundredth year a friend who was ninety said to him: "Death, I think, has forgotten us." "Hush!" said Fontenelle, putting his finger to his lips; "he may overhear us!"

That devotion to mental pursuits, even the severest, is not unfavorable to longevity is shown by a multitude of examples. Some of the hardest toilers of the brain have lived long lives, terminating in a serene and cloudless sunset. Isocrates composed his famous discourse, Panathenaicus, when ninety-seven years old and in poor health; yet Cicero extols it as remarkable for the harmony of its periods, and Valerius Maximus styles it a work *ardentis spiritus plenum*—"full of fiery inspiration." Horace's "plagosus Orbilius," who was a military man before he became the leading schoolmaster of Rome, and who had flogged two generations of Roman boys, lived—thanks to this healthful occupation—a hundred years.

A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK
Shakespeare's Seven Ages
4th: "Then the soldier seeking reputation at the cannon's mouth"

On the battlefield, in the tent, in hospitals and on shipboard, Horlick's Malted Milk has proved unequaled for tissue building and restoring strength. A delightful, recuperative drink for the invalid and aged, the sick, wounded and convalescent. Pure, rich milk from our own sanitary dairies, combined with the extract of the malted cereals, in powder form. By simply stirring in water, it makes a delicious beverage more wholesome than tea, coffee, or cocoa.

In Lunch Tablet form, also. A healthful confection and a palatable, quick lunch for professional and busy people.

At all druggists

Sample mailed free upon request. Our booklet gives many valuable recipes, and is also sent free, if mentioned.

Ask for Horlick's.

HORLICK'S FOOD COMPANY
Racine, Wis., U.S.A.
London, Eng.
Montreal, Can.

The way to wealth
5%
5
10
15
20
25
30

The only sure way is to take care of your money and make every dollar of it work as hard as it safely can.

Money deposited here is safe and earns

5% interest

from the day it is received until withdrawn and the interest is compounded semi-annually.

You control your money at all times and can withdraw it whenever you want without advance notice.

Our free booklet clearly explains our proposition.

Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.
341 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

Our Weekly Market Letter

written with conciseness and authority, deals with the matters of the hour, pertaining to Stock and Bond Investments. Upon request, your name goes on our mailing list.

Corey, Milliken & Co.
BANKERS AND BROKERS
15 State Street Boston, Mass.

The World's Headquarters for

ELECTRIC NOVELTIES AND SUPPLIES

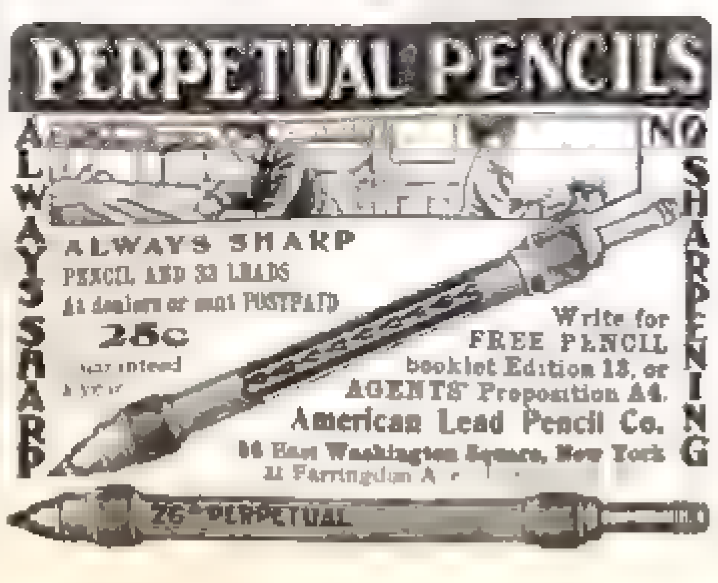
IF IT'S ELECTRIC WE HAVE IT—WE UNDERSELL ALL

Electric Hand Lantern

Fan Motor and Battery	$7 95
Battery Table Lamp - -	3 00
Battery Hanging Lamp	10 00
Telephone, complete, - 3.50	5 95
Electric Door Bells - - -	1 00
Electric Carriage Lamps -	5 00
Electric Hand Lanterns -	3 00
Hylo Turn-down Lamps -	60
Telegraph Outfits - - - -	2 25
Battery Motors 1 00 to	12 00
Bicycle Electric Lights	3 50
Electric Railway	3 25
Pocket Flash Lights	1 31
Necktie Lights - - -	1 00
$8 00 Batteries - -	3 .5

Catalogue Free. Agents Wanted
OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio

PERPETUAL PENCILS

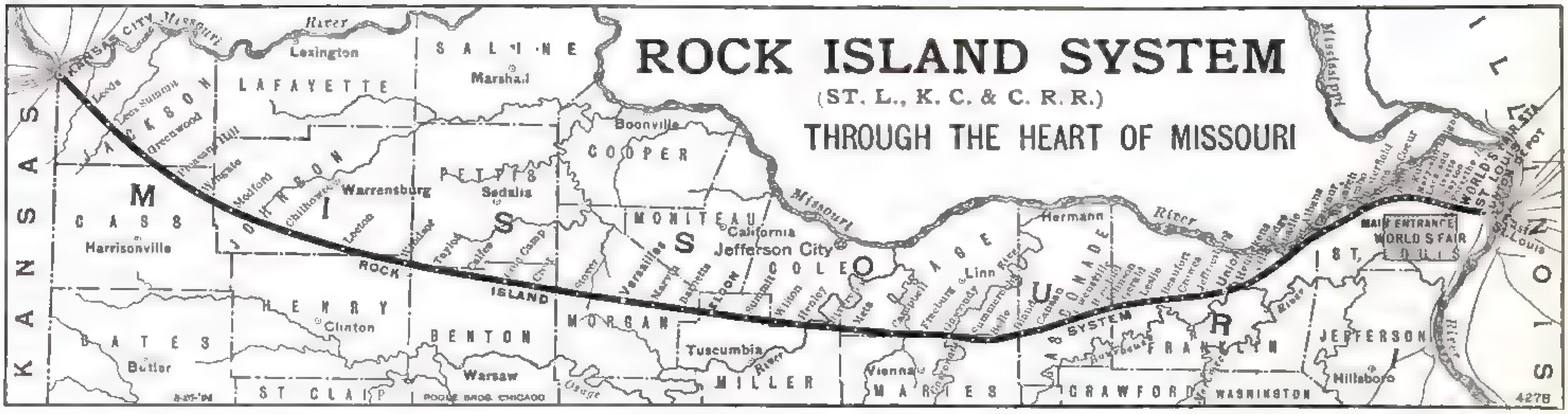


ALWAYS SHARP
PENCIL AND 32 LEADS
At dealers or sent POSTPAID
25c
Guaranteed a year

Write for FREE PENCIL booklet Edition 13, or AGENTS' Proposition A4.
American Lead Pencil Co.
56 East Washington Square, New York
31 Farringdon Av.

WANT THE EARTH?

For twenty-five cents we will mail you, for one year, a monthly illustrated publication of sixteen pages devoted to the industries, climate, life and present opportunities of the Great Southwest. Sample copy mailed on request. You'll want it when you see it. Address, THE EARTH, 1140 Railway Exchange, Chicago.



ROCK ISLAND SYSTEM

(ST. L., K. C. & C. R. R.)

THROUGH THE HEART OF MISSOURI

A Reserve for the Homeseeker

THIS article has been prepared to catch the eye and hold the attention of such readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST as are looking for a new location.

It deals with a section of country which has never before been exploited; a section which, while it has been settled for a great many years, does not have one-fifth — no, not one-tenth, as large a population as it is capable of supporting; a section which, though old, is yet, in a sense, absolutely new, and which, although only a few hours' ride from two of the most important cities of the country, is as full of opportunities as any portion of the great and growing West. In fact, the section constitutes a reserve for the homeseeker.

It seems curious, does it not? And yet it is all true.

The territory in question consists of twelve counties in Missouri recently made accessible by the completion of the St. Louis-Kansas City line of the Rock Island System. These counties are:

St. Louis
Franklin
Gasconade
Osage
Cole
Miller
Morgan
Benton
Henry
Johnson
Cass
Jackson

It would hardly be correct to say that these counties have been without railroad communication in the past. But it is entirely true to say that those portions of them which are traversed by the Rock Island's new line have never echoed to the sound of a locomotive whistle. In these days of steam, when one takes it for granted that the entire country is gridironed with railroads, it is difficult to realize that such a condition can exist. But it has existed; and it is only very recently that the condition has changed. The change spells OPPORTUNITY for thousands.

About the New Line

IN THIS article (if so dignified a name can properly be used) little attempt will be made to emphasize the advantages of the Rock Island's new line. The readers of THE POST are not particularly interested in knowing that it has been built in a most substantial manner, and that its construction establishes a new standard for Western railroads. And yet some reference to the physical excellencies of the new railroad should be made. As it stands, it is as good a piece of track as the money of owners, the skill of builders and the brawn of laborers ever laid across any part of the surface of the American continent, and as time goes by it will improve. The rails weigh 85 pounds to the yard; the ties are oak, the bridges steel and the culverts stone. Plenty of ballast has been used, the grades are few and the curves easy.

All this means that the Rock Island System's new line will, in time, be one of the most liberally patronized highways from St. Louis to the West. Completed only about three months ago, it has enjoyed an exceedingly good business. Thousands have used it. Such of them as have kept their eyes open have been impressed by the fact that land along the right of way, though good, is cheap — cheaper than in sections which are far removed from centres of wealth and population; infinitely cheaper than lands not one whit better, but which, having for a long period enjoyed the benefits of railroad communication with the rest of the country, are and for a very long time have been in demand.

Considerable progress in the line of development has already been made. Real estate agents, the "pioneers of immigration," have been quick to recognize that here is a "good thing." They have asked for and obtained from the Passenger Department of the Rock Island System vast quantities of advertising matter. They have distributed it throughout the length and breadth of the territory in which they operate. They have interested the farmers and business men of their acquaintance. A healthy and continually increasing sentiment in favor of the "new country" has been created. Farms have found new owners. Businesses have changed hands. New buildings have been erected. From one end of the line to the other the sound of hammer and plane and saw is heard from dawn to darkness.

The Wealth of the "New Country"

AGRICULTURALLY, the country along the Rock Island's new line is equal to any in the United States. It will produce, with no more labor than elsewhere, wheat, corn, oats, potatoes and other staples. For fruit it is unsurpassed. The rougher portions are ideal for cattle raising.

Vast deposits of minerals exist — zinc, lead, kaolin, clay, copper and stone. They will not long be allowed to remain untouched.

Many of them have already been utilized. Negotiations for the utilization of others are in progress. Without railroad facilities they are valueless. With railroads they are immensely profitable.

What the Country is Like

SPACE does not permit of a detailed description of a section of country which is nearly 300 miles long and, speaking roughly, 40 miles wide. And so, what is here said, must be understood as of a general character.

After leaving St. Louis the new line runs in a northwesterly direction for a distance of 10 miles; thence for 21 miles follows the general course of the Missouri River. West of St. Albans the line traverses a rolling country which is well timbered and watered. The soil in this district is of a rich dark loam, and it is a good agricultural section. Throughout this section are deposits of high quality silicate sand with possibilities for glass factories.

From Villa Ridge west for a distance of 100 miles the new line penetrates a very rich farming district. Here and there throughout this stretch of country are found deposits of coal, zinc, iron, lead and fire clay of best quality.

Miller and Morgan Counties are in the heart of the best mineral and agricultural belt of Missouri. Lead, zinc, iron, kaolin, fire and potters' clay are found in abundance, while in Morgan County much of the land is underlaid with coal, the veins being from 10 to 70 feet thick.

West of Versailles the new line penetrates large timber areas. The open land is well adapted to farming.

While there are many orchards already established, Benton County alone is capable of producing ten times the amount of fruit it now ships.

The country traversed by the new line in Henry and Johnson Counties is rolling. The soil is a rich loam and is generally susceptible to cultivation. Valuable coal deposits are also found in these counties.

In Jackson County the line runs through a fine farming country, which is well watered by streams and springs, and for 30 miles before reaching Kansas City well-improved farms are the rule.

Climate and People

AS REGARDS the climate, it is good. Southern Missouri, through which the new line runs on its way from St. Louis to Kansas City, is higher than the country north of it. This means better drainage (no malaria) and a cooler climate.

The present residents are of two classes — one, those who have lived there a great many years, in spite of the lack of railroads; and second, those who have settled there recently, knowing that with the advent of railroad communication new conditions would rule. The people of the first-mentioned class are conservative, and in many cases willing to sell their holdings to newcomers.

To Sum Things Up

HERE, then, is a land as good as any part of Missouri or Illinois or Iowa; with an abundant rainfall, a rich soil, an agreeable and healthful climate; with fair educational facilities (not as good as they will be in a couple of years); easily accessible from every part of the West and yet PRACTICALLY NEW.

From east to west it is chock-full of opportunities. They are to be found in every town, in every hamlet, in every valley, on the sloping sides of every hill.

Men who know what opportunities are can see them here at a glance. Those who are deficient in this respect could not locate them if signposts ten feet high and a hundred feet long were planted on every acre along the line.

But we repeat — the opportunities are there — for the farmer, the horticulturist, the cattleman. Stores are needed. Factories will find this a profitable field. The immense and valuable deposits of minerals will be used. All this makes for improvement — for more people, better living conditions, wealth and contentment.

The proper way, the only right way, to go about the matter of finding a new location in Missouri is to visit the country and look it over in person. Ask questions, weigh the answers. Then decide what to do.

Meanwhile, merely as a guide, this list of the special needs of the communities along the line is given. It is not complete; but it will suffice. Detailed information will be given any one who is sufficiently interested to ask for it. Furthermore, the undersigned will take sincere pleasure in placing any one who is looking for land — no matter for what purpose — in touch with persons who are willing to sell. The Rock Island System does not own a foot of land in Missouri outside of its right of way. But its officers are willing to go to a world of trouble to induce a desirable class of men and women to find homes for themselves in territory tributary to its lines.

St. Albans: Pop. 150 — 40 miles west of St. Louis, 256 miles east of Kansas City. Glass Factory — an unlimited amount of excellent glass sand.

Labadie: Pop. 150 — 46 miles west of St. Louis, 250 miles east of Kansas City. A good hotel.

Union: Pop. 850 — 60 miles west of St. Louis, 236 miles east of Kansas City. Creamery, brick plant, laundry, machine shop, canning factory, corn cob pipe factory.

Beaufort: Pop. 200 — 72 miles west of St. Louis, 224 miles east of Kansas City. Saw-mill (plenty of hard wood), bank.

Leslie: Pop. 100 — 74 miles west of St. Louis, 222 miles east of Kansas City. Bank, hardware.

Gerald: Pop. 150 — 81 miles west of St. Louis, 215 miles east of Kansas City. Brick plant, canning factory, bank, drug store.

Owensville: Pop. 500 — 92 miles west of St. Louis, 204 miles east of Kansas City. Deposits of fire clay and iron ore.

Canaan: Pop. 120 — 96 miles west of St. Louis, 200 miles east of Kansas City. Abundant deposits of fire clay, zinc, lead and iron.

Bland: Pop. 500 — 100 miles west of St. Louis, 196 miles east of Kansas City. Brick plant, charcoal kilns, lime kilns, zinc, lead and iron deposits.

Belle: Pop. 700 — 105 miles west of St. Louis, 191 miles east of Kansas City. Laundry, deposits of fire and brick clay, lead and iron ore.

Freeburg: Pop. 150 — 118 miles west of St. Louis, 178 miles east of Kansas City. Good coal and iron prospects.

Koeltztown: Pop. 150 — 128 miles west of St. Louis, 168 miles east of Kansas City. Lumber yard.

Meta: Pop. 450 — 134 miles west of St. Louis, 162 miles east of Kansas City. Canning factory (good fruit and vegetable district).

Henley: Pop. 100 — 145 miles west of St. Louis, 151 miles east of Kansas City. Lumber yard, hardware, deposits of coal, zinc, lead and iron.

Summit: Pop. 250 — 153 miles west of St. Louis, 143 miles east of Kansas City. Brick plant, coal, lead, zinc and fire clay deposits.

Eldon: Pop. 1200 — 160 miles west of St. Louis, 136 miles east of Kansas City. Electric light plant, creamery, canning factory, broom factory, brick plant, wood working plant (hard wood).

Barnetts: Pop. 150 — 165 miles west of St. Louis, 131 miles east of Kansas City. Zinc, lead, iron and coal.

Versailles: Pop. 1500 — 177 miles west of St. Louis, 119 miles east of Kansas City. Laundry, canning factory, creamery, broom factory, coal, lead, zinc, iron, kaolin and fire clay in paying quantities.

Cole Camp: Pop. 1000 — 199 miles west of St. Louis, 97 miles east of Kansas City. Zinc, lead and copper prospects.

Windsor: Pop. 2000 — 216 miles west of St. Louis, 80 miles east of Kansas City. Brick plant, ice plant, steam laundry, broom factory, pickle works, cigar factory. Coal and brick clay in paying quantities located near by.

Leeton: Pop. 200 — 227 miles west of St. Louis, 69 miles east of Kansas City. Bakery, coal, lead and zinc croppings — undeveloped.

Post Oak: Pop. 250 — 231 miles west of St. Louis, 65 miles east of Kansas City. Skimming station, zinc, lead and coal deposits.

Chilhowee: Pop. 300 — 235 miles west of St. Louis, 61 miles east of Kansas City. Bakery, canning factory, brick plant, large deposits of kaolin and clay, coal prospects.

Pleasant Hill: Pop. 2500 — 263 miles west of St. Louis, 33 miles east of Kansas City. Creamery.

Greenwood: Pop. 300 — 268 miles west of St. Louis, 28 miles east of Kansas City. Bakery, good fruit and vegetable district — nearness to Kansas City would make it good locality for truck growers.

Lee's Summit: Pop. 1500 — 272 miles west of St. Louis, 24 miles east of Kansas City. Brick plant, canning factory, creamery or skimming station, water plant, laundry. All fruits and vegetables grow well.

If you are interested in the foregoing and desire further information the Passenger Department of the Rock Island System can be of value to you. Cut out this coupon, fill in the blanks, mail it to the undersigned and a prompt reply will be given.

I am interested in .... (Name locality).

and desire information concerning

(Give name of industry you desire to engage in.)

I can invest $ ....

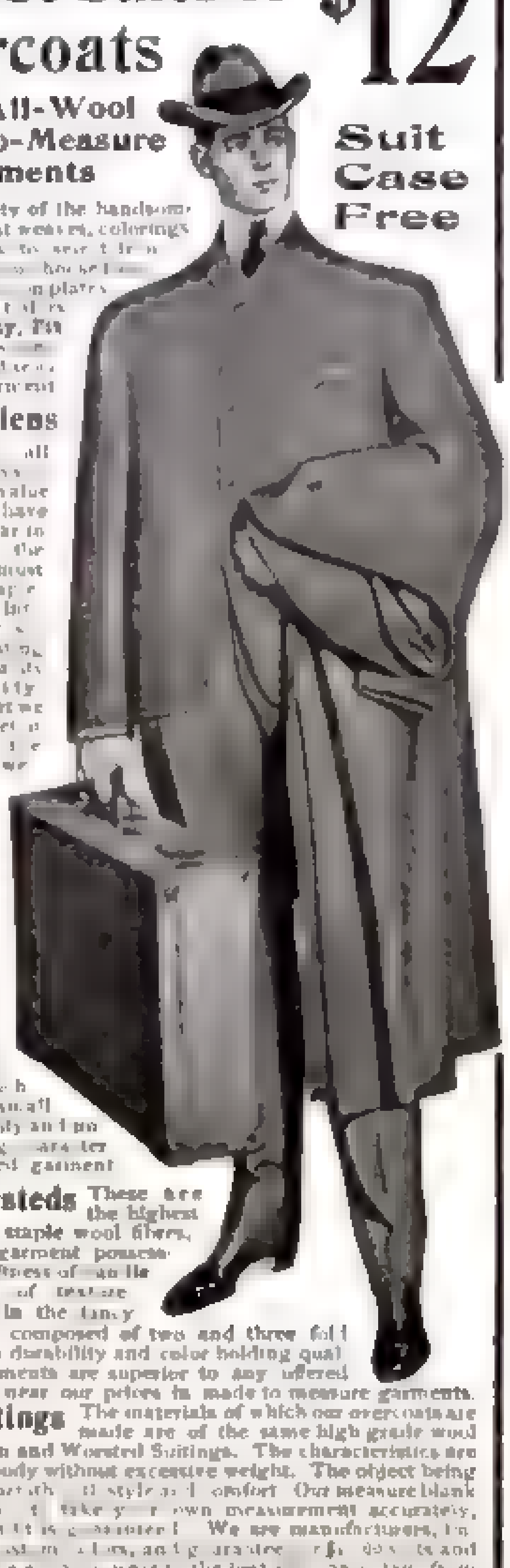
Send information to

NAME

ADDRESS

JNO. SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager
Rock Island System, Chicago

Latest Suits or Overcoats $12



Fine All-Wool Made-to-Measure Garments

Suit Case Free

A large variety of the handsomest and newest weaves, colorings and patterns to select from [illegible] fashion plates [illegible] expert tailors. **Style, Quality, Fit and Wear** [illegible] in every garment.

Our Woolens The term [illegible] all wool [illegible] of the value of cloth. To have value for wear in men's suits the wool fibre must be of long staple and be made into cloth having [illegible] resisting power, tenacity and elasticity. This is the sort we use as we get it direct from the mills where we know how it is made and of what character of wool. Any wool fibre that is long enough to "have two ends" can be used for woolen cloth, but it doesn't need an expert to know that such material has small wearing quality and no shape holding character in the finished garment.

Our Worsteds These are the highest quality long staple wool fibers, the finished garment possessing lustre, softness of [illegible] and fineness of texture. The threads in the fancy worsteds are composed of two and three fold twists, and in durability and color holding qualities our garments are superior to any offered at anywhere near our prices in made to measure garments.

Overcoatings The materials of which our overcoats are made are of the same high grade wool as our Woolen and Worsted Suitings. The characteristics are density and body without excessive weight. The object being [illegible] warmth, style and comfort. Our measure blank [illegible] take your own measurement accurately, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. We are manufacturers, [illegible] and guarantee [illegible] from your local dealer for [illegible] while in style and fit our garments are incomparably superior to any but the product of high-priced city tailors.

FREE Suit Case

In order to establish customers throughout the United States we are giving on the first order received from any one person a handsome [illegible] which we are [illegible] cost. The suit case that goes with each order is [illegible] sale in [illegible] store from $4 to $5. **A trial is all we ask.** You [illegible] risk in ordering from us as we guarantee absolutely a perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by Express C. O. D., with the privilege of examination at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in fabric, finish or fit, you [illegible] it [illegible] returned to us at our expense. The suit [illegible] the picture is our [illegible] gentlemen. The price is $12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up [illegible] in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples varying in price from $12.00 to $20.00. Our catalogue and **Samples of Cloth Free** will be sent you the very day your request for same reaches us. Remember, we have no agents, no branch stores, and no connection with any other clothing concern. Our business has been established 40 years. Write today for samples. Address

Meyer Livingston Sons, Dept. 65, South Bend, Ind.

Reference: Citizens Nat'l Bank, South Bend, Ind.

NEW UNDERWEAR IDEA

People May Now Wear Dollar Garments for Fifty Cents

The readiness of the people of the United States to welcome a new idea has found fresh illustration in the reception accorded the new style of underwear which is having such an unusual sale. It is called Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear.

This underwear has the peculiarity that its name implies, combining an elastic rib on one side with a soft fleece on the other. The fleece absorbs the heat, while the rib, yielding to every motion, allows it to escape slowly, thus affording protection against chills and colds.

The laundry test has never failed to prove Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece a durable and unshrinking fabric.

The women's garments are tastefully made, of full length and close-fitting. The men's garments are equal in every respect to the women's. Both are fifty cents a garment.

The children's garments — pants, vests and union suits — are models of sense. All sizes are twenty-five cents the separate garment, fifty cents the union suit.

The trademark, Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece, is sewed on every garment.

VELLASTIC UTICA RIBBED FLEECE

Made under Fabric Pat 603164 Apr 26 '98

541 Lexington Avenue, New York.

BIBLE TEACHERS TRAINING SCHOOL

For Circular of General Information address

President WILBERT W. WHITE

The Problem of Young Millionaires

BY HARRISON RHODES

YOUNG millionaires about to choose an occupation in life have many difficult questions to solve. It is, however, by no means the purpose of this article to picture them as a long-suffering or much misunderstood class. Nor is it primarily its aim to reach them with counsel and advice. Although the enormously wealthy are so numerous nowadays in America that some hundreds of young plutocrats must necessarily be included among the readers of this magazine, it may be taken for granted that the incomes of the majority are more restricted. The problems of the inheritor of great wealth are not personal to most of us. But it is useful for public opinion to have some standard by which to judge him. He is a possible source of great danger or great public good. What do we think he ought to do with his life? What does he think himself, in the cases where he has come to have some vision of his responsibilities? These are questions worth considering, and it is only justice to him to admit that the problem is not altogether clear nor simple.

We need not stop to consider the large class of rich young men who devote their lives to spending their money in the pursuit of pleasure. They have always existed in the world, and there has never been anything special to say for them. It is occasionally suggested in their favor that through their efforts the breed of polo ponies is being improved, the automobile perfected, and a really dry champagne at last imported into this country. But these are possibly not unmixed blessings. The public demand for a leisure class is not as yet insistent, and public opinion unites in condemning the young millionaire who is content to occupy his time spending his income upon himself and his establishment.

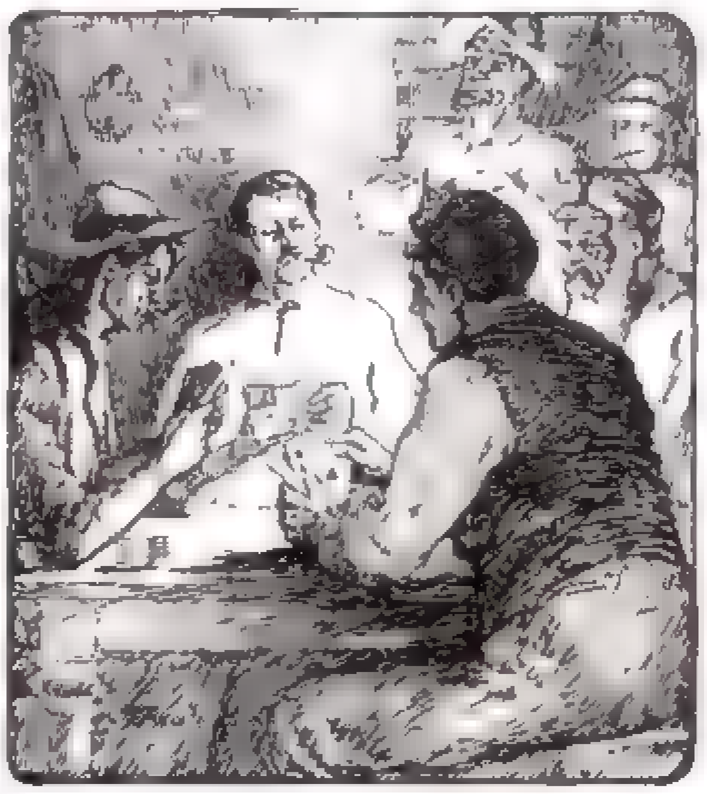
The Difficulties of the Thrifty Millionaire

There is only one comment to be made in passing, but it is fairly interesting as illustrating one of the difficulties of wealth.

Every one dislikes extravagance in millionaires (except the people who are invited to some particularly extravagant party and the people who turn a penny by providing flowers and ices for it or by describing it in the newspapers), but almost every one dislikes economy even more. The millionaire who is thrifty and sparing in his personal expenses has these qualities at once described by much harder terms. One of the richest young men in America — one might say in all the world — face to face with the fact that, even if he would, he could not spend what he has, fixes, at the beginning of each January, after conference with his wife, upon a certain sum which is to be considered "the year's income" — and then lives within it. His theory is — at least, so he says — that because one is rich extravagance and wastefulness do not become virtues. "The year's income" is really not lavish. It does not allow his wife to purchase her gowns of the most fashionable Parisian dressmakers, nor him to have more than four horses in his stable. The household accounts are carefully kept, and many of the expedients of economy which those living on only "a competence" practice are known here. It sounds reasonable, simple, unostentatious — and it merely makes people laugh when it does not make them sneer bitterly. Perhaps if *all* that is left of the young man's income were applied to charitable or public purposes he might be forgiven. But in spite of large gifts this end is not attained, and he is severely criticised because he lives so simply. If it is worth the rich young man's while trying to please public opinion his first problem will be to make his personal expenditure take a course midway between extravagance and thrift.

The millionaire who lives for pleasure being eliminated from the discussion, we can consider the young man who would like to do something with his money besides spend it on himself. "Give it away" is the easy advice of most of us, the rough-and ready communism we are so ready to prescribe for others, and although we know it is out of the question, "Give it to us" is what we really mean. Giving it away is, however, not so simple as it seems. Signing checks is at best only a passive virtue. There are so many demands

Why the Gang Missed McHale



DOWN in the shaft of a Pennsylvania coal mine, five years ago, there toiled a miner by the name of Michael McHale.

McHale worked hard — and made $2.00 a day. That is, when there was work for him. In some months he would get only five or six "shifts," and that meant but $11 or $12 for his month's wages.

On this meagre income McHale supported his wife and two children.

It is needless to say that McHale belonged to no clubs, and the cheapest theatre was too expensive. So when he wanted to spend an evening out he went down town and played seven-up and euchre with "the gang."

"The gang" were all like McHale, and played for a very small stake — they did not try to outdo John W. Gates or the Dalys. Nevertheless, when McHale pulled out five cents ahead he had won two and a half per cent. of a day's pay.

But one March night McHale didn't show up at the gang's social session. Nor did he on the next night, nor the next. For two weeks the gang missed McHale before they found out the reason for his absence. Then there was much merriment in the camp of the gang. But McHale ignored their chaff with a twinkle in his eye that would have said to the keen observer, "He that laughs last laughs best." And the gang continued to shuffle the cards without McHale.

The following October they saw their old friend appointed a fire boss — then the merry laugh of the gang became less audible, and McHale's twinkle brightened. In June, 1902, McHale was given a position as mine foreman. It was now McHale's time to laugh.

On the evening of April 14th, 1904, at a meeting and smoker held at the I. C. S. Assembly Room, 18 West Market Street, Wilkes Barre, Pa., Michael J. McHale made a speech — and here is what he said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I'm not very much of a speaker, but if you will give me your attention I'll try and tell you in my own way what the I. C. S. has done for me.

"I think it was about five years ago I met a man when I was coming from the pay office, and he said to me: 'Did you ever hear about the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton?' I told him I heard something about it, but I could not see that education could help me any, and, what was more, I could not pay for it if I thought it could help me. I showed him my pay envelope. It contained $11.00 for the month's pay, to support a wife and two children on for the month, and I asked him if he thought that I could afford to take any education on that kind of a pay. But that did not make any difference to that man — he stuck to me, and finally persuaded me to let him go down to the house and talk it over with the wife.

"Well, we went down to the house and the man explained what he had come for, and my wife said: 'Mike, I don't see how we can spare any money for education. It might be a good thing for you, but I don't see how we can spare any money this month.' Well, before that man left the house he had five of the eleven dollars, which only left us six. I promised him that I would study an hour a day, and I put in three hundred and sixty-five hours that first year, from which you can see that I didn't miss any Sundays. I used to go down on the green of an evening and flip the pennies and shuffle the cards, playing seven-up and euchre with the gang. Sometimes I'd win five cents, or maybe I'd lose five cents, but about three days after I paid the $5.00 the first lessons came from the Schools and I started to study my hour a day, *and the gang missed McHale.* About two weeks after that the gang found out that I had joined the International Correspondence Schools and they all gave me the merry laugh, but I promised that man that I would study an hour a day, and I intended to do it, and I did do it. While at my work I'd see the mine foreman and the fire boss come through the mines and measure this way and that way, say a few figures in their heads, and I used to say to myself, 'Well, they're smart men;' but I could do the same thing and didn't know it.

"I went to work in the breaker when I was eight years and a half old, so you see I didn't have much of an education. Of course, I knew that six and two made eight, but that is about all I did know.

"After I had studied the first year I could do the examples as good as any of them. I don't want to be braggin', but I think I can figure cube root and the square root with any of them now. You can go down there on the green now and you'll find nearly all of the same old gang shuffling the cards and flipping the pennies, but if you want to find McHale, come up to Mineral Spring Colliery of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company — a well-paid mine foreman *who owes all his success to these Schools.*"

The story of McHale is but one of thousands of stories of success through the I. C. S. which are being furnished us constantly. If the I. C. S. could do what it did for McHale, can it not do as much for you?

We can help you qualify, in your spare time, for promotion, or a more profitable occupation, or to commence work at a better salary than if you started without training.

We do this through our system of training by mail. Our courses are inexpensive — from $10 up. No extra charge for text books.

The booklet "1001 Stories of Success" gives a thousand and one examples of how our training has enabled our students to advance from low positions to higher ones. This booklet will be sent free to all who fill out and mail to us this coupon.

International Correspondence Schools

Box 998, SCRANTON, PA.

Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X

Advertising Writer	Bookkeeper
Show Card Writer	Electrician
Window Trimmer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Draughtsman	Mechanical Engineer
Architectural "	Civil Engineer
Newspaper Illustrator	Surveyor
Elec. Railway Supt.	Mining Engineer
Wall Paper Designer	Architect
Bookcover "	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Foreman Plumber
Chemist	Bridge Engineer
Commercial Law for Clerks	Stationary "
	Gas "

Name

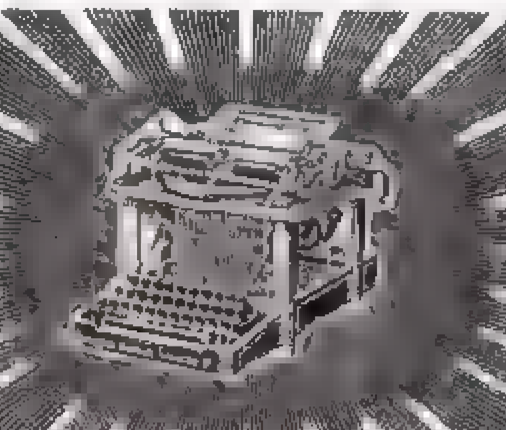
Street and No.

City State

Common tins are made by dipping the plate into the tin mixture and squeezing off as much as possible—more than is put on, as the little boy said of the way his mother spread bread. "Taylor Old Style" roofing tin is made by dipping the black plate into the metal several times, allowing all the tin to adhere that will. The difference in quality is beyond calculation. The difference in price is slight.

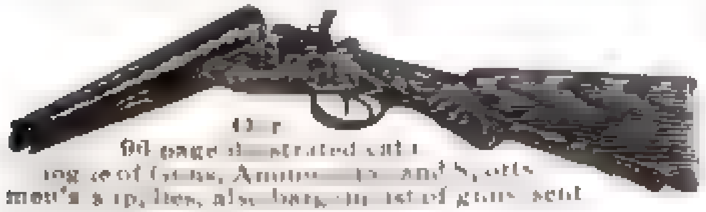
Everyone who lives under a tin roof or expects to, should send for a copy of "A [illegible] Roofs," but architects, builders and roofers will be especially interested in THE ARROW, a monthly publication, sent free to them on request. "[illegible] the Roofer" is a breezy booklet, [illegible] which the roof question is [illegible] new year. It will be sent to any one on receipt of ten cents in stamps and is worth more than that sum by its entertaining reading.

N. & G. TAYLOR COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1810
Philadelphia



The
Remington
Typewriter
reduces expenses by its great capacity for work and small cost of maintenance.
Remington Typewriter Company
327 Broadway, New York

PIANO
Do You Want a Genuine Bargain
Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways and twenty other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new, yet all are offered at a great discount. Uprights as low as $1[illegible]. [illegible] at $125, $135, $1[illegible] [illegible] at $2[illegible] [illegible] $2[illegible] [illegible] New Uprights at $125. A [illegible] fully equal to [illegible] Monthly payments accepted. Freight rates are low. Write for list and particulars. You make a great saving [illegible] best guarantee. Illustrated Piano Book free.
FROM
LYON & HEALY
66 Adams St., CHICAGO
World's largest music house; sells Everything known in Music



Our 96 page illustrated catalogue of Guns, Ammunition and Sportsmen's supplies, also bargain list of guns sent on receipt of six cents in stamps.
CHAS. J. GODFREY, 4 Warren St., New York City

made upon any one with money that one can easily imagine a slack and lazy man being enormously charitable in a way that was only slightly to his credit. Indiscriminate charity covers a multitude of sins the responsibility that rests upon the shoulders of rich young men is to learn *how* to be generous. There was a Yale graduate of some eight or ten years back who decided, after he came out of college, that the best career for him was giving away the greater part of his income. Fortunately, he was intelligent enough to realize that he didn't know how to do it. So he took what might be called a post-graduate course by going abroad for three years and studying charitable institutions and schemes for social reform in all parts of Europe, visiting slums, and in general trying to learn how the half that needed his help lived. It would be idle to pretend that the three years did not contain a great deal of pleasure and amusement as well—as, sometimes, do undergraduate days. But he had laid hold of the extremely valuable idea that it was a disgrace to be merely an untrained philanthropist. Courses in practical and theoretic charity would be an admirable addition to the instruction offered by the departments of political economy in all our big colleges.

The career of philanthropist may be as strenuous as you like to make it, and there is as much scope for originality and inventiveness in giving away money as in any other occupation that a young man might choose. For example, the invention of Rowton Houses and their New York equivalent, the Mills Hotels, was just as exciting, even from a business man's point of view, as the finding of a new process of nickel-plating or the concoction of a new cereal breakfast food.

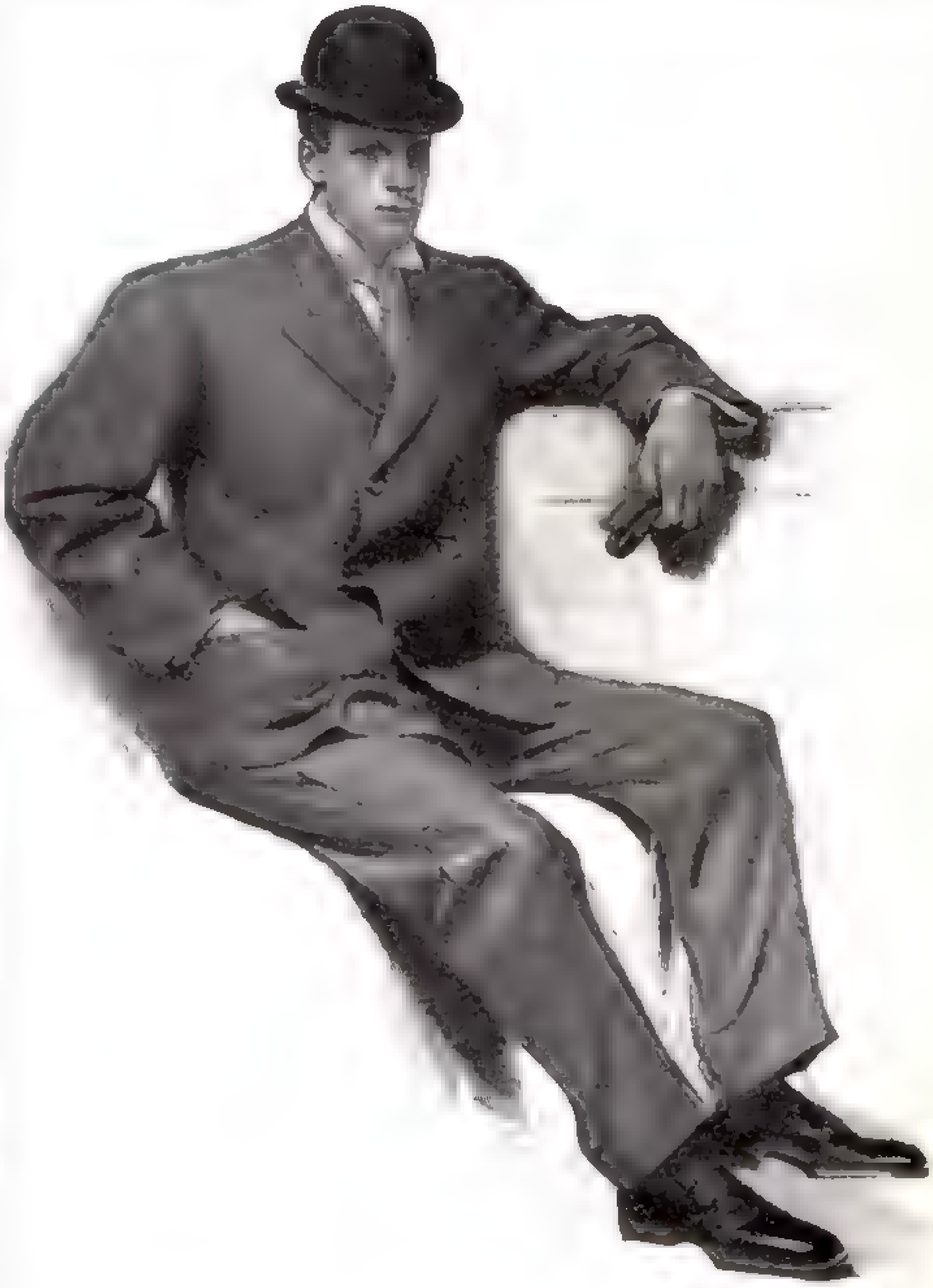
The New "Organized" Charity

The days when charity consisted in giving a poor man a loaf of bread just as he was on the point of starving to death have gone by. It has become scientific. One constantly hears people say that private charity should be discouraged, that there are everywhere organizations which dispense charity scientifically and that young millionaires should content themselves with supplying such organizations with funds. But who, one may ask, runs the organizations? And who is more suited to the occupation of organizing charity than the young millionaire charitably inclined?

Not every one, of course, can hope to have, as Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller are said to have, a completely organized private charitable bureau which investigates every case in a calm and businesslike fashion, investing charitable funds with the same sagacity that would be put into placing the money of the Standard Oil Company. There are millionaires and multi-millionaires. The first can scarcely have each his own private machinery of distribution; it is, therefore, quite in accordance with modern progress that one society should undertake the work for many. But the system affords most suitable occupation for at least one of the contributors.

Outside what is called charity there is an enormous field of public benefaction. But to succeed in this requires more than lolling at one's desk over a check book. Of course, it is perfectly simple to give to existing institutions; indeed, they always seem to need funds. But it is much more important that young men should be diligently seeking out as yet unrecognized wants and supplying them. A young man in Chicago lately discovered that the only medical publications we had in America existed absolutely as commercial enterprises—that is to say, they had to make money in order to continue. The result was often that they were not able to give publicity as they would wish to interesting and important articles. It proved to be a comparatively inexpensive matter to endow a paper which could print the results of investigation and research whenever they seemed important. Whatever the result may ultimately be, at present it is a most interesting experiment in benefaction.

How would some young millionaire like to endow a literary magazine for the discovery of talent, or help to establish the much-talked-of theatre of arts and letters? Mæcenas is thought to be an old-fashioned rôle to play nowadays. Sometimes one suspects that our rich men hesitate to patronize the arts because they are not well enough acquainted with them to be sure they can know what artist to assist or how to help him. Of course, there is no better way of wasting good money, for example, than sending young musical students abroad, if they are the wrong students. But the Englishman who found Caruso, the greatest lyric tenor of modern times, working as a stevedore on an Italian wharf, and put



THE secret of being well dressed is to feel at home in your clothes—to wear such suits as this Kirschbaum Double Breasted. It is well balanced, graceful, easy and comfortable—looks it and makes you look it.

The man in the illustration is no Apollo and no clothing model—just an everyday sort of chap. The suit was taken out of stock. Your size is waiting for you at the clothier's. Try it on: if it doesn't fit as well as this you need not take it. Single or double breasted, patterns and mixtures; the Fall shades.

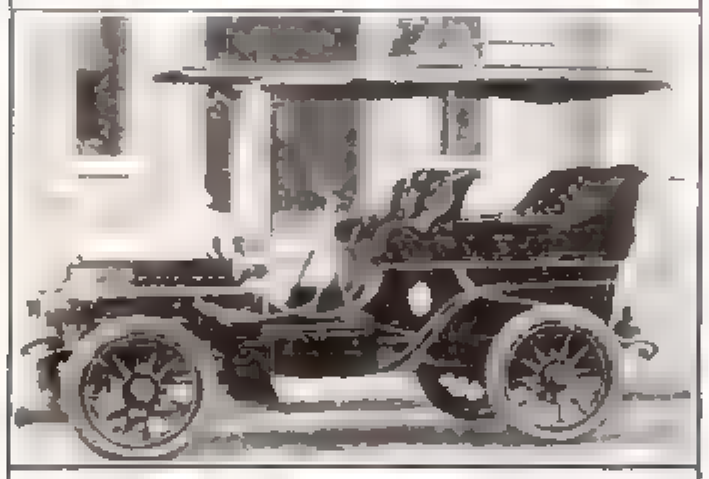
Ask your dealer for Kirschbaum Clothes (Warranted). Best stores everywhere, $12 to $25.

Insist upon seeing the Kirschbaum label
inside breast pocket of coat.

Our new Style Book "D" will help you choose the right things to wear. Sent free on request.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM & CO.
Philadelphia and New York

COPYRIGHT 1904, A. B. KIRSCHBAUM & CO.



HAYNES AUTOMOBILES

Tonneau $2,550 *Light Touring Car $1,450*

TONNEAU $2,550

One Haynes will carry you anywhere. You do not need a stable full of automobiles. Proved by over twenty highest awards won by stock cars in every endurance contest, in which all others have tried. *No other has always won.* That's *Proof.* Buy a Haynes.

We have just added a record of exceptional superiority in the N. Y. to St. Louis Tour to our list of victories

A FEW CARS FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Catalogue free from HAYNES-APPERSON CO., Kokomo, Ind., U.S.A.
(The Oldest Makers of M[illegible]
of the A. L. A. M.)
NEW YORK BRANCH 1715-17 Broadway
CHICAGO BRANCH 1420 MICHIGAN AVE
BOSTON, Geo. M. Brown, [illegible] Avenue
LOS ANGELES, C. A. [illegible]
PHILADELPHIA [illegible] Street
[illegible] Frank[illegible] Street
[illegible]
[illegible] Street

Defy the Coldest Blizzard with a

Vestibule Storm Shield

It keeps the driver warm and dry as in a closed cab. It saves the horse against the [illegible] and stops the strain on buggy top. Fits [illegible] and looks neat and firm. Curtains [illegible] disappear by a touch. No incumbrance — put on or off in two minutes. Sent on approval. Picture catalog free. "Are you with us?"

REX BUGGY SHIELD CO.
23 Oak Street **Connersville, Ind.**

FAMABELLA HAVANA CIGARS ARE THE PERFECTION OF BLENDS

Made in nine sizes from the finest tobacco. Try the Famabella, "Puritanos" size, ten cent straight

"Conchas" size, three for twenty-five cents. If not on sale in your City, we'll supply you direct.

The names of the **Presidents** and their **Cabinets** from **Washington** to **Roosevelt** [illegible] contained in a beautifully illustrated booklet [illegible] we will send you FREE, on request

THE INDEPENDENCE CO., Dep't. "D." Detroit, Mich.

MAGIC LANTERNS PAY BIG

Exhibitions with Magic Lantern, Stereopticon [illegible] Moving Picture Machine make money. [illegible] show. Cost light. Send for illustrated catalogue free. Magic Lanterns for Home Amusement.

McAllister, Mfg. Optician,
49 Nassau Street, New York

him into the way of getting a musical education, would feel himself justified if he could hear him now. Some of us when we hear the *Symphonie Pathétique* may feel grateful to Madame von Meck for providing a permanent income for Tschaikowsky's later days. That these are foreign instances means nothing except, perhaps, that our young millionaires are too lazy and too ignorant to know when artistic help is needed, or too tactless to offer it in a way that will make it acceptable. Even Mæcenas' trade is a laborious one.

Charity and public benefactions discharge a part of the young man's duties toward the community. But he might well ask whether they discharge his duty toward himself. If he happens to have talents for these things, if the vocation of professional philanthropist and public benefactor fills his time and brings out the best in him, the answer is yes. But plenty of young men have no gifts of this sort. They had better hastily sign a check or two to some established charity for the amount they feel they ought to give away, and hunt up other occupations for themselves. Here again, the choice of an occupation is a problem.

There is no idea more deeply rooted in the American mind than that a young man, rich or poor, should "earn his living." And there is no idea that has more of truth and more of falsehood in it. Of course, a young man should be at work at something, but whether at any of the things that would enable him to "earn his living" is an open question.

The Boy Who "Begins at the Bottom"

We are constantly asked to admire some rich young man who goes into a great business of his father's and, beginning at the very bottom, painfully makes his way up to its management. Now, if there is any reason to suppose that the young man in question has peculiar abilities for his job, that he, better than others, can do something to increase the industrial prosperity of the country, that he has special talent for maintaining and improving the business on whose success the fortunes and the "living" of so many thousands depend, well and good. Otherwise his energies are misapplied, he is keeping a better and a poorer man out of a place, and is merely increasing an income which by supposition was in the beginning large enough for any personal needs of his. If young Mr. Vanderbilt, for example, is sure that he can be a better engineer than most, or, to put it another way, thinks that is the best thing he can be, he may have chosen wisely; otherwise he is merely shirking the responsibilities of his position. As a matter of fact, if our young millionaire is rigidly conscientious there are a great many occupations not open to him; for it is his duty to discover the things that he can do well just because he is rich and not poor, the "jobs" in the world that do *not* pay well, or that can be better done by some one who can bring to them large private means.

Farming, for example, has lately been taken up by our rich men, and it is generally thought that it is admirable of a young man to run his farm himself and make a profit. Not to make a profit would seem to be the only real way to justify it in a person who has no need of the money. The loss need not be incurred by extravagance, by mahogany and silver fittings in the cowsheds, for example. But there is much to be done in breeding stock, in making agriculture more scientific, and in the many experiments in the culture of new crops which only the gentleman farmer can afford to undertake.

It must be made clear that there is for the rich no inherent virtue in "earning one's living." Virtue lies in doing as nearly as possible what one can do better than other people for the good of the world just because one does not need to "earn one's living." The motto of an aristocracy must be altered for the American plutocracy. "*Richesse oblige*" — riches bring obligations.

The most obvious opportunity for a rich young man — and it has been so much written of that it can only be touched on here — is politics, both national and local. He can afford politics, not quite in the sense the corrupt wire-puller would mean the phrase. Of course, we don't want a Government run by the rich, but a few of them might exercise a purifying influence by being beyond the need of "grafting."

There are plenty of other occupations. How, for example, would our young millionaires like to be explorers? That is an adventurous and amusing trade, and implies expenditure rather than profit. There is a young gentleman from New York who goes shooting

WINTON

52 4/5 SECONDS **World's Record** 52 4/5 SECONDS

Made on the WINTON Bullet No. 2 by Earl H. Kiser at Cleveland, August 22, 1904.
World's record for cars weighing less than 1800 lbs., reduced to 58 4-5 seconds on the WINTON Bullet No. 3 by Chas. Gorndt at Cleveland, August 23, 1904.
Neither man had ever before driven a WINTON in a race. Anybody can drive the WINTON successfully because it is easily operated, fast, powerful, durable.

$2500 completely equipped; $2300 without top;
f. o. b. Cleveland.

PROMPT DELIVERY AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY
Member A. L. A. M.
Cleveland, O., U. S. A.
NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO LONDON

The home and college girl will welcome directions for a jolly, fate-settling Hallowe'en; and a charming illustrated description of the weird way in which Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, "the wizardess," evoked the specters last year will add to the shivery effect. The October number of the

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

tells all about it. David Belasco gives sensible and helpful advice to the girl with dramatic ambitions. Our eagerly awaited serial begins — "The King of Diamonds," by Louis Tracy. These and many other good things go to make the October number particularly attractive.

"Every day is WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION day" at the news-stands and in nearly half a million homes, where it is regarded as the favorite and best of all illustrated periodicals for the home.

Ten Cents at newsdealers. ***Yearly subscription One Dollar.***

Leave order to-day with your newsdealer, or send to

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Times Building, NEW YORK SPRINGFIELD, OHIO Tribune Building, CHICAGO

You Never Had $5

Buy the Hercules
Kantwearout
And Double the Life of Your Boys' Clothes

Procure for you such [illegible]

Kantwearout BRAND

Hygienic and Sanitary

Hercules SUIT

For Boys of from 7 to 16 Years

The Hercules, like all Kantwearout clothing, is brim-full of style. The Cloth is specially woven from high grade wool. By means of a special process we have made it

RAIN PROOF MOTH PROOF PERSPIRATION PROOF

We have also made it hygienic and sanitary. A Hercules suit is less liable to infection than ordinary boys' clothing

Guaranteed All Wool; Fast Colors; Unshrinkable [illegible] throughout; Extra Heavy [illegible] Extra Quality Sleeve [illegible] Double Reinforced at Vital Points [illegible] Every Seam Reinforced, Buttons Sewed and Buttons Sewed [illegible] Linen Thread; Excelsior Waist Band of Elastic Webbing; Pants Lined Throughout with Superior Irish Linen, Sanitary and of Extra Strength and Finish.

The Best Suit Ever Sold at the Price

$5.00—No More, No Less—$5.00

The Hercules is sold wherever Kantwearout clothing is sold. If your [illegible] We send you, free, our new [illegible] "A Son's Letters to His Mother." Address Dept. [illegible]

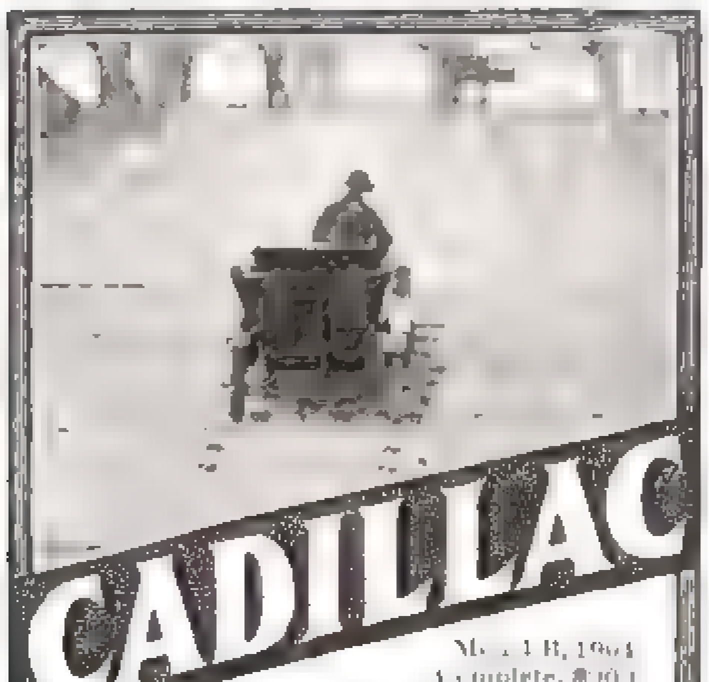
DAUBE, COHN & CO.

Manufacturers of Everything Stylish and Dependable in Boys' and Children's Clothing

Corner Market and Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

ESTABLISHED 1887.

References: Any bank or business house.



Model B, 1904
Complete, $900
Without Tonneau, $800.

A man drove a Cadillac up the steps of the Capitol at Washington. He paid for his fun, but it was worth the money to know the power of the Cadillac.

Write for illustrated booklet O, which tells about the Cadillac and gives address of a nearby agency where it may be seen and tried

Cadillac Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich.

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufrs.

WE SEARCH THE WORLD
For Good Men

WE MUST FIND CAPABLE MEN

to fill hundreds of high grade positions now on our lists. Executive, Clerical, Technical and Salesman positions paying from $1,000 to $5,000 a year, are waiting for the right man. If you have ability in any line, write for plan and booklet telling how we can place you

[illegible]

HAPGOODS

[illegible]

Suite 509 309 Broadway New York

almost every spring in Abyssinia and is said to be rather a pal of King Menelik's. The whole thing is at present considered merely as a pleasure, though an expensive one. A little training, a little seriousness of aim and he might become a most valuable member of society.

One hesitates to recommend the church. It is, perhaps, stretching belief a little too far to imagine many of our rollicking young plutocrats putting on clerical garb. But young men are sometimes born serious minded in spite of the golden spoons in their mouths, and here and there, in churches in the slums, young clergymen of fortune may be found. Even if one left religion out of the question, it is not a bad way of being a professional philanthropist.

Suggestions for Young Millionaires

Medicine is a field where a rich man might well find a career. Not that he should necessarily give advice gratis and imperil the livelihood of rival practitioners; but there are enormous opportunities in medical science for expensive experiments and investigations that cannot be undertaken with any hope of immediate financial repayment. In this sense the rich man might hope to become a better and more useful physician than a poor man. This means that it is a suitable profession for millionaires.

It is difficult to see how the law is better for the rich than for the poor—our young gentleman had better leave that alone.

Pedagogy may seem a dull profession—if so, that is only an added reason why rich men should go into it; they have special facilities for brightening their lives. Teaching is not a career where the pecuniary rewards are tempting, yet probably the most harmful thing a man could do would be to accept a smaller salary than was usual because he had private means. It would possibly bring down the salaries of other, poorer men. There are other ways, especially in preparation for his work, in which the rich man who chooses to be a college professor has advantages. There is, for example, a professor of Greek art and archaeology, in a well-known Pennsylvania college, who spent six or seven years in Greece and Asia Minor, making expensive expeditions, with all the paraphernalia of a private caravan, to every place where relics of the Greek civilization were to be found. It was, undoubtedly, a delightful and interesting life, but one cannot get away from the fact that it was also a wonderful preparation for useful hard work later.

It would be useless to go through the list of occupations. Young millionaires needing advice may be asked to consult by correspondence. What the rest of us need is a conception of the duties and the opportunities of the rich young men of the country. We can hold it up as a standard for those who are richer than ourselves. Besides, in the changing fortunes of the country some not so rich now may some day be called on to face the millionaire's problems. Perhaps for them it will be a good plan to have already formulated some ideas of what the young millionaire's life should be. They can help their sons choose an occupation.

Impertinent Poems

By Edmund Vance Cooke

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Do you lazily nurse your knee and muse?
Do you contemplate your conquering thews
With a critical satisfaction?
But yesterday's laurels are dry and dead
And to-morrow's triumph is still ahead;
To-day is the day for action.

Yesterday's sun: is it shining still?
To-morrow's dawn: will its coming fill
To-day, if to-day's light fail us?
Not so. The past is forever past;
To-day's is the hand which holds us fast,
And to-morrow may never hail us.

The present and only the present endures,
So it's hey for to-day! for to-day is yours
For the goal you are still pursuing.
What you *have done* is a little amount;
What you *will do* is of lesser account,
But the test is, *what are you doing?*

$3,360 GIVEN AWAY

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

We are going to give away, absolutely free of cost, $3,360 worth of books. As one who reads you will be interested in this offer. Read carefully, for this is a rare opportunity, and one that will not soon occur again. In taking stock we find on hand a few sets of the

Makers of History

32 magnificent volumes, of which the bindings are slightly rubbed—not enough to impair their real value, but sufficient to prevent their shipment as perfect stock—at the regular price of $32 and $48 per set. There being only 210 of these sets, we shall not rebind, but have decided to let them go for half-price, upon easy monthly payments, and to give away with each of these 210 sets FREE one set of Shakespeare's Complete Works in 8 magnificent volumes worth $16 per set.

The "Makers of History" are the most entertaining and instructive friends you could possibly have in your home. Each volume is a complete narrative of a man or woman who in their time made things happen. There is not a dull page in the entire 32 volumes. No set of books published can compare in interest or instruction with the "Makers of History." They are as absorbing as anything you can imagine. They are the kind of books that keep people up late reading. Once you start to read any of these volumes you dislike to stop until the book is finished. Hundreds of thousands know and own these books. Their sale is ever increasing, because they are real books to be read and enjoyed—not to be put away and never looked at.

Read coupon carefully; price is cut in halves. You take no risk. After examination, if books are not found to be satisfactory, return them at our expense. Remember, these sets are as good as new for all practical purposes. We guarantee the interiors are not injured.

40 Magnificent Books, Less than **47** Cents a Volume

We Recommend the Special Library Binding.

Free Eight Volumes Shakespeare Coupon

Harper's History Club, 16 East 17th St., New York

[illegible]

MAKERS OF HISTORY

32 volumes, bound in the style [illegible]

[illegible]

NAME

STREET

CITY OR TOWN

STATE

Description of the Free Shakespeare

[illegible]

George Long Duyckinck

[illegible]

Order to-day—to-morrow may be too late. Only 210 sets will be given away

Titles of Books

- William the Conqueror
- Alexander the Great
- Alfred the Great
- Richard I.
- Cyrus the Great
- Genghis Khan
- Xerxes
- Julius Cæsar
- Pyrrhus
- Charles I.
- Josephine
- Marie Antoinette
- Hernando Cortez
- King Philip
- Louis Philippe
- Queen Elizabeth
- Cleopatra
- Margaret of Anjou
- Richard II
- Darius the Great
- Peter the Great
- Hannibal
- Nero
- Romulus
- Hortense
- Madame Roland
- Henry IV.
- Joseph Bonaparte
- Louis XIV
- Charles II
- Richard III
- Mary Queen of Scots

HARPER'S HISTORY CLUB

16 East 17th St., New York, N. Y.

$25.00

If You Earn Less

I Can Help Your Salary or Income

by teaching you how to write catchy, intelligent advertising.

If you are ambitious, have a common-school education, and wish to qualify for ready positions at $25 a week and over, you should write for free copy of my new prospectus. One graduate fills $8,000 place, another $5,000, and any number earn $1,500. The best clothing ad. writer in New York owes his success within a few months to my teachings. Demand exceeds supply.

My System of Advertising Instruction by Mail has the hearty endorsement of the real experts and publishers, and I am anxious to send my prospectus together with the most remarkable fac-simile proof ever given in the history of correspondence instructions, if you are interested.

But send for the Prospectus to-day

GEORGE H. POWELL, 1341 Temple Court, New York

Per Week

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY Selling

The Stillwell Incandescent Gas Burner

Most perfect article for stores, offices, homes, [illegible] and every place where a powerful, [illegible], white and economical light is required. Every burner sold sells many more. We want an active man in every gas town. [illegible] Write to-day

THE STILLWELL LIGHT CO., Inc.
323-325 S. Lawrence Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Learn by mail to pass successfully

Regents *and other Examinations*

In Algebra, Geometry, English, Composition, Economics, Arithmetic, History, Latin, Business Arithmetic, Rhetoric, Physics, [illegible] Mathematics, etc. Our lessons by mail [illegible] and you can complete our course by studying [illegible] spare time. Write for prospectus—free.

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Inc.
Dept. F, 97 East 23d Street, New York

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes **216 varieties** of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.

DO NOT STAMMER

Hon. John Wanamaker endorses the Philadelphia Institute for Stammerers. The pioneer school. 20th year. 80-p. book free. Edwin S Johnston, Pres't and Founder, 1033-1043 Spring Garden St. Phila.

Do You Want To Dress Stylishly

Do you want an all-wool suit or overcoat made for you, and to fit you, [illegible] the fabrics? Do you [illegible] absolutely satisfied before you pay for the garment

Do you want a pair of All-Wool Tailor-Made

$5 Trousers Free

[illegible] to you for doing us a favor? [illegible] read carefully and act promptly on this Tailor Made

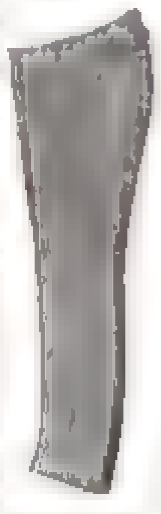
$10 Suit Offer

We will send you samples of [illegible] we will make you a suit or overcoat for $10.00 the equal of which you cannot buy for $15 anywhere else, and give you an extra pair of $5.00 [illegible] without charge [illegible] it be like [illegible] to buy suits on our exceedingly liberal terms [illegible] prove [illegible] save you money [illegible] give you absolute satisfaction [illegible] actually wear the garments [illegible]

[illegible] $10 [illegible] samples — also ask for our superb [illegible] Wool Fall Fabrics at $12.50, $15.00 and [illegible] prices — our New Fall Style Book and [illegible] instructions for taking measures all sent free, together with [illegible] pays you $2.50 in cash before you get your suit

Owen T. Moses & Co., 201 Moses Bldg., Chicago

References Your friends or Milwaukee Ave State Bank, Chicago. Capital $250,000.00.



Good Citizens

(Concluded from Page 3)

She came to him slowly, laying both hands in his, head high, frightened half to death

I can consider you. I think we both must be mad — but that can't be helped now I think I — had — better — go

He was decent; he kept his head through that throbbing, blinding, tumultuous second, touching her imprisoned hands with his mouth — scarcely knowing what he did.

The children were far down the brook they walked forward to corral them, moving dazedly side by side. It was a stunning blow that Fate had dealt those young people; they recovered slowly. Humor was the first ally to aid her, for she had been informed by her mother that the young man's sister was a matchmaker of a redoubtable variety

And as they seized and roped their respective charges, wiped their faces and drove them before them toward the railway station, she laughed tremendously at the prospect before her when her mother and his sister should require explanations

"As a matter of fact" she said when they seated themselves tête à tête in the Pullman, "you really ought to know something about me — my name, for instance"

The fixed enchantment of his gaze never wavered

"Don't you want to know?" she asked, bending a trifle toward him

"I only know that you are a — a good citizen and the sweetest girl in the world," said that infatuated young man

Fortunately the roar of the cars excluded his observation from any ears but hers.

"You — you must wait before you make — real love to me," she said under her breath, and resting her chin on her hand looked at him

Yes, he was probably worth it; there was not a trace of resentment or of humiliation in her, taken by storm as she had been

"Your sister — I hope — will not be displeased," she said demurely.

"I don't know," replied that honest young man, troubled for the first time; "she wanted me to — to meet somebody or other ——"

And "Somebody or other" lay back in the big Pullman chair, watching him with shy, friendly eyes

* * *

George Ade and the Gamecock

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON, the well known cartoonist and war correspondent, recently returned from a visit to George Ade's new country place in Indiana, and told this story

"I was met at the station by an English coachman and a smart trap and driven to Ade's place, which is a duplicate of a first class English country estate. But I hadn't been there long before I noticed that chicken was a staple article of diet and that the fowls seemed to be a little — well, slightly mature

"After dinner one day I discovered the reason for all this. Two farmers called, asked for Ade, and pointed significantly to the small sacks which they had brought Ade nodded, led the way to the chicken house, and invited me to follow. There he brought out a black and-red game rooster. One of the young farmers also took a rooster of a larger breed from his sack.

"'Of course,' said Ade, 'if your rooster should meet sudden death I shall expect to have him served for dinner to-morrow.'

"'That's all right,' replied the farmer; 'but you'd better order some beefsteak just the same.'

"Inside of ten minutes both the fowls of the challengers were dead, and I understood the reason why we had been served with so many muscular 'broilers.'

"'You see,' explained Ade, 'the boys around here started the game — saw my little rooster and decided that they'd just take me down a peg. Of course, looking at it one way, fighting chickens is wicked sport — very! — but I couldn't very well take a dare and be set down by my new neighbors as a coward. So I told 'em to come on. As a result, that little rooster has kept me in meat right along. The quality might be a little better, but the quantity's all right. Besides, there's nothing cruel about it. My little fellow makes just one jump and it's all over. As a means of handing out painless death to ambitious roosters he beats the family hatchet clear off the chopping block.'"

Used by the Royal Families and Smart Hotels Throughout Europe

CEREBOS TABLE SALT NOURISHES

The husks, the pods, and the bones that the cook throws away contain most of the "vital" salts — the phosphates needed by teeth, bones, brain and nerves. Cerebos Salt restores the lost phosphates. It is also the daintiest salt for table and kitchen.

Does Not Readily Cake

Send for sample, enough for the family, naming your grocer.

"CEREBOS," 78 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK

PENDLETON INDIAN ROBES

$4 to $15 Express Prepaid

Made of the finest Eastern Oregon Wool, in absolutely fast colors in the latest, most attractive [illegible] these popular robes have become a necessity in the well-ordered home The color com[illegible] [illegible] The [illegible] is the best judge of a blanket, always buys the best That is why we ship thousands to the Reservations every year. They are used everywhere for [illegible]

[illegible] FREE catalogue "S," [illegible] the various patterns and the robes in [illegible] Robes returnable if not perfectly satisfactory

PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, Pendleton, Oregon

Dealers, write us for discounts

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

to get exclusive control of our new patent eye glasses in your vicinity. Easy to sell. No competition. We advertise for you, and tell you how to establish a successful business. Briggs Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y.

STEVENS

WHAT'S THE USE OF WORRYING

what Firearms to obtain, so long as [illegible] STEVENS [illegible] "Guaranteed for Quality" and [illegible] their present [illegible]

The exacting requirements [illegible] sportsmen the world over have been invariably met by the famous

Stevens Rifles, Pistols and Shotguns

Ask your Dealer, and insist on the STEVENS. Where [illegible] we ship [illegible] prepaid, upon [illegible]

Send for 136 Page Illustrated Book of STEVENS FACTS [illegible] spective shooters. Mailed for 4 cents in stamps to cover postage

[illegible] if you think hard. [illegible]

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO., 155 Main St. Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

VOSE PIANOS

Established in Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-One

They are superior in Artistic Quality because they are

SUPERIOR IN ESSENTIALS

Vose tone, Vose action and Vose construction are standards of the world

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a vose piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston.

Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

160 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

$42,000 in Cash to Saturday Evening Post Readers

FORTY TWO THOUSAND dollars will be divided this fall and winter among 2,222 persons who help to look after renewals and to send new subscriptions for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST A part of it will be divided each month

These cash prizes are simply *extra incentives* to good work. A generous commission will be paid for every subscription forwarded.

Any person willing to devote a few hours a week to work among his or her friends and neighbors can earn as much as $500 prize money each month, in addition to the commissions Extra inducements to those who start at once

There is no expense involved and no business experience is necessary. Drop a line and everything necessary will be sent.

CIRCULATION BUREAU

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA

Subscribe NOW to THE ART INTERCHANGE

It is the OLDEST, BEST AND MOST PROGRESSIVE ART AND HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Indispensable to Art Workers, and an invaluable guide in ALL BRANCHES OF HOME DECORATION — 35 cents a copy at all dealers. [illegible] $4.00 [illegible] months $2.00

Special Offer To introduce THE ART INTERCHANGE into new homes, and that every POST reader may [illegible] for only 25 cents a specimen copy, with [illegible] pictures Roses and Violets — each 10 x 35 inches [illegible] two studies alone [illegible]

Special Limited Offers [illegible] $2.00 [illegible] get THE ART INTERCHANGE [illegible] for 10 MONTHS [illegible] only $2.00 [illegible] $4.00 [illegible] only $4.00 [illegible] REMIT NOW, or you will be too late. Illustrated Catalog free.

THE ART INTERCHANGE, 7 West 16th St. New York

Ralston HEALTH Shoes $4.

For Lovers of Foot Ease

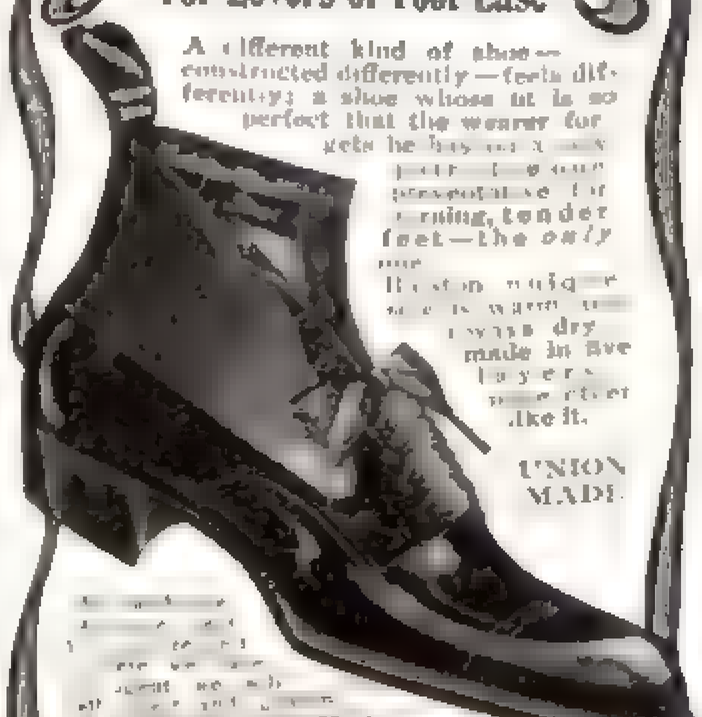
A different kind of shoe — constructed differently — feels differently; a shoe whose fit is so perfect that the wearer forgets he has on a new pair [illegible] preventative for burning, tender feet — the *only* one [illegible] Ralston unique [illegible] warm [illegible] dry made in five layers [illegible] like it.

UNION MADE

[illegible]

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS

985 Main Street, Campello, Mass.



Electric Savings Bank

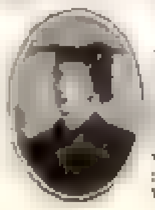
[illegible]

$1.50

Louis Mfg. Co., 51 Broadway, New York

CHATTANOOGA COLLEGE OF LAW

Law Department of Grant University Two years [illegible] Next term begins Oct [illegible] and full information [illegible] Major C. R. Evans, Tenn (Dept 0), Chattanooga, Tenn



WORTH WHILE GREAT CARD GAME

INTENSELY ENTERTAINING — NOT BOISTEROUS

ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

SOUVENIR EDITION

Price 50 cents. Gilt Edge 75 cents sent postpaid or at your dealers

GEO. B. DOAN & CO. - - - - CHICAGO

Will Your Razor Do This?

A well-sharpened razor should cut a hair held between finger and thumb and do it *at a touch*. Will yours? If not you need a Torrey Strop. A razor cannot be kept in the best of condition without the best strop, and the best strop is the Torrey Strop. No other strop has its wonderful sharpening qualities. Torrey Strops are made and guaranteed by the oldest and most experienced strop makers. They are made of the finest materials and made by a process known only to the Torrey makers.

TORREY STROPS

are made in all styles. Popular prices — 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50. Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Torrey's **Oil-Edge** Dressing will keep any strop soft and pliable. Price 15c at dealers, or mailed on receipt of price. Catalogue of Torrey Strops, containing valuable information for those who shave, sent free.

J. R. TORREY & CO.,
P. O. Box 35 Worcester, Mass.

YOUR TEETH are what you make them. In the years to come you will be happy that you commenced now to use

Dr. Graves
Unequaled
Tooth Powder

Smooth and delightful. Removes tartar, prevents decay, makes the teeth white.
3 Ounce Metal Bottle 25c 5 Ounce Metal Bottle 50c

DR. E. L. GRAVES
UNEQUALED
TOOTH POWDER
FOR HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL TEETH

SOLD EVERYWHERE
A Trial Bottle FREE on Request
Dr. Graves Tooth Powder Co., Chicago, Ill

"WELL, THAT'S FINE"

"GEM" Safety Razor

The best razor for every man who shaves. Highest grade materials, finest [illegible] steel blades, edged by experts [illegible] the standard [illegible] with all other razors [illegible] makes shaving a pleasure.

Send for our interesting FREE Booklet

Razor Complete, $2.00. Morocco Case, 2 blades, $3.50.

At dealers or direct on receipt of price

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
Dept. G 34 Reade Street, NEW YORK

Eve at Heart's Desire

(Concluded from Page 8)

she saw all that any woman may see who listens to the summons of life and love.

"Oh, Woman!" he whispered; and there was something akin to agony in his voice. "I've waited, but I didn't know. Constance, it's as though I were the first man — it's as though you were Eve herself. Look, it is our world. Oh, Eve, Eve!"

When at length the stage started back upon its return journey from Heart's Desire, the whole town knew and approved of the course taken by Dan Anderson in the handling of the local interests on the occasion of this, the most actual visit of Eastern Capital the community had ever known. The town knew that there were, among all its chimeras, two or three actual gold mines which would bear development, and a mountainside of coal, worth no man could tell how much. Whether this was the beginning or the end of Heart's Desire is a matter of opinion. For myself, indignation overwhelmed me, and there were those who planned swiftly for Arizona and Alaska and the Andes, knowing that the end would now presently be at hand, and that our enchanted valley would go the way of the rest of the world in these modern days.

It was a happy and bright-eyed young woman who looked out from the uncurtained side of the coach. And then Dan Anderson, in the presence of assembled Heart's Desire, after he had shaken hands with Mr. Ellsworth, reached up and kissed the girl a deliberate farewell! She drew back, rosy and confused. Her father flushed and scowled. Dan Anderson was not confused as he stood and watched the coach pass down the road.

"In Heaven's name, man," said I, "haven't you done enough? Are you mad?"

Dan Anderson looked about without seeing me. "The woman tempted me," said he, and he smiled, as it seemed to me at that time, somewhat enigmatically.

(THE END)

THE "ONEITA"

ONEITA
Elastic Ribbed
Union Suits

cover the entire body like an additional skin, fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. [illegible] Made for men, [illegible] young people. Most convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can [illegible] a perfect fit for [illegible]

Sold by best dealers everywhere. Send for Illustrated Booklet.

ONEITA MILLS
Dept. 2
1 Greene Street, N. Y.

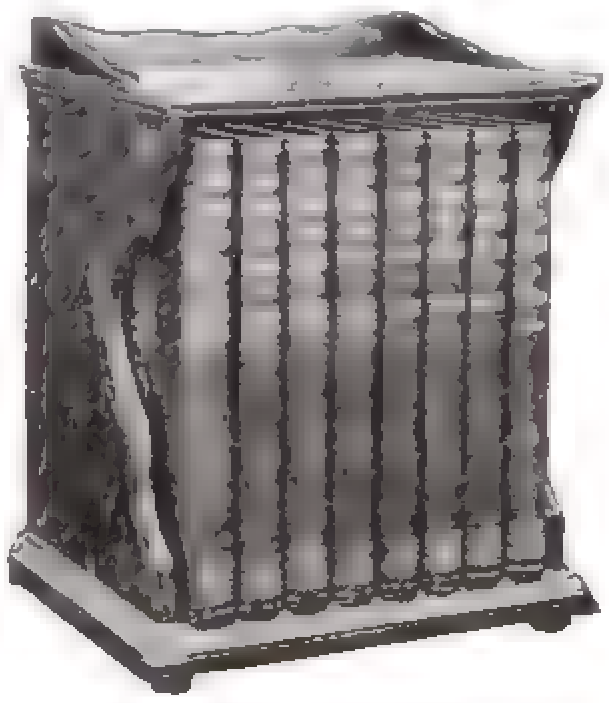
KING MANTELS
ARE THE MANTELS FOR THE DISCRIMINATING BUYER

You will endorse this statement when you see our [illegible] King Mantels [illegible] postage, 12 cents. [illegible] little book [illegible] free [illegible] state number of mantels wanted. King Mantel Co., 626 Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.

"The World's Best Music"

ABSOLUTELY FREE for five days' examination

[illegible] Free If You Order at Once



What MARGARET E. SANGSTER says:

"I have seldom seen anything so well worth having in one's home. I have lingered over every page with peculiar pleasure, and have no hesitation in saying that you have made a collection of great value both in the music and in the artistic and biographical features."

If there is a piano in your home, you are constantly buying sheet music — and paying high prices for it. It lies in ragged piles around the house and becomes scattered and torn. You lose money by buying music in that way, to say nothing of your loss of time and temper when searching for a particular selection. Why not buy your music in volumes filled with the best selections and thoroughly indexed? The **"Library of the World's Best Music"** is designed for your needs. Its eight volumes — sheet music size, but light and easy to handle — are crowded with the best vocal and instrumental music, carefully selected by an experienced corps of music editors. If you were to buy the music it contains, one piece at a time, **it would cost you over $200.00.** Through our Musical Library Club — for a limited time — the entire set will cost you one-tenth of that amount and you can pay in

Little Monthly Payments

"The World's Best Music" is complete in **eight large volumes** [illegible] 9 x 12 inches in size, attractively bound in half leather or cloth. By means of an ingenious device in binding, the volumes open flat at the piano and remain open. A set contains over 400 illustrations, including numerous chromatic art plates, printed in ten to twelve colors. There are **2,200 pages of sheet music** in the entire library.

IF YOU ARE A PIANIST you will find this collection of music invaluable. It contains **300 instrumental selections** by the [illegible] composers, including popular and operatic melodies, [illegible] Wagner, Mozart, [illegible]

IF YOU LIKE MUSIC but do not play yourself you cannot make a better present to your wife or daughter than a set of this Musical Library. [illegible] the encyclopedia is to knowledge — the best of all property [illegible]

IF YOU ARE A SINGER the "World's Best Music" will increase your repertoire. It will place in your hands **300 of the best old and new songs,** duets, trios, and quartets, arranged for [illegible] The selections [illegible] all the [illegible] songs [illegible] the new and popular [illegible] of the last few years.

IF YOU ARE A STUDENT of music, you will find this Library more than half a musical education. The selections [illegible] made by Reginald DeKoven, Victor Herbert, [illegible] Johnson, Gerrit Smith, and others equally well known in the musical world. As a musical [illegible] is unexcelled, as it contains **300 biographies of musicians and 400 portraits.**

The Coupon Cuts the Price in Two!

Our Musical Library Club has secured an entirely new edition of the "World's Best Music" at a price slightly above the cost of paper and printing. On this account we are able to offer it at about one-half the regular subscription prices — **payable $1.00 or $2.00 a month.** Through the Club — direct from the publisher to the customer — you can secure a set for $22.00 in cloth binding and $26.00 in half leather. These sets regularly sell at $38.00 and $46.00. Our edition is small, so to avoid possible disappointment mail the coupon to-day. We will then send you a set (**express paid by us**) for examination and use. After five days' examination, if you are not satisfied, return the books to us at our expense.

FREE — Elegant Oak Bookcase

We have a small number of elegant oak wood bookcases, that are made especially to hold a set of the "World's Best Music." **Their retail price is $4.00,** but we have decided to offer them as premiums to prompt subscribers. To obtain a bookcase free with your set, it will be necessary to send the coupon at once. This bookcase is a present from us, and does not increase the cost of the books [illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
78 Fifth Ave., New York

Inspection Coupon

S. E. P.
9-5

The University Society, New York

Please send me on approval [illegible] a set of "THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC," in half leather. If satisfactory I agree to pay $1.00 within 5 days and $2.00 per month thereafter until $26.00 has been paid. If not satisfactory I agree to return the set within 5 days. Also send me your $4.00 bookcase, which I am to retain free of charge if I keep the books.

Name

Street *City*

In ordering cloth, change $26.00 to $22.00. If you prefer [illegible]

Pears'

A soft, fine grained skin is a valued possession.

Pears' Soap gives title to ownership.

Established in 1789.

ATTEND THE ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

A delightful profession, quickly and easily learned. Pays well. Good positions secured for graduates. Only college of Photography in the world. Terms easy, and living inexpensive. Write for our beautifully illustrated catalogue. Address

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
952 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Ill.

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags
SAVE [illegible] OF A BOOK-KEEPER'S TIME

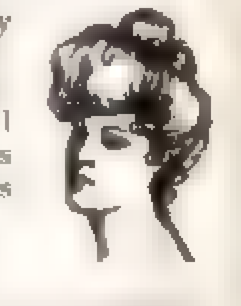
Steel clips or leather tabs. Instantly [illegible] moved to meet changing conditions. 500 kinds in stock [illegible] Accounts, Cities, Alphabets, States, Days, Numbers, Months and Tags to WRITE on.

Used by U. S. War Dept., American Tin Plate Co., Illinois Central R. R. [illegible]

Catalog Free
Sample 6 Cents

Dept F, Chas C. Smith, Mfr., Exeter, Neb.

ILLUSTRATING — CARTOONING



Taught quickly and cheaply in your own home. Original schools in these lines. Thousands of successful graduates. Your success assured. Our book "Profits for Illustrators" tells how. It's free. Ask now.

ALSO

Best courses ever offered in **Law, Pharmacy, Book-keeping, Stenography, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture, Journalism, Ad-Writing, Story-Writing, Letter-Writing.** Our free book tells everything. Get it to-day.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
30 North Pa. St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

(Continued from Page 11)

last night—why, I thought the money was mine, Peggy. I'd never have asked you if I hadn't thought that. I—ah, you don't believe me, you don't believe me, Peggy, and I swear I'm telling you the simple truth! Why, I hadn't ever seen that last will, Peggy! It was locked up in that centre place in the desk, you remember. Why—why, you yourself had the keys to it, Peggy. Surely you remember, dear?" And Billy's voice shook and skipped whole octaves as he pleaded with her, for he knew she did not believe him, and he could not endure the horror of her eyes.

But Margaret shook her head; and as aforetime the twitching lips continued to laugh beneath those tragic eyes. Ah, poor little lady of Elfland! poor little Undine with a soul wakened to suffering!

"Clumsy, very clumsy!" she rebuked him. "I see that you are accustomed to prepare your lies in advance, Mr. Woods. As an extemporaneous liar you are very clumsy. Men don't propose by mistake except in farces; and while we are speaking of farces, don't you think it time to drop that one of your not knowing about that last will?"

"The farce!" Billy stammered. "You—why, you saw me when I found it!"

"Ah, yes, I saw you when you pretended to find it. I saw you when you pretended to unlock that centre place. But now, of course, I know it never was locked. I'm very careless about locking things, Mr. Woods. Ah, yes, that gave you a beautiful opportunity, didn't it? So, when you were rummaging through my desk—without my permission, by the way, but that's a detail—you found both wills and concocted your little comedy? That was very clever. Oh, you think you're awfully smooth, don't you, Billy Woods? But if you had been a bit more daring, don't you see, you could have suppressed the last one and taken the money without being encumbered by me? That was rather clumsy of you, wasn't it?" Suave, gentle, sweet as honey was the speech of Margaret as she lifted her face to his, but her eyes were tragedies.

"Ah!" said Billy. "Ah—yes—you think—that." He was very careful in articulating his words, was Billy, and afterward he nodded his head gravely. The universe had, somehow, suffered an airy dissolution like that of Prospero's masque—Selwoode and its gardens, the great globe itself, "the cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples," were all as vanished wraiths. There was only Peggy left—Peggy with that unimaginable misery in her eyes that he must drive away, somehow. If that was what she thought there was no way for him to prove it wasn't so.

"Why, dear me, Mr. Woods," she retorted carelessly, "what else *could* I think?"

Here Mr. Woods blundered.

"Ah, think what you will, Peggy!" he cried, his big voice cracking and sobbing and resonant with pain. "Ah, my dear, think what you will, but don't grieve for it, Peggy! Why, if I'm all you say I am, that's no reason you should suffer for it! Ah, don't, don't, Peggy! don't! I can't bear it, dear," he pleaded with her helplessly.

Billy was suffering, too. But her sorrow was the chief of his, and what stung him now to impotent anger was that she must suffer, and he be unable to help her—for, ah, how willingly, how gladly, he would have borne all poor Peggy's woes upon his own broad shoulders!

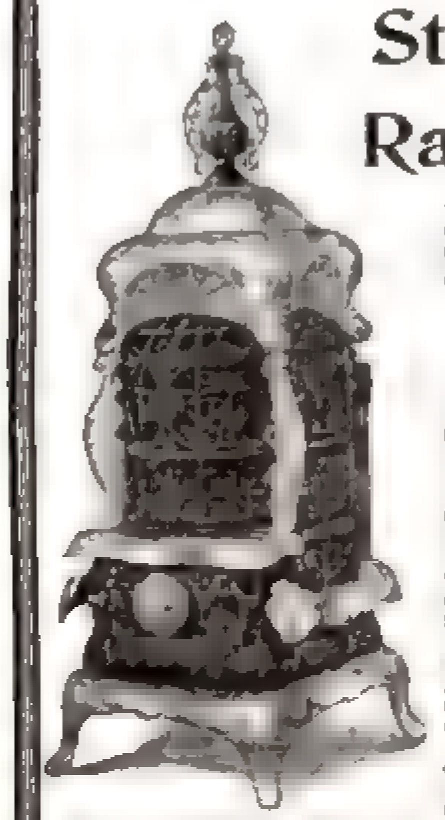
But, none the less, he had lost an invaluable opportunity to hold his tongue.

"Suffer! I suffer!" she mocked him languidly; and then, like a banjo-string, the tension snapped, and she gave a long, angry gasp, and her wrath flamed.

"Upon my word, you're the most conceited man I ever knew in my life! You think I'm in love with you! With *you!* Billy Woods, I wouldn't wipe my feet on you if you were the last man left on earth! I hate you, I loathe you, I detest you, I despise you! Do you hear me? I hate you. What do I care if you *are* a snob, and a cad, and a fortune-hunter, and a forger, and—well, I don't care! Perhaps you haven't ever forged anything yet, but I'm quite sure you would if you ever got an opportunity. You'd be delighted to do it. Yes, you would—you're just the sort of man who *revels* in crime. *I* love you! Why, that's the best joke I've

WE SAVE YOU
All Dealers' Profit
From $5 to $[illegible] [illegible] stove or range [illegible]

Kalamazoo
Stoves and Ranges



We [illegible] you from our own factory, freight prepaid [illegible]

360 Days Approval

[illegible] We save you all jobbers', dealers' and middlemen's profits [illegible] Regardless of dealers' prejudice, investigate for yourself [illegible] most extraordinary bargain price on our Oak Stove [illegible] Kalamazoo Oak.

SEND FOR NEW FREE CATALOGUE

and compare our prices and quality [illegible] dealers. That will tell the story [illegible]

KALAMAZOO STEEL RANGES
KALAMAZOO STEEL COOK STOVES.
KALAMAZOO OAK HEATERS at special factory prices
A HIGH GRADE LINE OF CAST COOK STOVES for wood or wood and coal
A NEW CAST RANGE for hard coal exclusively, made especially for the eastern and city trade—a great money saver
A NEW SELF FEEDING BASE BURNER—handsomely nickeled—the equal of any high grade parlor stove in the world—a great [illegible]
KALAMAZOO HOT BLAST STOVE for soft coal
A NEW CAST COTTAGE HEATING STOVE for wood. **ETC. ETC**

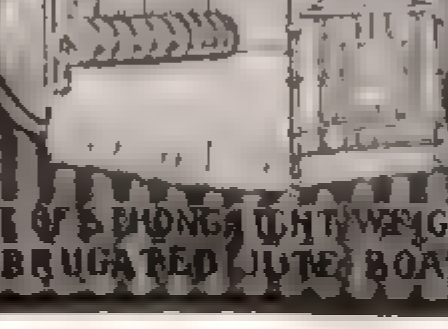
[illegible] **Grand Range** Made exclusively for hard coal or wood—it's the kind the New England, New York and Penn [illegible] the price will surprise you because of its reasonableness.

[illegible] **REMEMBER** we are manufacturers, not simply dealers, we guarantee our product under a $20,000 bank bond, **we pay the freight** if you are not perfectly satisfied [illegible] keep the purchase, we give you a 360 day approval test. [illegible] **Send for free catalogue No. 152** [illegible] compare our prices and then let us ship you a Kalamazoo.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

[illegible]

ACME BOLSTER ROLL



MADE OF STRONG LIGHT WEIGHT CORRUGATED JUTE BOARD

Instead of Mussed Pillows

[illegible] dress the bed during the day with an Acme Bolster Roll [illegible] spread. The effect is stylish and handsome.

The Acme weighs only 4 lbs., is easy to handle and lasts a lifetime. One style has openings in which to [illegible] page book, "Home Comfort and Beauty," explains all. Write for it.

If your local dealer will not supply you, write us, stating width of your bed, enclose express or P. O. order for $2, we will prepay an Acme Roll to any express point on or east of the Mississippi River. Money back if you want it.

H. & D. Paper Co., 844 Water St., Sandusky, O.

YOU Can make good salary and secure valuable premiums selling our **HANDSOME PETTICOATS.** Catalog free. Write now for particulars. **PARIS SKIRT CO**
910 St. Clair St. Cleveland, Ohio

Compendium of Drawing
A COMPLETE CYCLOPEDIA
For the Library, the Shop, the Student
900 Pages—1000 Illustrations, Folding Plates, Etc.

Size 8 x 10 inches

SENT
FREE
Express Prepaid
FOR EXAMINATION

REGULAR price $10.00 reduced nearly one-half in order to introduce the work. No more comprehensive treatise on drawing ever published. $25.00 would not buy separate volumes covering the subjects. Practical test questions combine the advantages of a text book with a Cyclopedia of Drawing.

H. W. Le SOURD, Instructor, Milton Academy, says:
"* * * have decided to put the books into our drawing [illegible] reference books so you will find check enclosed for another set."

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Not Good After November 1st

BOTH VOLUMES sent free on approval (express prepaid). Keep them five days.
If satisfactory send $1.00 and $1.00 per month for five months thereafter. Otherwise notify us and we will transfer them absolutely free.

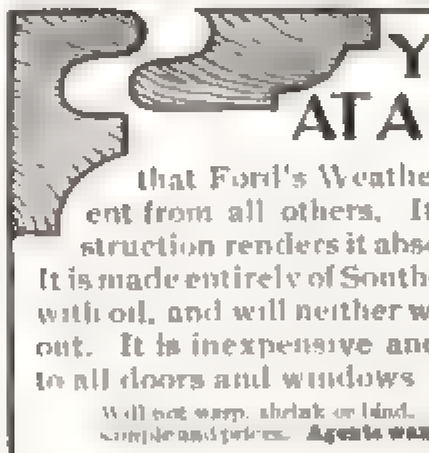
LIST OF AUTHORS AND SUBJECTS

Part I
PROF. E. KENISON, M. I. T. [illegible] Drawing
PROF. H. W. GARDNER, M. I. T. [illegible] Shades and Shadows
[illegible] Lettering, Pen and Ink
PROF. W. H. LAWRENCE, M. I. T. Perspective Drawing
F. C. BROWN, Architect, Boston, Architectural Lettering

Part II
PROF. W. H. JAMES, M. I. T. Working Drawings
" " Mechanical
PROF. C. L. GRIFFIN, formerly Pa. State College, Machine Design
WM. NEUBECKER, N. Y. Trade School, Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting
" " Tinsmithing

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
At Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Ill.

FORD'S WEATHER STRIP



YOU SEE AT A GLANCE

that Ford's Weather Strip is different from all others. Its peculiar construction renders it absolutely air-tight. It is made entirely of Southern pine, treated with oil, and will neither wear out nor rust out. It is inexpensive and easily applied to all doors and windows.

Will not warp, shrink or bind. Send for FREE sample and prices. Agents wanted everywhere.

Chas. J. Ford, Holyoke, Mass.
No. 291 Senior Building

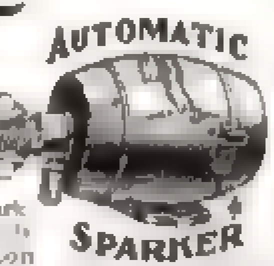
LEARN LAW At Home By Mail

through the Sprague [illegible] Prepares for [illegible] business [illegible] by judges and educators. Successful graduates everywhere. Liberal Terms. Special offer now. [illegible] free.
The Sprague Correspondence School of Law
359 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

PARKER'S Arctic Socks (TRADE MARK)

Healthful for bed chamber, bath and sick room. Worn in rubber boots [illegible] Made of [illegible] 25c pair. Parker pays postage.
Catalogue free. Look for Parker's name in every pair.
J. H. Parker, Dept. 57, 25 James St., Malden, Mass.

The Apple AUTOMATIC SPARKER
For Gas Engines, Launches, Automobiles, etc.

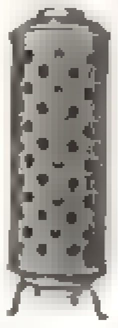


No more belt, batteries [illegible] particulars on our storage batteries, spark coils, timing devices, spark plugs [illegible] The Dayton Electrical Mfg Co., 121 Reibold Bldg., DAYTON, OHIO

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 [illegible]

There is good money breeding them [illegible] makes country life [illegible] are raised [illegible] all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

SAVE ½ YOUR FUEL

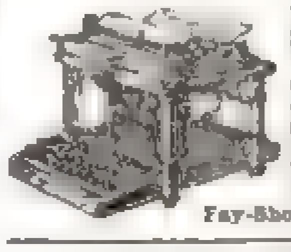


BY USING THE
ROCHESTER RADIATOR
Fits any Stove or Furnace.
Price from $2.00 to $12.00.
Write for booklet on heating homes.
ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO.
70 Furnace St. Rochester, N. Y.

PATENT SECURED
Or Fee Returned. [illegible] opinion as to patentability. [illegible] What to Invent [illegible] publications issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 667 F St., Washington, D. C.

32 SCHOLARSHIPS Without Cash
[illegible] young people entered universities [illegible] THE SATURDAY EVENING POST [illegible] in return for work done in leisure hours during the past summer. THE POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country [illegible] we pay the bills. Just send a line addressed to
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

BIG CLEARING SALE TYPEWRITERS



Fifty cents on the dollar. Over [illegible] thousand machines. Our own new machines at standard prices on Easy Payments [illegible] Agents wanted. Send for free catalog.
Fay-Sholes Co., 194 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill

AN EDUCATION WITHOUT CASH
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested send a line addressed to The Curtis Publishing Company, Philada

HOW TO SECURE MUSIC LESSONS FREE
[illegible] 48 [illegible] Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet, Violin or Mandolin, your expense will only be the cost of the music and the postage, which is small). We teach by mail only and guarantee success. Hundreds write: "Wish I had known of your school before." Any instrument supplied, cash or credit. For booklet, testimonials and FREE tuition contract, address
U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, BOX 184, 19 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE
Bates
SHOE
FOR BOYS
TRADE MARK

The Bates Shoes on your boy's feet will look like this, and his feet will be free from foot troubles in after life. They wear like custom-made. The Bates Shoe will make your boy's feet happy.

Ask your dealer for the Bates Shoe. $2.50 per pair. All leathers, all fittings. Sizes, 1 to 5½. If not obtainable, we will send pair to any point in United States upon receipt of price, delivery charges prepaid.
FREE — a valuable pamphlet about your boy's feet.

A. J. BATES & CO., 3 Bates St., Webster, Mass.

SINGLE BARREL
SHOT GUN
"The high grade single gun"

Simplest "take down" gun made. Top snap; center hammer; rebounding lock. 12, 16 and 20 gauges; automatic and non-ejector styles. Your dealer can supply or we will sell to you direct.

Illustrated Catalog tells about our complete line — FREE.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
Dept. P, Worcester, Mass.
MAKERS OF H & R REVOLVERS.

50 Different Bulbs all for 30c

By mail with cultural directions, for garden or pots.

- 1 Japan Lily.
- 1 Golden Sacred Lily.
- 2 Tulips, 1 double, 1 single.
- 2 Narcissus, " "
- 3 Cardinal Freesia.
- 3 Belgian Hyacinths.
- 3 Giant Crocus.
- 3 Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Giant Anemones.
- 3 Alliums, 3 sorts.
- 3 Triteleia, white star.
- 3 Ixias, 3 sorts.
- 3 Sparaxis, 3 sorts.
- 3 Grape Hyacinths.
- 3 Giant Ranunculus.
- 3 Spanish Iris.
- 3 Oxalis, 3 sorts, mixed.
- 5 Freesias, mixed.

All different colors, and fine flowering hardy bulbs. Also **Free** to all who apply, our elegant **Fall Catalogue** of Bulbs, plants and seeds, for Fall planting and Winter blooming. Choicest Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Crocus, Lilies, Shrubs, Fruits and Rare Plants.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, FLORAL PARK, N. Y.

HOW TO GET A TAILOR-MADE Suit or Overcoat FREE

We make this splendid offer to more thoroughly introduce our **$8.75** Suits and Overcoats. Write for samples and particulars. Agents wanted; sample book furnished. Liberal commissions.

TRAYMORE TAILORING CO., 633 Market St., Philadelphia.

heard for a long time. I'm only sorry for you, Billy Woods — sorry because Kathleen has thrown you over — *sorry*, do you understand? Yes, since you're so fond of skinny women, I think it's a great pity she wouldn't have you. Don't talk to me! she *is* skinny. I guess I know. She's as skinny as a beanpole. She's skinnier than I ever imagined it possible for anybody — *anybody* — to be. And she pads and rouges till I think it's disgusting, and not half — not *one-half* — of her hair belongs to her, and that half is dyed. But, of course, if you like that sort of thing there's no accounting for tastes, and I'm sure I'm very sorry for you, even though personally I *don't* care for skinny women. I hate 'em! And I hate you, too, Billy Woods!"

She stamped her foot, did Margaret. You must bear with her, for her heart is breaking now, and if she has become a termagant it is because her shamed pride has driven her mad. Bear with her, then, a little longer.

Billy tried to bear with her, for, in part, he understood.

"Peggy," said he very gently, "you're wrong."

"Yes, I dare say!" she snapped at him.

"We won't discuss Kathleen, if you please. But you're wrong about the will. I've told you the whole truth about that, but I don't blame you for not believing me, Peggy — ah, no, not I. There seems to be a curse upon Uncle Fred's money. It brings out the worst of all of us. It has changed even you, Peggy — and not for the better, Peggy. You've become distrustful. You — ah, well, we won't discuss that now. Give me the will, my dear, and I'll burn it before your eyes. That ought to show you, Peggy, that you're wrong." Billy was very white-lipped as he ended, for the Woods temper is a short one.

But she had an arrow left for him. "Give it to you! And do you think I'd trust you with it, Billy Woods?"

"Peggy! — ah, Peggy, I hadn't deserved that. Be just, at least, to me," poor Billy begged of her; which was an absurd thing to ask of an angry woman.

"Yes, I *do* know what you'd do with it! You'd take it right off, and have it probated, or executed, or whatever it is they do to wills, and turn me straight out in the gutter. That's just what you're *longing* to do this very moment. Oh, I know, Billy Woods — I know what a temper you've got, and I know you're keeping quiet now simply because you know that's the most exasperating thing you can possibly do. I wouldn't have such a disposition as you've got for the world. You've absolutely *no* control over your temper — not a bit of it. You're *vile*, Billy Woods! Oh, I *hate* you! Yes, you've made me cry, and I suppose you're very proud of yourself. *Aren't* you proud? Don't stand staring at me like a stuck pig, but answer me when I talk to you. Aren't you *proud* of making me cry? Aren't you? Ah, don't talk to me — don't talk to *me*, I tell you. I don't wish to hear a word you've got to say. I *hate* you. And you sha'n't have the money, that's flat."

"I don't want it," said Billy. "I've been trying to tell you for the last half-hour I don't want it. Why can't you talk like a sensible woman, Peggy?" I am afraid that Mr. Woods, too, was beginning to lose his temper.

"That's right — insult me! It only needed that. You *do* want the money, and when you say you don't you're lying — lying — *lying*, do you understand? You all want my money. Oh, dear, *dear!*" Margaret wailed, and her great voice was shaken to its depths, and its sobbing was the long, hopeless sobbing of a violin, as she flung back her tear-stained face and clenched her little hands tight at her sides; "why *can't* you let me alone? You're all after my money — you and Mr. Kennaston, and Mr. Jukesbury, and all of you! Why *can't* you let me alone? Ever since I've had it you've hunted me as if I'd been a wild beast. I haven't had a moment's peace, a moment's rest, a moment's quiet, since Uncle Fred died. They all want my money — everybody wants my money! Oh, Billy, Billy, why *can't* they let me alone?"

"Peggy ——" said he.

But she interrupted him. "Don't talk to *me*, Billy Woods! Don't you *dare* talk to me. I told you I didn't wish to hear a word you had to say, didn't I? Yes, you all want my money. And you sha'n't have it. It's mine. Uncle Fred left it to me. It's mine, I tell you. I've got the greatest thing in the world — money! And I'll keep it. Ah, I hate you all — every one of you — but I'll make you cringe to me. I'll make you *all* cringe, do you hear, because I've got the money you're ready to sell your paltry souls

THOMAS H. HUXLEY

Professor Huxley said:

"Science is, I believe, nothing but trained and organized common sense, differing from the latter only as a veteran may differ from a raw recruit. The vast results obtained by Science are won by no mystical faculties, by no mental processes other than those which are practiced by every one of us in the humblest and meanest affairs of life. The man of science, in fact, simply uses with scrupulous exactness the methods which we all, habitually and at every moment, use carelessly."

COMMON-SENSE is the keynote of the New Science Library; it can be read and enjoyed by the average reader. You need not possess a scientific education to appreciate it. It is a complete, well-rounded, readable and interesting sixteen-volume library filled with the entertaining and instructive facts that modern science has brought to light.

The New Science Library

contains just what you would like to know about modern science, and it answers the questions you have asked yourself a thousand times. You will find in its volumes, ranged side by side, the best work of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall; together with that of dozens of lesser scientists who have contributed to the amazing progress of the last fifty years. It is an autobiography of the wonderful nineteenth century, written by the men who made modern science.

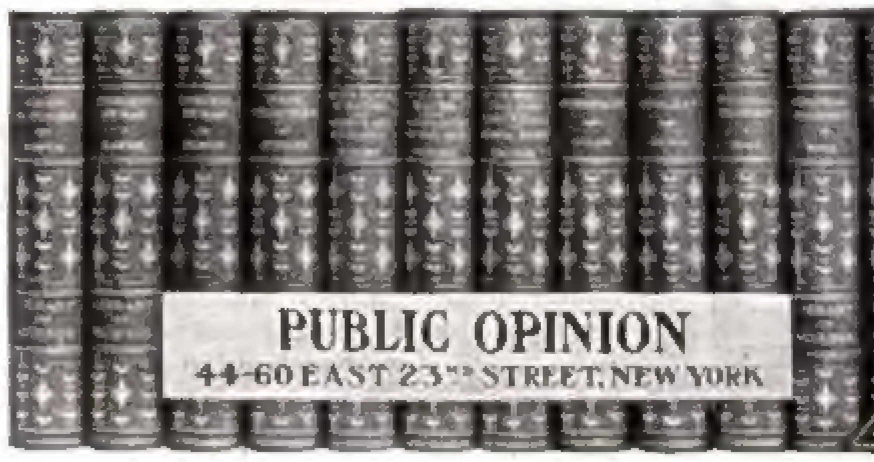
A Modern Book of Wonders

It will tell you how the phonograph was invented; upon what principle wireless telegraphy rests; exactly what the famous Darwinian theory is; how the distance to the stars is measured; what ideas Herbert Spencer brought into the world; how prehistoric man lived and fought twenty thousand years ago; how weather predictions are made — and a thousand other interesting stories. This Library is unique in that it covers comprehensively the entire field of Science, Astronomy, Geology, Invention, Discovery, Natural Philosophy, Anthropology, Electricity, Political Economy, and Evolution.

An Extraordinary Book Bargain

To increase PUBLIC OPINION'S circle of readers, we have secured control of the first edition of the New Science Library, which we intend to distribute — in connection with a year's subscription to our weekly magazine — to prompt bookbuyers at half the publisher's regular prices. We cut the price squarely in two, eliminating profits and commissions, and pass the Library on to you at fifty per cent. discount. This is an unusual book bargain — which we have intended it to be — but the edition of the Library at our disposal is limited, so we ask you to write us at once, if saving half the price of a valuable set of books appeals to you. Cut out the coupon and mail it to us at once — or a copy of it — and we will send you an attractive specimen-page book, free, together with particulars of our Half-Price Offer and Individual Payment Plan, by means of which the purchaser arranges the payments to suit himself.

Mail this Coupon



PUBLIC OPINION
44-60 EAST 23RD STREET, NEW YORK

PUBLIC OPINION,
New York

Please send, without cost to me, the handsome book describing THE NEW SCIENCE LIBRARY, with particulars of your Introductory Offer.

Name...............

Post-Office...............

State...............

S. E. P.—9-17.

Sheldon School Scientific Salesmanship
SURE SYSTEM OF SOLID SUCCESS

EVERYONE recognizes the value of Science when they see it applied. Science applied to business systems and methods is reorganizing the factory, the office, the store, and fitting out every establishment in all its departments that has a reputation for achievement above the ordinary. Science has now invaded the domain of distribution — **the distribution of goods for profit** — which, reduced to a single word, is **Salesmanship.** Sheldon's work in bringing to light the basic laws and principles which underlie the **Art of Selling** has given to the world

The Science of Salesmanship

It reveals the natural methods of self-help, self-development, the study of mankind, the analysis of the articles of commerce and the way to build business.

This Science is now catalogued among the **applied sciences.** Ask us for the evidences. We want you to see what others have to say about it. We want you to see **how they have applied it.**

We will send you full information on receipt of your request. We will include in this information our new 48-page Illustrated Prospectus, embracing the **Science of Salesmanship,** with complete analysis of the Course of Instruction, and how it is all done successfully by correspondence. This book is just off the press, and a careful reading of it may be worth hundreds of dollars to you.

Be among the number who are **leading** in this great movement which is elevating Salesmanship and commercial life in general to a place among the honorable professions. The time of year is at hand when we should cease to think about doing things **and do them.**

It will be our pleasure to give immediate attention to your desire for information.

S. S. of S. S., 1044 McClurg B'dg., Chicago

DO YOUR FEET HURT?

Are they like cut No. 1? If so, you are needlessly pinching and torturing them with shoes that are not right. You can give your feet instant relief and keep them in proper condition (like cut No. 2) by wearing

No. 1.

PETERSON'S ANTI-TENDER-FOOT SHOES

which conform to the natural curves of the foot and thereby give you continued ease and absolute comfort, including positive and lasting relief from bunions, corns, callouses, ingrowing nails, etc.

Send 2-cent stamp for 20-page illustrated booklet "Foot and Shoe Pointers," which tells why your feet are tender and how to care for them, with full description of our shoes; also what our customers say.

M. F. PETERSON & CO., 140 Fifth Ave., Chicago

No. 2.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Produces a safe, white, powerful light, brighter than acetylene or electricity. 100 candle power at a cost of 2c. per week.

Made in over 100 different styles — every one warranted. **Agents wanted. No dirt, smoke, or odor. Everywhere.**

THE BEST LIGHT COMPANY
5-25 E. 5th St. Canton, Ohio

To Owners of Gasoline Engines
Automobiles, Launches, Etc.
The Auto-Sparker

does away entirely with all starting and running batteries, their annoyance and expense. No belt — no switch — no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalog.

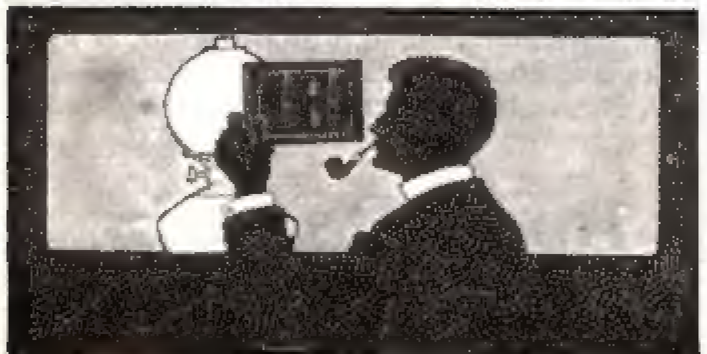
MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
18 Main Street Pendleton, Ind.

Pencil Economy

lies in using
the best pencil,
and the best
pencil for your
special use.

Dixon's Pencil Guide, a 32 page book, **indexed by vocations,** correctly indicates the right pencil for your use. Sent *free.*

Department X
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.,
Jersey City, N. J.

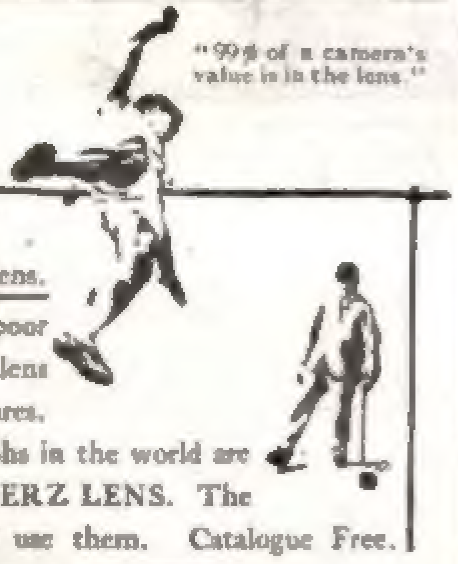


VELOX

All the beauty of platinum and none of the difficulties.

Ask your dealer or write us for a copy of the new Velox Manual.

NEPERA DIVISION,
Eastman Kodak Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.



"99% of a camera's value is in the lens."

The foundation of photography is the lens.

A poor lens makes poor pictures — a good lens makes good pictures. The best photographs in the world are taken with the GOERZ LENS. The best photographers use them. Catalogue Free.

Main Offices, Berlin-Friedenau, Germany. Branch Offices, 4 and 5 Holborn Circus, London, England. 22 Rue de l' Entrepot, Paris.

C. P. GOERZ,
Room 32, 52 E. Union Square, New York

Buy a package of **Wheatlet, Franklin Flour,** or **Franklin Pancake Flour** and learn how to secure this Franklin Universal Breadmaker free, or write for particulars to

The Franklin Mills Co.,
Lockport, N. Y.

INVENTIONS

patented and sale undertaken if patent is obtained through us. 20 years' experience. Send for booklet.

PATENT DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF AMERICA
180 Broadway, New York City

for! Oh, I'll make you cringe most of all, Billy Woods! I'm rich, do you hear?—rich —*rich!* Wouldn't you be glad to marry the rich Margaret Hugonin, Billy?—ah, haven't you schemed hard for that? You'd be glad to do it, wouldn't you? You'd give your petty little soul for that, wouldn't you, Billy? Ah, what a cur you are! Well, some day, perhaps, I'll buy you just as I would any other cur. Wouldn't you be glad if I did, Billy? Beg for it, Billy! Beg, sir! Beg!" And Margaret flung back her head again and laughed shrilly, and held up her hand before him as one holds a lump of sugar before a pug-dog.

In Selwoode I can fancy how the Eagle screamed his triumph.

But Billy's face was ashen.

"Before God!" he said between his teeth, "loving you, as I do, I wouldn't marry you now for all the wealth in the world! The money has ruined you—ruined you, Peggy."

For a little she stared at him. By and by, "I dare say it has," she said in a strangely sober tone. "I've been scolding like a fishwife. I beg your pardon, Mr. Woods—not for what I've said, because I meant every *word* of it, but I beg your pardon for saying it. Don't come with me, please."

Blindly she turned from him. Her shoulders had the droop of an old woman's. Margaret was wearied now, wearied with the weariness of death.

For a while Mr. Woods stared after the tired little figure that trudged straight onward in the sunlight, stumbling as she went. Then a pleached walk swallowed her, and Mr. Woods groaned.

"Oh, Peggy, Peggy!" he said in bottomless compassion; "oh, my poor little Peggy! How changed you are!"

Afterward Mr. Woods sank down upon the bench and buried his face in his hands. He sat there for a long time. I don't believe he thought of anything very clearly. His mind was a turgid chaos of misery; and about him the birds shrilled and quavered and caroled till the air was vibrant with their trilling. One might have thought they choired in honor of the Eagle's triumph, in mockery of poor Billy.

Then Mr. Woods raised his head with a queer, alert look. Surely he had heard a voice—the dearest of all voices.

"Billy!" it wailed; "oh, Billy, *Billy!*"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

Taggart's Run

WHEN "Tom" Taggart, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was a very young man he was appointed a deputy sheriff. It was his first office, and he determined to do his duty. The morning after the honor fell he was called to the door before breakfast by a neighbor who excitedly pointed out a man, bareheaded and dressed in old clothes, who was sprinting rapidly down the road.

"Tom," cried the neighbor, "catch him —catch him! He just knocked a man down and half killed him. Nail him 'fore he escapes!"

Tom vaulted over the front gate and started in pursuit. The man was some distance ahead, but Tom was fresh and ran like a deer. At first he gained on the fellow, but it seemed impossible to come up with him. To Tom's frantic cries to halt in the name of the law the man paid not the least heed. Tom felt for his revolver, but remembered that he had left it under his pillow. If he went back after it he would lose sight of the man. It was too early for any one to be abroad; so there was no chance to impress a posse comitatus. On they sped, with the ambitious deputy sheriff about one hundred yards in the rear.

At the end of a mile or two the fellow turned to the right into a cross-road; this manœuvre he repeated four times in succession, and Tom found himself at the end of an hour in the same road in which he had started, but a couple of miles farther down. Here the fleeing criminal made a sudden spurt and left the officer behind. Still Tom struggled desperately on. Finally he met an old friend.

"Say," he gasped with his last breath, "did you see a bareheaded man go by here on the run? He's a murderer, maybe, and I'm after him."

"I ain't seen nobody," replied the friend, "except that Chicago prize-fighter who come down here to train. He goes by here 'bout this time every morning. Runs ten miles 'fore breakfast to improve his wind, they say."

Woodbury's Facial Soap

gives natural beauty to the complexion. Its special properties yield a tonic-lather that leaves the skin like a baby's cheek—fine, smooth, showing the clear pink and white of health.

The skin soap. 25 cts. a cake.

Woodbury's Facial Cream for sun-burned skin.

Write for beauty booklet (FREE) or send 10 cts. in stamps for handsome brochure, 32 pages, 9 x 12 in. containing large photographic portraits of leading actresses and actors.

The Andrew Jergens Co., Sole Owners, Cincinnati, O.

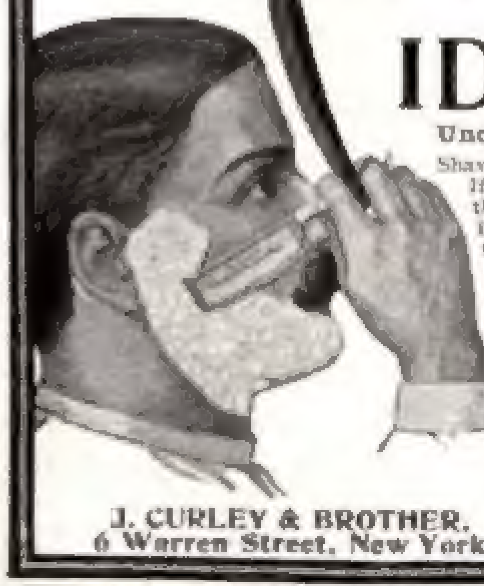
Wash Fabrics

DELICATE SUMMER WEAR COLORED OR WHITE, LINEN, LACE, SILK, will last twice as long when washed with PEARLINE only—look better too.

Pearline's gentle treatment WITHOUT RUBBING or help of any sort, loosens all dirt, and EASY RINSING frees it, leaving no trace of Soap or unpleasant Odor.

BAR SOAP cannot be made which rinses so easily, quickly and thoroughly as PEARLINE. A chemical analysis or practical home test will prove this statement.

Millions Use Pearline



NEW YORK U.S.A.
CURLEY'S IDEAL SAFETY RAZOR
See the Slant

A Sliding Diagonal Shave—

The only scientific movement of the razor—is possible, and absolutely safe only with **The Curley Razor.** The one razor that *will not let you* scrape your face. Shaves the toughest beard from the tenderest skin without the slightest irritation. Price $2.00 postpaid. Extra blades (interchangeable), 75 cents. **Sold by responsible dealers.**

The Curley IDEAL Safety Razor

Unconditionally Guaranteed

Shave with it once, twice or a dozen times. If not perfectly satisfied—if it is not the best razor you ever used, return it within 30 days. We will refund the price and *destroy the razor.* Book No. 7, containing instructions on shaving, free.

J. CURLEY & BROTHER,
6 Warren Street, New York

4% SAVINGS DEPOSITS

U. S. Bonds

are an absolutely safe investment, but, at present prices, they net about 2% interest.

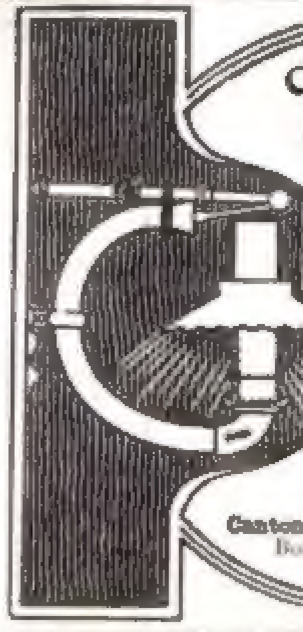
Protected by Capital, Surplus, and Profits of $6,000,000.00, the $10,000,000.00 on deposit in the

PITTSBURG TRUST CO.
Pittsburg, Pa.

are also absolutely safe. Savings Deposits bear 4% interest, compounded semi-annually. Write for free booklet No. 4, which gives the names of the Directors and tells how to save money and do all your

BANKING BY MAIL

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS
$6,000,000.00



CANTON INCANDESCENT GASOLINE LAMPS

Perfection for home, business, church or hall. Attractive bracket, pendant, and chandelier styles.

LIT WITH ONE MATCH LIKE GAS

No dangerous alcohol torch and tiresome wait. 100 candle power light—fine print read 45 feet away. Cost but

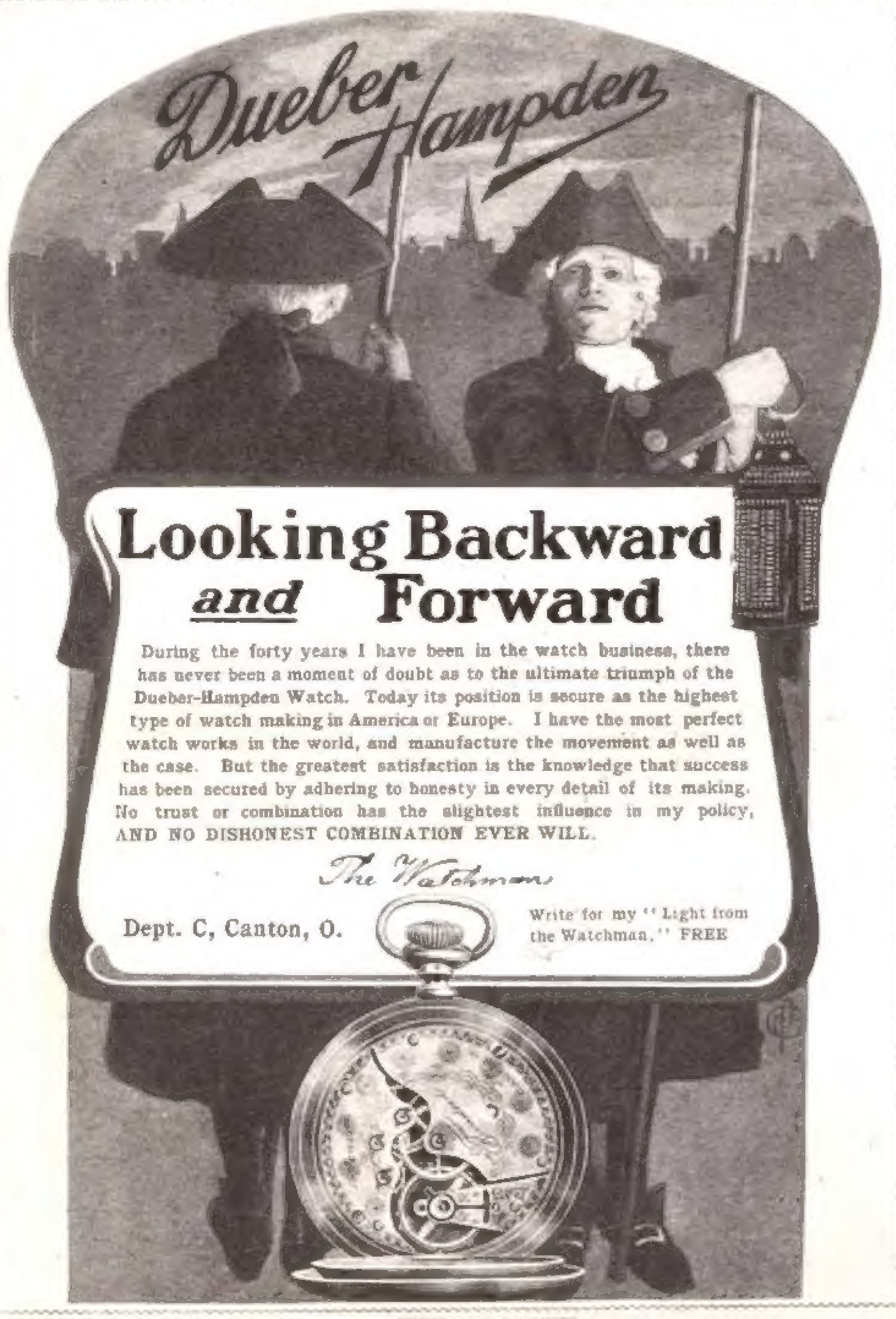
5c FOR 30 HOURS

(An average week's use)
Good money for good agents. Get catalog.

Canton Incandescent Light Co.
Box 602, Canton, Ohio.

JAPANESE Art Calendar

12 x 30 inches, express prepaid on receipt of 75 cts. **The Britton Printing Co., Cleveland, O.**


Dueber Hampden

Looking Backward *and* Forward

During the forty years I have been in the watch business, there has never been a moment of doubt as to the ultimate triumph of the Dueber-Hampden Watch. Today its position is secure as the highest type of watch making in America or Europe. I have the most perfect watch works in the world, and manufacture the movement as well as the case. But the greatest satisfaction is the knowledge that success has been secured by adhering to honesty in every detail of its making. No trust or combination has the slightest influence in my policy, AND NO DISHONEST COMBINATION EVER WILL.

The Watchman

Dept. C, Canton, O.

Write for my "Light from the Watchman," FREE

California

Land of Sunshine, Fruit & Flowers

If all the delightful things you have read and heard about California are true, you would like to go there, wouldn't you?

They ARE true, and if you can spare the time this fall or winter there is no reason why you should not enjoy the charm of California's balmy air and invigorating sunshine, the delicious fruits and lovely flowers, the big trees, the old missions and the glorious Pacific.

Think it over—can you afford to miss the California trip?

The Burlington California Excursions—leaving Boston, Chicago and St. Louis on certain days every week in charge of special conductors—afford a comfortable, interesting and economical way of crossing the continent. These excursions, in connection with the low rates in effect to California via the Burlington, make the expense a comparatively small item.

Burlington Route

Ask us as many questions about the trip and about California as you like—they will be answered correctly, promptly, courteously.

Mention *Saturday Evening Post* and get our interesting California folder.

P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager
Chicago

P 20

And No Discharge

Bang the hammer of a loaded Iver Johnson against the table; throw the revolver around as carelessly as you would a handkerchief; handle it as roughly as you may, and there can be positively no discharge—don't do this with *any other make of revolver* if you value your life.

You can't fire it unless you pull the Trigger

IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS

are the *only* revolvers absolutely safe from accidental discharge—*as safe in the house as the kitchen stove*. The reason lies in the fact that the hammer *never* touches the firing pin, and the firing pin never comes in contact with the cartridge except when the trigger is pulled *all the way back*.

Our Booklet, "Shots," mailed free with our descriptive catalogue, proves these claims and describes Iver Johnsons with complete illustrations. May we send it to you?

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC

Price: Hammer, $5.00; Hammerless, $6.00.

Iver Johnsons are sold by dealers the world over, or direct from us if your dealer won't supply you.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, FITCHBURG, MASS.

Just as sure

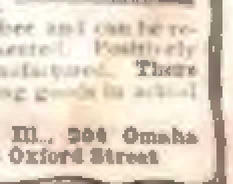
You can provide for your wife and children after you are gone, as well as when you are living.

Write for booklet, "The How and the Why," that tells the best way to do it.

We insure by mail

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

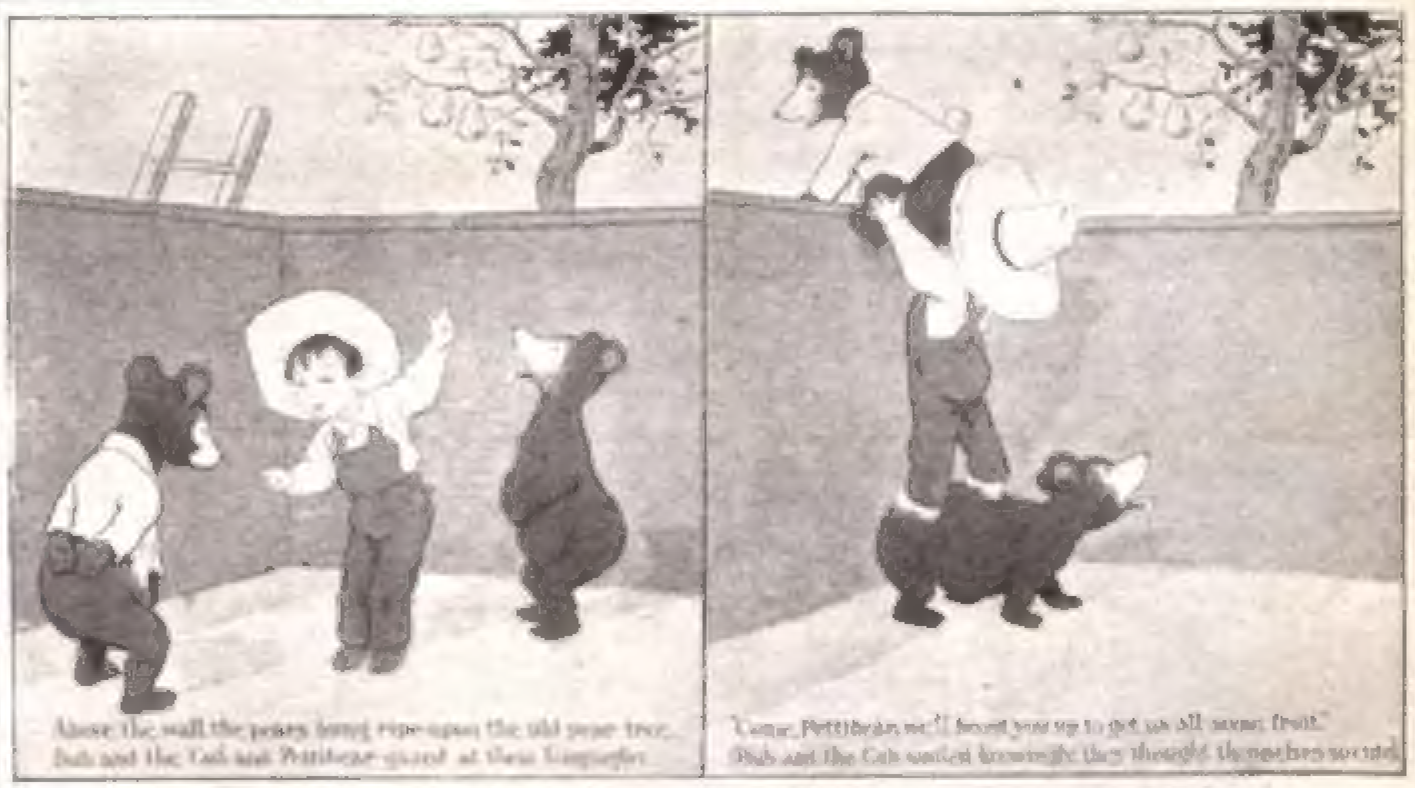
A Complete Carpet for $2.50



The newest, cheapest and most attractive floor covering made is our *BRUXELLE ART RUG* woven in one piece, all sizes and colors, handsome patterns. Can be used on either side. Easily cleaned, warranted to outwear higher priced carpets. Delivered free and can be returned and money refunded if not as represented. Positively the cheapest and best thing of the kind manufactured. There are none so good. Catalogue free, showing goods in actual colors; send to place nearest you.

SANITARY MFG. CO., Inc., Chicago, Ill., 304 Omaha Building; Philadelphia, Penna., 105 Oxford Street

---


Above the wall the pears hung ripe upon the old pear tree,
Bub and the Cub and Pettibear gazed at them longingly.
"Come, Pettibear, we'll boost you up to get us all some fruit."
Bub and the Cub smiled knowingly; they thought themselves so cute.

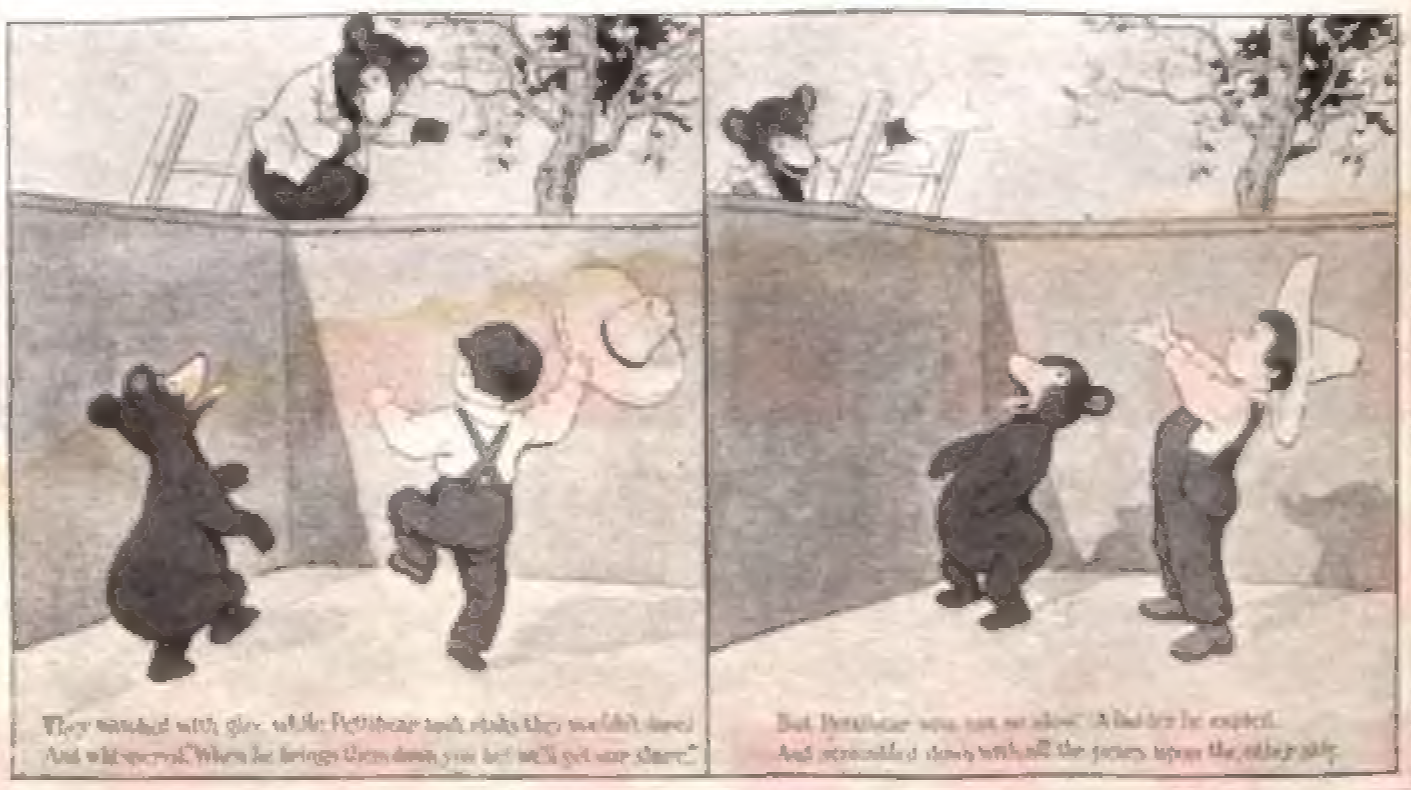
Best for you—delicious, nutritious, home-cooked

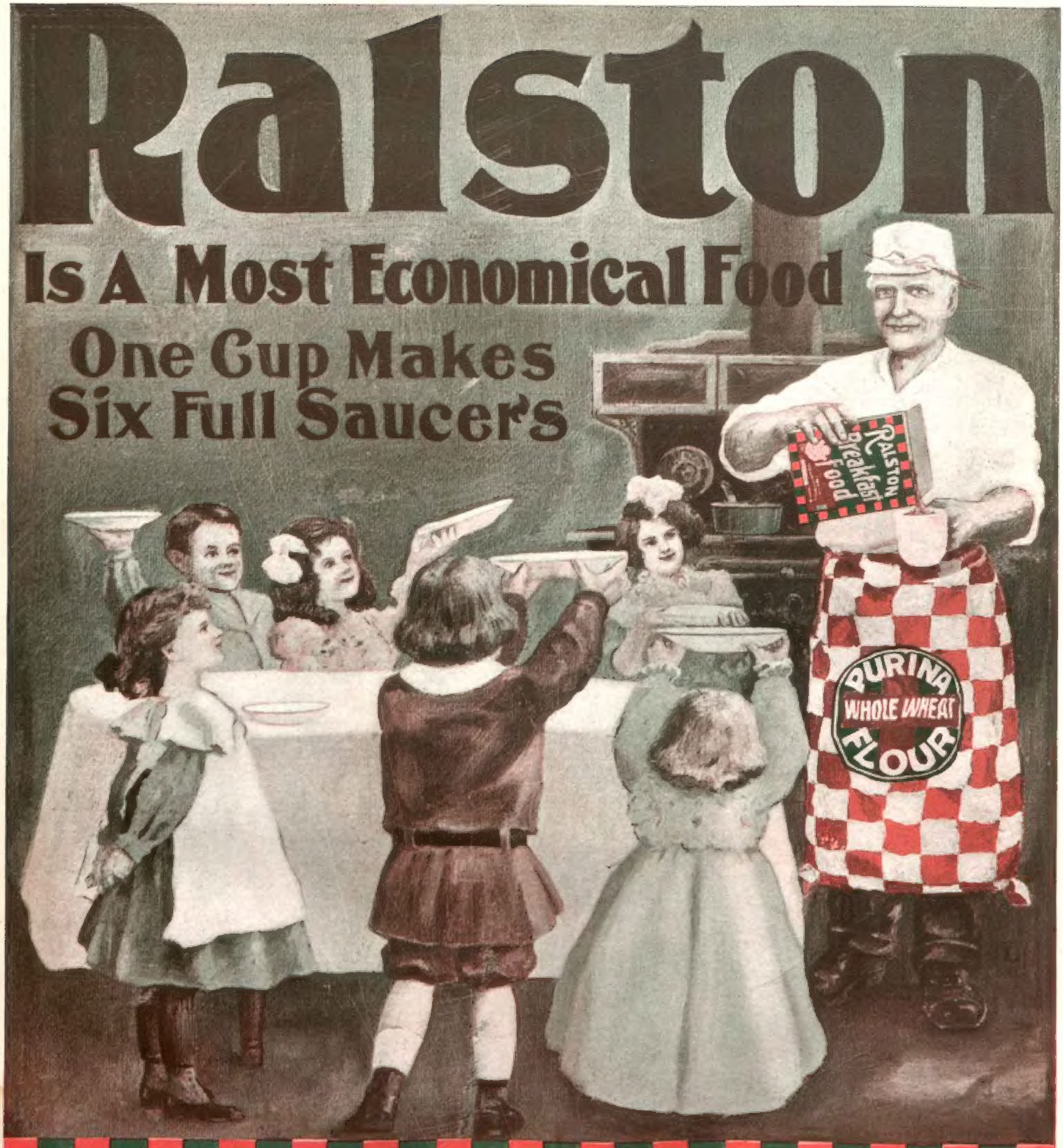
PETTIJOHN

—ALL THE WHEAT THAT'S GOOD TO EAT—

It is a table delight that adds a new charm to breakfast, luncheon or supper. You do not tire of Pettijohn. It is always palatable—always good.

A Cereta (money saving) Check in Every Package.


They watched with glee while Pettibear took risks they wouldn't dare
And whispered "When he brings them down you bet we'll get our share."
But Pettibear was not so slow as they had expected
And scrambled down with all the pears upon the other side.


Ralston
Is A Most Economical Food
One Cup Makes
Six Full Saucers
Ralston
Breakfast
Food
Purina
Whole Wheat
Flour

"I Appeal to Mothers. You have found in raising your children that plain foods are best. Ralston is a *plain*, whole-wheat food. It cooks in 5 minutes (boiling water). Nature creates in you a desire to eat whole-wheat foods and *Health* demands it. I have said it before and I say it again—'Don't fill the stomachs of the little ones with starchy, white foods, or over-heating Oatmeal. Give them Ralston and note the difference.'"

ONE CUP OF RALSTON MAKES BREAKFAST FOR SIX